THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 195, No. 40

5c.

Mar. 31'23

EASTER

Samuel G. Blythe—Charles Brackett—Perceval Gibbon—May Edginton
Sam Hellman—William McAdoo—Captain Dingle—Ben Ames Williams

What could be more tempting - or more healthful for you at this season - than spinach?

You'll be surprised to learn how easily - how conveniently and economically - you may serve it at any time if you simply say "DEL MONTE" to your grocer!

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP

Add 1¼ cups of finely chopped DEL MONTE Canned Spinach and the liquid from 1 can of the spinach to 1 cup of thin, well-seasoned white sauce. Bring to the boiling point just before serving. One tablespoon of chopped onion may be added if desired.

SPINACH WITH CALIFORNIA SAUCE

Melt 2 tablespoons of fat, add 3 tablespoons of flour, 1 teaspoon of mustard, 1 teaspoon of salt and ⅛ teaspoon of pepper, and when thoroughly mixed add ⅓ cup of vinegar and ⅔ cup of liquid drained from the spinach, and 2 tablespoons of sugar. Bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add 1¼ cups of chopped DEL MONTE Canned Spinach and cook until the spinach is thoroughly heated.

SPINACH AND HAM OMELET

Drain and finely chop ¾ cup DEL MONTE Canned Spinach. Beat 5 eggs until thick and light, add ¼ cup hot water, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper, mixing thoroughly. Add the spinach and ½ cup chopped boiled ham and pour into hot well-greased omelet pan. Allow to cook over a low fire till set, shaking the pan occasionally till all is thoroughly done. Roll or fold and serve.

SPINACH AND CHEESE AU GRATIN

Drain and finely chop 2 cups of DEL MONTE Canned Spinach. Add to 2 cups of thin, well-seasoned white sauce. Arrange in alternate layers with grated cheese and crumbs in a greased baking dish, using 1 cup each of cheese and crumbs. Brown in the oven.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

For many other spinach suggestions, as well as hundreds of ways to put new, thrifty variety into your daily menu with DEL MONTE Fruits, Vegetables and Food Specialties, write for a copy of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." It's free. Address Department 41, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Consider the vigilance and unending care which today bring DEL MONTE Spinach to your table—as fine and fresh as if picked right from your summer garden.

Even the seed is raised by ourselves—and in the rich, fertile delta lands of the Sacramento Valley, this specially selected variety—tender and delicious—is grown and packed under the most ideal conditions. Cutting is done at just the right moment—while the leaves are still young and succulent. Long, careful washing absolutely frees the spinach from grit, and, finally immediate cooking and sealing within the can preserve all the natural flavor and delicacy of this tempting and healthful "green."

Serve spinach more often—to delight tired appetites—and to supply the mineral salts and light, fresh diet elements so essential at this season. Make it a "staple." Let it be just one more DEL MONTE product to "bring the summer garden to your winter table"—and add new variety and flavor to menus all year round.

A typical Tarvia Road. 77th South Street, Salt Lake County, Utah.

Was Winter the Waterloo of Your Roads?

Has the Spring thaw turned the highways of your community into hub-deep bogs of mud—shut you off from town and neighbors?

Think what it would mean if you had roads like those pictured here. Winter's frosts, Spring's thaws, and Summer's suns have no effect on them.

For these are Tarvia roads, absolutely waterproof and frost-proof—firm, smooth, mudless and dustless every month in the year. Moreover their granular surface prevents skidding. Properly constructed and properly maintained Tarvia Roads are smooth but not "slick!"

Your community—any community in fact—can afford these modern highways. Their first cost is comparatively low. Over a period of years Tarvia Roads prove so economical that the saving in maintenance makes it possible to increase the mileage of good roads in your community.

In many cases, by the addition of a Tarvia top, old macadam or gravel roads may be converted easily and economically into fine modern, traffic-proof highways.

There is a grade of Tarvia for every road purpose—new construction, repairs and maintenance.

Carthage-Antwerp Road, Jefferson County, N. Y., another Tarvia Road.

Flourtown Road, Plymouth Township, Montgomery County, Pa. Treated with Tarvia.

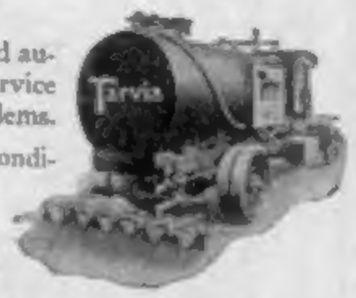
Tarvia

For Road Construction Repair and Maintenance

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.



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The 2 Chief Causes
of poor laundry results

How to prevent them

This season brings days when clothes must be dried indoors—with no sunlight or fresh breezes to help the soap.

Therefore, you should have an unusually careful eye on the laundry work. For clothes washed with soaps which *need help* from the sun will come out gray and dingy when dried indoors.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap *needs no outside help.*

P and G requires no *hard rubbing,* no *bleaching,* no *sun,* to help it make clothes white.

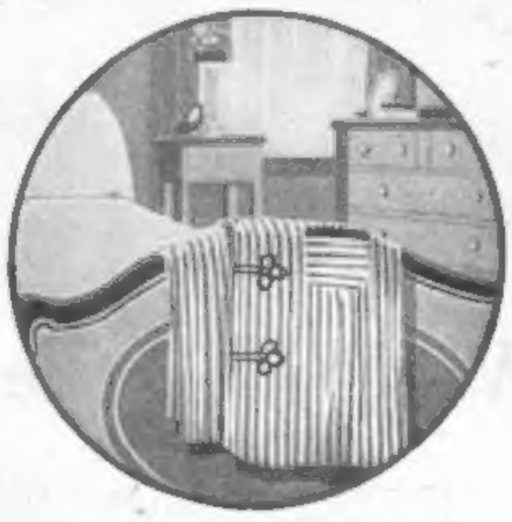
P and G makes clothes white by washing clothes *clean,* and rinsing out *thoroughly.*

Thus it does away *automatically* with the two chief causes of poor washing results.

1. *Unloosened dirt,* which makes clothes gray;
and
2. *Unrinsed soap,* which makes them yellow.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

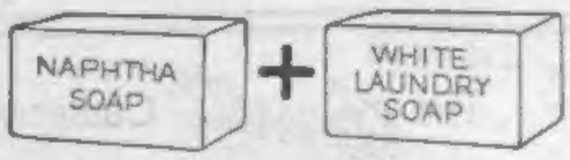
Rubbing *tears* lace curtains. Boiling *fades* cretonne curtains. Wind- and rain-blown grime is quickly and easily removed from curtains by P and G and lukewarm water. No boiling or hard rubbing necessary. P and G acts on *dirt,* not on fabrics or colors.



Laundry odors cling to pajamas and nightgowns if soap fails to rinse out thoroughly and promptly. P and G makes a *complete* solution with water and rinses out thoroughly, leaving no trace of odor.

Time and effort spent daily in cleaning bathroom porcelain and enamel are cut to the minimum with P and G —a light wiping with a cloth soaped with P and G instantly removes scum streaks and dried lather.

Not merely a naphtha soap,
Not merely a white laundry soap,
But the best features of both combined



Speed + Safety

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Galveston, Tex., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 195 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., MARCH 31, 1923 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 40

PRESIDENTITIS—By Samuel G. Blythe

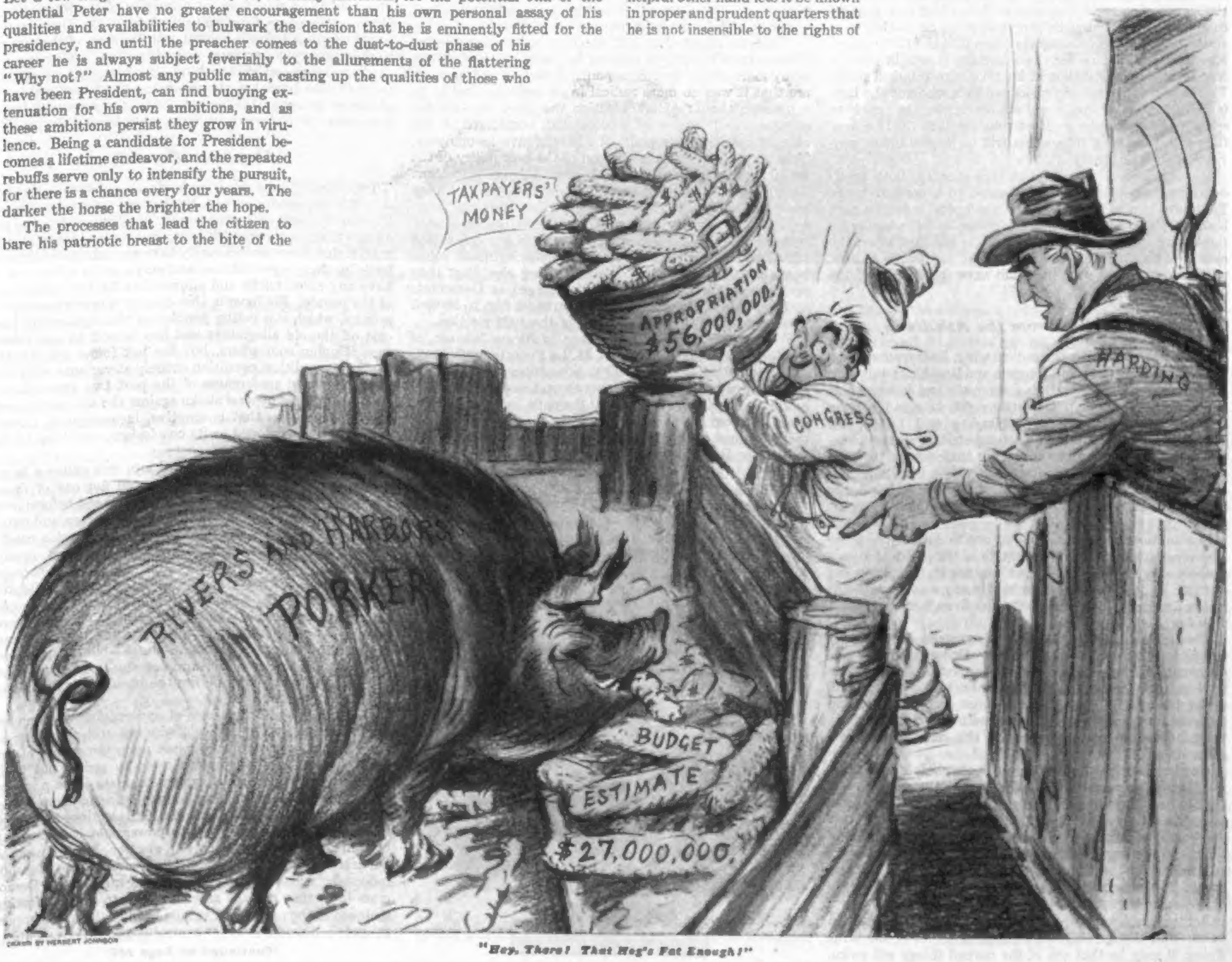
HOPE springs eternal in the breast of the presidential candidate. The saddest of all sad political fates—and there are some grievous ones—is to have had prominent mention for the White House or votes in a national convention. To be bitten by the presidential bug, stung by the presidential bee or inoculated by the presidential germ induces a disease for which there is no cure, nor any palliative, not even the job itself. Retiring Presidents, leaving the White House on fated March fourths, always say to the sympathetic reporters that they are glad to be relieved of the tremendous responsibilities; but they are not. They go out with the best smiles they can muster, but they hate to go; and they always think they can come back, and plan to.

As for those who never get there, but think they deserve to, they also are cooked. It is like having been Secretary of State or ambassador. These eminent Americans never get down to earth again. Once a man has been Secretary of State or ambassador, all the rest of his life he is premier or plenipotentiary. He has lost the matter, but he forever and sedulously maintains the manner.

It is so with the Hon. James McGink or the Hon. Peter Q. Blifkins, and all and sundry. Let a few neighbors tell him so; or, in many instances, let the potential Jim or the potential Peter have no greater encouragement than his own personal assay of his qualities and availabilities to bulwark the decision that he is eminently fitted for the presidency, and until the preacher comes to the dust-to-dust phase of his career he is always subject feverishly to the allurements of the flattering "Why not?" Almost any public man, casting up the qualities of those who have been President, can find buoying extenuation for his own ambitions, and as these ambitions persist they grow in virulence. Being a candidate for President becomes a lifetime endeavor, and the repeated rebuffs serve only to intensify the pursuit, for there is a chance every four years. The darker the horse the brighter the hope.

The processes that lead the citizen to bare his patriotic breast to the bite of the presidential bug may have various foundations, but the superstructure is inevitably the same. The foundations may be geographical availability, immediate official prominence, accidental legislative exaltation, widespread political publicity, assiduous cultivation of democracy, unceasing clamor for the rigid maintenance of the rights of the people, loud shouts against the vested interests, firm stands for conservatism and noisy upholding of the Constitution, a plan to increase the quantity of the currency with no irritating details as to the quality of it, or any one of a dozen other assumed imperative bases. The superstructure always is "I am the man."

It takes but slight infection to start the fever; but once infected, the sufferer is forever febrile. He shows the specific symptoms during the first three years of the four between conventions, and along about this time his temperature rises to the acute point, and he bursts into consuming flame. He makes speeches on all subjects, issues statements on the political and governmental topics of the day, seeks state leaders for support, and never loses an opportunity to break into print. He poses as the rock of refuge for the distressed proletariat, but on the helpful other hand lets it be known in proper and prudent quarters that he is not insensible to the rights of



DRAWN BY HERBERT JOHNSON

"Hey, There! That Hog's Fat Enough!"

property. He publicly scorns to enter into any deals whatsoever, but privately discovers, if he can, who the dealers are and what inducement is necessary to cause them to deal to, for and with him.

The febrile season has now arrived. The term of President Harding is swinging, or limping, as you prefer, into its last lap, and it insistently behooves the patriots who want to succeed him to bestir themselves. Judging from the goings on here and there about the country, and especially in Washington, a sufficient quantity for all purposes and contingencies is insistently behooved at the moment. No person can say what the months between March, 1923, and June, 1924, may bring forth politically—or bring first either. Any one candidate may justly celebrate himself, fifteen months from nominating time, as being as good as any other candidate; and all candidates do.

We observed, after the election of 1920, a procedure by the old-line Republicans that palpably was based on the assumption that they had been put into power by the people to do anything they wanted to do; that they had been given permanent possession of the Government instead of put on probation with it. Also we observe, after the election of 1922, a procedure by the radical element of the Republican Party that, it is equally palpable, is based on exactly a similar assumption by the radicals. They interpret the 1922 election not only as a rebuke for the old-line Republicans but also as an imperative summons to the radicals to become radical all over the place. Likewise, the Democrats, practically abolished in the election of 1920, read into the 1922 returns, which were so discomforting to the partisans who won in 1920, a sweeping popular admission that the verdict of 1920 was a mistake; that it was revoked in 1922, and that this revocation was in fact the sign and portent of a vast reversal of the populace to the principles and policies of the Democrats—and their candidates.

Wherefore we get our two classes of presidential candidates: Opportunists and importunists. The opportunist candidates are the radicals who are making their parade and basing their claims on what happened in November, 1922, and fixing their programs as if they had been granted complete authority by the people to go as far as they like; and the Democrats who eagerly claim that the 1922 cucumber radiates sunshine for them because it was in effect a rebuke for the party that in its 1920 turn rebuked them. The importunists are the saddened lads who got the high favor of 1920 at the polls and are beseeching the people to remain perfectly calm and not consider 1922 final because they will do a lot of things that will be helpful before convention time in 1924.

Republican Party politics in this country, both presidentially and legislatively, has come to a penguin basis. The party is a vast, unwieldy, inconclusive, indeterminate body with two little Washington wings—a left wing and a right wing—each flapping frenziedly in an effort to lift the mass the way it wants the mass to go, but not in unison, not in accord, and with no result save the stirring of the indefinite air.

The Penguin From the Ash Heap

THE little left wing is the radical wing, feathered with La Follette and Borah and Johnson and Brookhart and their associates, with each feather a separate and independent and ambitious plume. The little right wing is the reactionary wing, feathered with Harding and Lodge and Watson and Mellon and their compatriots, and so chastened by recent events as to devote their efforts to being useful and coöperative plumage rather than individual and sejoined ornaments. The body of the party is all the fluxional rest of it—the inconstant, variable, insurgent rest of it.

Continuing momentarily along ornithological lines, the Democrats claim to have an inmate of the political aviary of their own—a phœnix risen, as they assert, from the ashes of 1920; and if the size of their bird in any way corresponds to the amount of ashes it had to rise from it is a considerable fowl.

The incineration in that fated year was practically complete; but when we find the Democratic national chairman claiming that a by-election result for Congress in New York City is a certain portent of a sweeping Democratic triumph in 1924, despite these various times and circumstances, we realize that experience isn't the only thing hope may triumph over. In this case it surmounts ashes as well.

However, giving the Democrats their phœnix, what is it we observe rising from the ash heap of the great fire of 1920? Another penguin, and not a phœnix at all. Note the little wings, the rudimentary flappers, one radical and one conservative, as in the case of the Republicans; and though the body is not so large, it is equally unwieldy and inert. At the tip of one wing is Underwood, of Alabama, the conservative, the safe and sane; and at the tip of the other Henry Ford.

Politically, brethren, we are nationally on a penguin basis; and though there is no hope of either of the birds flying, it may be that one of the darned things will swim.

That 1922 election had more by-products than a tank of coal tar. It turned the reactionary Republicans into Progressives and transmuted the Progressive Republicans into radicals. It produced a wet enthusiasm in some sections of the country and upheld a dry finality in other sections. It galvanized a lot of despondent Democrats and buried a lot of rampant Republicans. It slaughtered more presidential aspirations than could be corded under the dome of the Capitol and created more new ones than, laid end to end, would reach from Salem, Massachusetts, to Salem, Oregon. It twisted the policy of high protection into a shapeless mass of shredded schedules and absurd ad valorems. It threw more wild-eyed reformers into high gear and more conservative patriots out of gear entirely than any event since we began to consider money in the glittering aspect of sixteen to one away back yonder in 1896. It caused a heavy flood tide of earnest effort to assuage the woes of the farmer to set in from all political quarters, and it brought to the surface almost every theory for the uplift, protection, prosperity and amelioration of the hard lot of the toiling masses put forth as a panacea since the days when Gen. Ben Butler claimed the way to do it was to give them greenbacks by the carload. Every politician interpreted that election in terms of his own obsession; and none of them was right, because all there was to that election—just as all there was, really, to the election of 1920—was a protest over taxes.

Making the Old Tags Serve

STILL the radicals in the Republican Party and the radicals in the Democratic Party—or the Progressives, to put the soft pedal on and thus hurt no tender susceptibilities—and those in both parties who turned radical in November last, took greatest comfort from the 1922 result. They popped out of their lurking places in these two old weather-beaten, barnacled and water-logged hulks and gave the words beginning with "r" a clattering gallop over the plains of publicity: Reform, retrenchment, revolution, readjustment, rebuff of reaction, rise of radicalism, rejection of regularity, repudiation, reproach, restitution, rout of riches, righteous representation —— Rats!

The facts about that 1922 election, calmly considering it some months after it inflated so many and deflated so many more of our expedient political pastors and masters, are that it was no more radical in its outcome and in its expression than the 1920 election was, and that neither election was in any way a calculated, considered or significant event in our political history, save in one way. That way was the demonstration of the unstability of the political allegiances of the great mass of American voters. They hurled themselves to the right in 1920 and they hurled themselves to the left in 1922. They didn't get anywhere either time. So far as those elections were concerned, in a popular sense, all the people got out of the 1920 election was the cold comfort of having made a gesture that indicated, more than anything else, that they continue to allow themselves to be tagged as Democrats and Republicans because there are no other tags to be had. That, too, is all they will get out of the 1922 election.

For example, conceding that Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, and Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, are entitled to claim their various concepts of progressivism, or radicalism or whatever they choose to term their political creeds, were indorsed at the polls, and full warrant given to them for political action by the great majorities they obtained in their states, how about, say, the victories of Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, and Senator Shipstead, of Minnesota, which are held by the brethren of protest as highly symptomatic of the trend of political thought and action in this country? How about these two senators, who must be set down as advanced—as being pinkish, to say the least—in their attitudes towards the rights, duties, privileges and perquisites of the people?

Consider Brookhart, who is as radical as we have them on public view: The census of 1920 shows that there are resident in the state of Iowa 1,367,212 citizens, male and female, of and above the voting age of twenty-one. The vote cast in the election of 1922 was 227,833 for Herring, a Democrat, and 389,751 for Brookhart, or a total of 617,584. The total vote cast in Iowa in the year 1920 was 894,094.

Thus, in 1922, less than half the potential voters in Iowa went to the polls, and Brookhart was elected by about 29 per cent of the voters of his state.

And Shipstead: He received 325,396 votes out of a total vote of 647,760, in a state where there are 1,237,203 male and female citizens of voting age, and was elected by about 27 per cent of the voters. The total vote was 88,000 smaller than the vote in 1920.

These figures do not prove that the voters in Iowa and Minnesota are radical, and do go a long way to prove that the voters in those states, in great numbers, are not anything—not even interested. It is a political precept that radicals always vote, and probably they got to approximately their full strength in these elections. It is becoming a political certainty in this country that a large proportion of the voters do not give a hoot for either old party, are not excited about progressivism, and the old stuff leaves them cold. They vote indiscriminately, or not at all; mostly on individual grounds.

La Follette, radical, gets an enormous majority; and so does Johnson, Progressive. Smith, Democrat, does the same thing in New York; and Edwards, antiprohibitionist, in New Jersey. The political processes of the American citizen, male and female, are volatile, variable and vacillating. They vote against, not for. Almost every important election result we have had in this country since the end of the war has been the result of protest, not of support. The idea that the name, form or principles of the Republican Party or the name, form and principles of the Democratic Party continue to mean anything to the mass of the voters in this country is as absurd as an idea that locofocoism or the Barnburners means anything. Having no other medium for political expression, the voters use these two remnants of parties as archaic implements for that expression of their inconstant preferences and fierce protests, and that is all.

Shopworn Appeals

IT DOESN'T take much to convince a public man that he is the anointed, destined, tagged and ticketed savior of his country; and as I have pointed out previously, once he admits that, he forever thinks it; but the odd thing about it all is that these saviors rarely have any original stuff as a basis for their regenerations, and only once in a blue moon have any novel tricks and allurements for the edification of the people. We have in this country a new situation in politics, which is a voting population that apparently has cast off the old allegiances and has formed no new ones; that is going somewhere, but has not found out where. We have a political condition entirely at variance with the precedents and preferences of the past two generations; that resembles a general strike against the old parties and the old methods; that is eruptive, inconsequent, immediate and not reasoned in its conclusions, and local in its actions.

Yet there have already stepped into this welter a large number of presidential candidates, and not one of them has anything to offer that has not been offered before; not one of them has any appeal that is not shopworn and trite; not one of them has any new suggestion to meet a condition that is so recent it is not yet fully developed, to say nothing of being even partially understood. The chronic candidates are doing their old stuff, and the acute candidates are copying the chronics. In a country where the people have palpably discarded the ties of both old parties and are seeking for relief from the oppressions and injustices and governmental decrepitudes and failures—blindly, perhaps, but none the less earnestly and eagerly—men who aspire to be their leaders are offering the obsolete to those who are clamoring for the new.

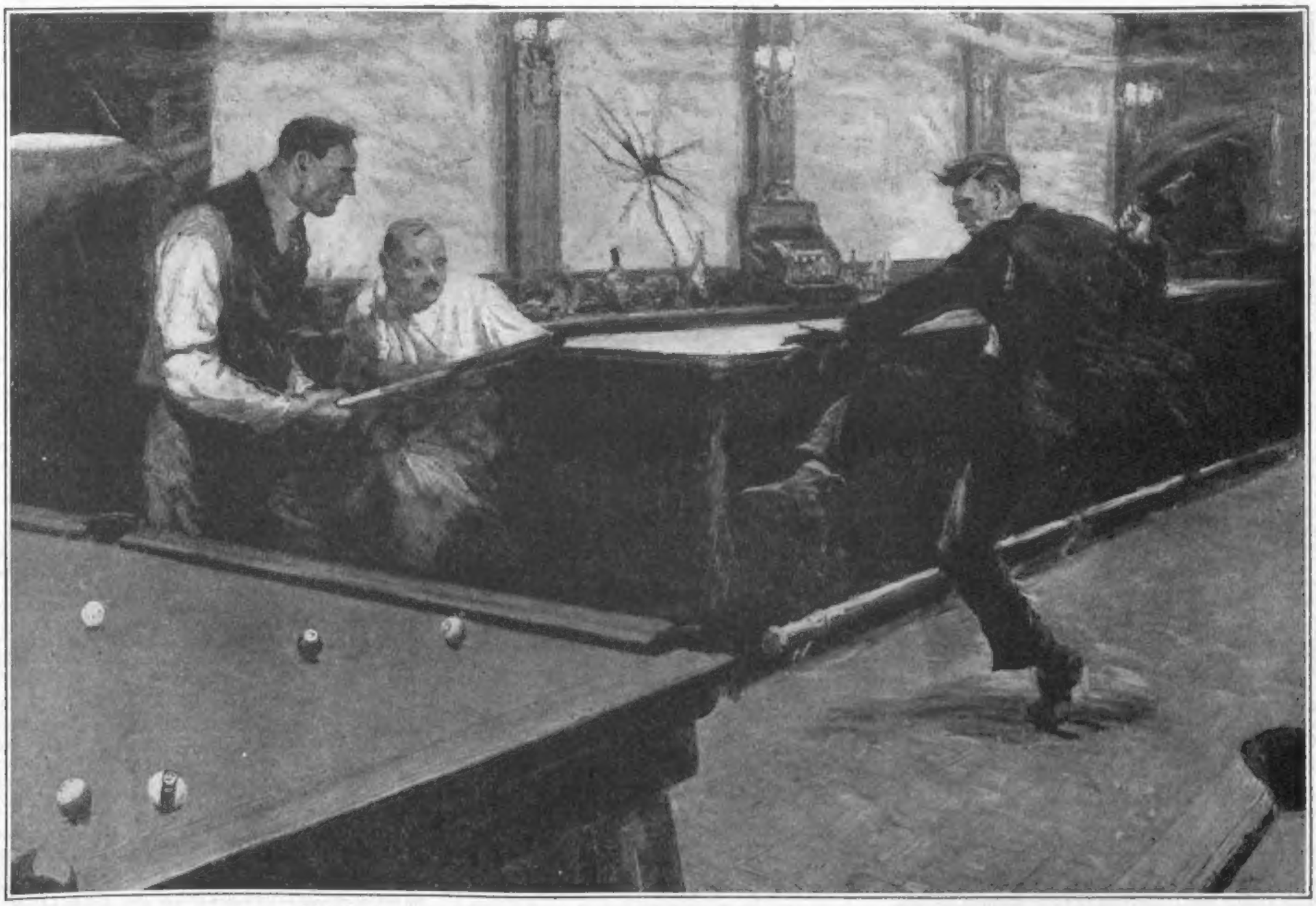
Look them over! Two sets of opportunists and one set of importunists: The radicals who are still operating as Republicans, and who have seized upon the results of the 1922 election as a warrant to them to peddle out their popular-government ideas, which ideas are to be put into legislative force by retaining them in office, of course; and the Democrats who interpret the 1922 elections as a summons to them to come back to power, not because they were in any way indorsed by that election, but because the partisans who defeated them two years before were not indorsed; which process of reasoning makes the Democrats hope they may be able to return to the comforting embrace of the pay roll. The sum total of these two opportunistic endeavors is to get control of the Government.

(Continued on Page 145)

HIP AND THIGH

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN J. CURRY



Eddie Replenished His Ammunition and Began Target Practice at the Fat Man's Reappearing Head

JOE DANLEY strolled into Tom Donaldson's office, sat down by Donaldson's desk and made himself at home while Donaldson finished his morning's dictation. Donaldson was locally in charge of the enforcement of the Volstead Act and Danley was one of his active agents. A young man as yet untried, he had come into the service through the political influence of his father. He was tall, broad-shouldered, his abdomen only slightly rounded; his eye was clear, his smile amiable and he liked to laugh. He treated Donaldson as his friend and comrade rather than as his superior. Donaldson was not yet sure about Danley; but Danley was quite sure about himself.

When Donaldson had finished dictating and the stenographer had withdrawn, Danley asked amiably, "Heard the new one going the rounds, Tom?"

Donaldson shook his head, busy with a memorandum pad.

Danley recited the new one: "You ask a man what's the difference between a bootlegger and an enforcement officer; and when he doesn't know, you tell him the bootlegger is a necessary evil, with the accent on the necessary."

Donaldson snorted. He had very little sense of humor where his job was concerned. Some fifteen months of it had made it seem less of a joke.

He asked, "You all cleaned up, are you?"

Danley nodded.

"I've got to go before the commissioner tomorrow morning. Nothing till then."

"They're transferring a shipment of whisky down at Number Four Pier," Donaldson told him. "It's going through from Canada to Cuba in bond—two carloads. I've got men guarding it, of course; have had ever since it crossed the line. But you better go down and keep an eye on the work this morning."

Danley grinned.

"Whisky to Cuba! That's a new one. Haven't any dope on it, have you?"

"No; just playing safe. Take Nason if you want to. He's probably outside."

"I guess I won't need Eddie," Danley said, amiably scornful. "I'm not going to take a census, you know."

His superior officer looked at him thoughtfully, but said nothing further. Danley drifted out. Eddie Nason was in the outer office, as Donaldson had suggested. He had a desk near the north window, where the light was good. Eddie's eyes had always bothered him; he wore thick glasses.

Danley stopped at his desk and asked in a tone that was contemptuously tolerant, "How's the little census taker?"

Eddie looked up from the pad on which he had been writing and got to his feet with a smile wholly friendly. He was a thin little man with yellowish-red hair and a complexion to match; and there was a passionate eagerness about him not easy to define. He had, as Danley was fond of suggesting, worked as a census taker before he entered the enforcement service; he had passed from that into the intelligence department of the income-tax division; and when the opportunity offered he snatched at this more adventurous assignment. Like many small men, his lack of stature was a cross to him. He gave an almost canine devotion to those who had that which he lacked. Danley was a head taller, six inches broader, and Eddie liked him immensely. He did not in the least resent Joe's inquiry.

"Fine as frog hairs," he replied, "and busy as a dog full of fleas. What's on your mind?"

"Going down to the docks to see some booze stowed away aboard a ship for Cuba," Danley replied.

"Need any help?" Eddie offered eagerly. "I can get away for an hour or two."

"I guess not," Joe said humorously. "No, Eddie; I guess I can get along."

Eddie looked mildly disappointed, but he agreed heartily: "Sure you can! I'll bank on you, old man."

Eddie's fondness amused Danley.

"Thanks, Old Enumerator," he replied. "But say," he added, "have you heard the new conundrum?"

"What's that? Spring it!" Eddie commanded. His speech was always brisk; he always stood erect and alert.

"What's the difference between a bootlegger and an enforcement officer?"

"I'll bite," Eddie told him cheerfully. "What is the difference?"

"The bootlegger is a necessary evil," Joe explained; repeated the jest: "A necessary evil. Get it, kid?"

Eddie laughed, but weakly and in a preoccupied fashion. His job was a serious matter to Eddie; he was not inclined to joke about it. Nevertheless, he would not offend Danley, whom he so admired.

"That's a good one, all right," he applauded. "Yes, sir, that's good."

"I'll say so," Danley assented. "Well, look out for all the little facts and figures, Eddie. Olive oil!" He drifted toward the door.

"Take care of yourself," Eddie called after him.

"That's my specialty," Joe assured him, and disappeared.

In the elevator, he asked the operator if he knew the difference between a bootlegger and an enforcement officer. From the Federal Building it was a walk of only a few blocks to the water front; nevertheless Danley took a taxi.

Pier Number Four, in the shadow of one of the harbor bridges, is like all other piers. A railroad siding runs along its length, close to the water; and the two freight cars had been shunted in here. When Danley arrived, one of the cars had already been opened and the work of transferring the liquor had begun. There were, as Donaldson had advised him, two men on guard. Both carried riot guns in the crook of their arms; and one had stationed himself by the door of the car, the other at the gangway. Stevedores, with two-handled trucks, trundled the small wooden cases aboard, loading their trucks within the car itself, allowing them to coast down a steep runway to the pier level, pushing them at a run across the pier, coasting down the gangway into the hold again. At the gangway a swarthy man was checking as each truck passed him.

Joe approached this man and asked, "This your stuff?"

"I'm tallying it, that's all," the other replied cautiously.

(Continued on Page 137)

SPAVS AND SPINACH

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

BEING a chaperon for the box babies and the mat floppers ain't exactly no job you could call a bedful of roses; but, even such, it's the grapes compared to this health-farm trick I works at a coupla years when my right senses ain't living at home. A fighter, maybe, is got to be led around by his good ear most of the times, but them old cuckoos that has a idea a physical-culture dump is a kinda service station where you drops in some morning and trades your flat arteries for a new set of tubes can slip you more grief in five minutes than all the ham-and-eggers they is could hand out in a rainy year.

My experiences with J. Hector Lukenball will give you a slant on the sorta flot and jet Sammies we had to put up and with during my incumbrancies. This spav drifts in on me one morning when I'm paying off the wages of gin and feeling about as chipper as a seasick bozo that's just been told they ain't no chances of the scow going down. J. Hector is one of them snappy lads, starting right off on high.

"What," says he, "can you do for me in a week, and for how much?"

I looks him over careful. He's a short, dumpy bird about fifty-five or thereafter, weighs about two-twenty with all his chins on, and the lodge emblem he totes on his tummy is at the leastest two feet ahead of his toes, which this baby only knows he's got from hearsays.

"Well," I answers, "in them lengths of time I oughta be able to show you over the place, for which I wouldn't charge you nothing, being as we is kinda proud ——"

"This is a health farm, ain't it?" cuts in Lukenball.

"That's the betting," I admits. "Our motto is: Fewer and Better Chins. But if you is got any notions that they is fairies on the pay roll here that can wish off forty years of fat in forty minutes you've got enough thinks coming to keep you in headaches the rest of your life."

Me having a peach of a temple splitter and the place being about full up anyways, I ain't particular how I talks to this come-on.

"Who sent you?" I asks.

"Bill Joyce done me this dirt," says he.

That changes the horse's color. Bill's trainer at a swell athaletic club—one of them joints where you does your weight lifting with forks and your club swinging with cards—and we having been old pals in the free-lunch days, he's been sending a lotta high-pressure business my way.

"What do you want we should do for you?" I inquires.

"Well," comes back Lukenball, "I'd like to shed some weight, improve my wind, loosen up the old muscles and get in good shape generally."

"All in a week, eh?" I pulls, sarcastic. "How'd you like a new head of hair and a coupla dimples thrown in?"

"Joyce tells me," says J. Hector, "that you used to be a fighter and that you could teach me how to box."

"You're still talking about the same week?" I asks.

"I was," he answers. "How long do you figure it'll take to whip me into shape?"

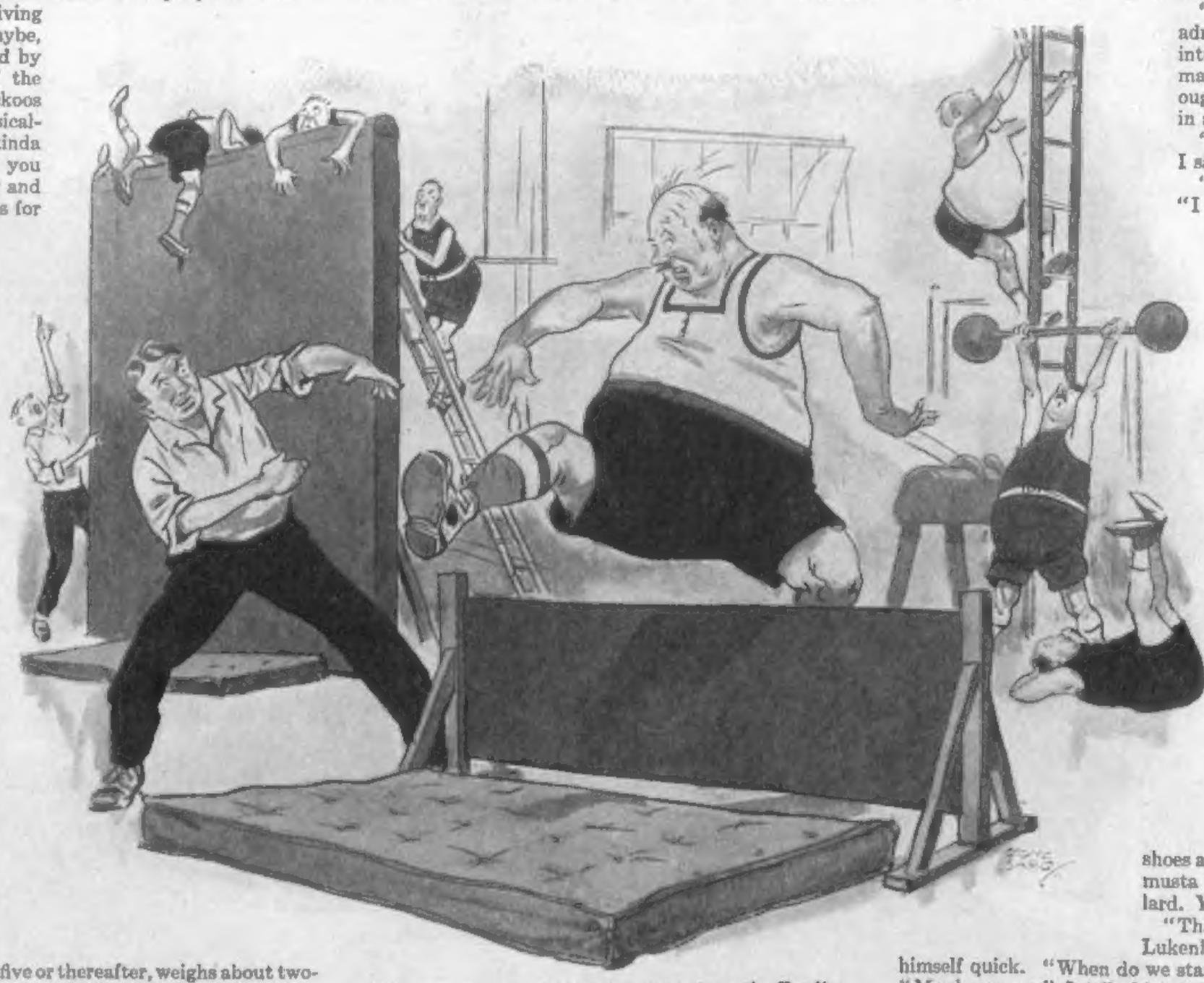
"Depends on your taste in shapes," I tells him. "Right now you favors a ball; if you want to look like a bat I might be able to start the fat rolling in about two months."

"Two months—hell!" snorts Lukenball.

"That's just about what it would be," says I, getting kinda riled. "You tired business babies has got a idea you can loaf around about fifty years, hoisting hooch, mopping up a la cartloads of fodder and sitting up all night with sick poker hands; and then, when the old arteries get ready to call it a day, drop into a place like this, stick around a little while and leave rolling hoops. You guys remind me of the bird that brought his old homicide car to a garage to be overhauled. The lad running the joint looks it over careful and then says they is only one thing to do—jack up the speedometer and run a new boat under it. That's a nice hat you got, Mr. Lukenball."

J. Hector gets kinda pale and seriouslike.

"Does I look that bad?" he gasps.



The Next Day I Sends the Old Spav Over the Hurdles

"Take a Look at Him, and be Your Own Jury"

"I ain't no sawbones," says I, "and maybe your engine is hitting all right; but I would say that you ain't taken no exercise in twenty years excepting clipping coupons and slamming your fist on directory tables."

"That's about right," he admits; "but I got to go into training now. It's a matter of honors. I really oughta get away from here in a week."

"I ain't keeping you," I says short.

"Maybe," he mumbles, "I could stretch it to two."

"Stretch some more," I comes back. "It's a good way to start exercising."

Lukenball finally agrees to stick a month after I promises to learn him personal how to box. For some reasons J. Hector is keen on getting hep to the fisticuff stuff.

"What's the idea?" I asks.

"It's a good way to keep in trim, ain't it?" he comes back, evasive.

"Yeh," I says, dubious; "but ——"

"I ain't too old, is I?" he cuts in. "Cato learned Greek at eighty."

"Maybe, yes," I answers; "but they is some differences between shining shoes and trading shiners. You musta been reading about Willard. You after Dempsey too?"

"That ain't the name," says Lukenball, and then catches himself quick. "When do we start?"

"Maybe never," I tells him. "They's nothing stirring till the bonesetter takes a long look at you. For all I knows, you might have angelina pectorias or fatty generations or some of them other trick stunts the matter with your heart, and the first thing I knows I'd be finding out what a grand husband and father you was, if any."

"When do I see the doctor or he me?" asks J. Hector.

"He comes here every afternoon," I explains. "In the meantimes you might take a walk for yourself and toss your eyeball around the points of interest. We got some tame rocks on the farm and they is a tree down at the south end that's famous around these here parts."

"For what?" Lukenball wants to know.

"Nothing was never signed under it, and it was never no trusting place for no village swines," I answers. "It's the only oak in this section without no scandals about it."

"It'll have a real hot one," comes back J. H., "unless I gets turned outta this sweatshop in four weeks, with a wallop in each hand and a clear view of my feet."

"Be that as in May," says I, "but you and me's got to come to an understandings right now. If I takes you on you gotta do what I tells you without no debates. What do I hear?"

"All right," replies the old spav, and starts to leave.

"As you goes out," I remarks, "can the cubanola. You gotta cut the smoking."

"Try and make me," barks Lukenball.

II

I DON'T see no more of J. Hector until lunch time, when he blows in with a roar for chow. Most of the other babies at the table is punishing theirselves with graveyard stews, eggs that's only been ducked in hot water, and other strong meats like that; but I let the new customer go as far as he likes, and he likes it pretty far.

"Eat hearty, mate," says I. "If you're outta luck and the doc passes you, you won't look a square meal in the eyes again for a month. All you'll get's what's good for you."

"Such as?" asks Lukenball.

"I don't know yet," I answers. "I gotta find out first what you don't like. That's what you gets."

"All in a Week, Eh?" I Pulls, Sarcastic. "How'd You Like a New Head and a Coupla Dimples Thrown In?"

In a short while the bonesetter breezes in and takes J. H. out for a little strip. The spav don't look so happy when he leaves, but he comes back with a grin a smile wide. The doc tells me the baby's heart and lungs and the rest of the junk behind his vest is in good shape, and that I can rough him as much as I wants, providing I don't forget the bozo ain't so young as a guy half his age and must be treated according.

"The usual diet," says the M.D., "and no smoking. Thirty pounds'll be about enough to take off."

"Hell!" growls Lukenball. "I'll lose that much in a day if I can't smoke."

"Ain't you in the market for some wind?" I asks.

"Yeh," admits J. H.; "but I don't figure on climbing into a grave after it."

"Well," says I, "the wind comes high around here, and if you wants it you gotta get on your toes and reach for it. You wanna learn how to box, don't you?"

"I got to," comes back the spav.

"That settles it then," I tells him. "Wind is the most important thing about boxing these days; in facts that's about all they is to it."

I lets the old boy loaf the rest of the afternoon, but keeps an eye on him for the smokes. The cuckoo's as nervous as a hop-head with a broken needle and a hole in his vest pocket, and spends most of the time down by the gate trying to make up his mind whether to stick for the wind or give hisself the air. When he wabbles in for dinner he looks like he's been shot from guns.

"Come on," says I cheerful, "dig in. The spinach is great and that there egg comes from a hen with a pedigree longer 'an your arm."

"That all I get to eat?" yelps J. Hector.

"All!" I shouts back. "That's a big meal for this place. We're letting you taper off."

"Some taper!" says Lukenball. "If I'm down to a sprig of sanded cow fodder and one egg now, where'll I be in a coupla weeks? Besides they is only two things that I hates worser than eggs and spinach, and them's spinach and eggs."

"Excelsior!" I yells.

"What's that?" asks the old spav. "The dessert?"

"That," I explains, "is a wop word meaning, 'I got the combination.' Pretty good, ain't it, finding out the first crack the stuff that's good for you?"

"This," moans J. H., "is a swell scuttle of fish I've let myself in for. Nothing to smoke and nothing to eat but grass."

"Listen here!" says I. "They ain't no one-way lock on that gate down yonder, and you don't have to go to court for a habes corpses to get outta this deadfall. If you wanna go on the rest of your life looking like a sawed-off barrel, why stick?"

"My looks don't worry me none," comes back Lukenball.

"You wanna trade off some of that fat for a little wind, don't you?" I asks.

"Yeh," admits J. H.; "but that's only because I wanna be in good condition to fight."

"Who?" I inquires.

He don't answer, but walks out on the porch. This bozo's got my curiosity all roused up. I can't make out why a gink as flabby as Lukenball, with all kinds of jack and in good health, wants to go through a mess of suffering to learn boxing at his age. The more I figure the less I dopes. I makes up my mind to get the straight, and follows the old spav outside.

"You didn't answer my question," says I. "This dump is run by the book of politeness."

"Instead of a cookbook, huh?" growls Lukenball. "Whatta you wanna know?"

"Who you framing to lick?" I asks. "Your grandpop?"

"I ain't aiming to lick nobody," answers J. H. "I just wanna keep myself from getting licked."

"By who?" I wants to know.

"Say," comes back Lukenball, peevish, "what do you expect me to do for a bunch of spinach and a pedigreed egg? Give up all the family skeletons? Ain't it enough you're going to make me one!"

I just shrugs and pulls a panatella from my pocket. When I lights up, the old spav's eyes just pop out and his lips shimmy.

"Can't I have just one smoke?" he whines. "Just one?"

"Well," says I, "if you was polite I could maybe break the rules only for tonight; but, of course ——"

"I'll tell you everything you wants to know," he cuts in, "for one good puff."

I slips him the mate to the rope I'm pulling and J. H. grabs for it like an old maid for a hitch ring.

"Now," says I, "tell papa everything. What does a fat bozo like you, with your commutation ticket about all punched out, wanna learn to box for?"

"Because," answers Lukenball, "I gotta make a visit to my old home town."

"Where do you live?" I asks. "In Battle Creek? Can't you get into the burg without fighting your way in?"

"Such is just about the cases," explains J. H. "They is a man in Meldon that threatens to lick me on sight."

"Well," says I, "if you stick to spinach and eggs long enough you'll be able to slip into the town without being noticed. What's the bozo got on you?"

"It's a funny story," comes back Lukenball. "Thirty-five years ago me and Zeb Hastings was great pals in Meldon. We got into a fight about something, and with the helps of a lucky break I put him down and out. Zeb wanted me to mix again to prove who was the best man; but just about then I left town, and I ain't been back since. Hastings was down to the train and swore he'd lick me the minute I got back. I got a particular reason for being in Meldon next month, and ——"

"How long ago did all this happen?" I butts in.

"Let's see," thinks Lukenball. "Thirty-six—no, thirty-seven years ago."

"And you think this cuckoo is still down at the station with a chip on his shoulders?" I asks.

"I know it," answers J. H.

"Somebody on this porch is crazy," says I, "and after leaving me out you can have forty-six guesses. You trying to make me believe that this lad Hastings has been carrying a kid grudge around for thirty-seven years?"

"I wouldn't call it a grudge," comes back Lukenball. "We is good friends and writes real often. Only Zeb is one them fellers that when he says he will do a thing does it. He swore he would lick me on sight, and he will if he can. I know him. When we was in school he told the teacher he'd beat him up as soon as he got as big as him. It took fifteen years for Zeb to get that way; then he handed him one of the fanciest trimmings you ever seen, and they was good friends then. Hastings keeps his promises."

"Are you spoofing me?" I asks.

"Not a spoof," answers J. H. "You don't think I'd come to this famine farm and let you egg and spinach me to death unless what I tells you is the truth?"

"If you think this bird's gonna jump you," I inquires, "why don't you take a gat with you, or have the baby put in the booby hatch while you is high-hatting around the burg, telling the I-knew-him-when popeyes how little Heck Lukenball, who wasn't fitted to associate with the town simp, made the Wall Street octoplus eat outta his mitts and say pretty please."

"I couldn't do that to Zeb," says the old spav. "It wouldn't be friendly, and besides ——"

"What kinda shape is this apple-knocker in?" I interrupts. "Maybe he's fatter than you is, and besides has the gout in one foot and rheumatiz in the other."

(Continued on Page 133)

He Ducks is Easy, and Comes Back With a Sharp Jolt to the Bread Box

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

THEY are everywhere in Europe. In each country I visited I was met by old friends at the station and escorted by them from the hotel to my train again. Shabby as to clothes, underfed and pale they certainly are, but they are strong and noble as to expression. These Russians, real Russians, of the orthodox church, with eyes full of courage, manners natural and dignified, seem to me as charming in poverty as they have always been in wealth. Gentle, cheerful, even gay when opportunity offers; generously dividing their last pennies with someone poorer than themselves; hugging no grievance, making no outcry, keeping their faith in Providence and in themselves; struggling against terrible odds, grateful for any helping hand stretched to them, never begging favors for themselves, often telling of another's trouble, counting in absolute simplicity on your desire to aid any individual or group if you can, never questioning your truthfulness if you say you are too poor to give—that is the Russian refugee mentality.

A great many people who had offered me lavish hospitality in old St. Petersburg's rich palaces refused to dine with me in exile, fearing they might cause me an expense I could ill afford. Some of them, finally persuaded to come, would order but one dish, and always the most modest in its price, murmuring excuses about a cure they were taking, to save both my purse and my feelings with characteristic delicacy. After one or two experiences I caught on and ordered our meal beforehand myself, whenever any of my adopted compatriots were to be with me. They had no clothes to wear worthy of the name. I never saw shabbier collections of garments, and I knew these had grown so during two or three years of poverty and exile; yet no one was untidy or dirty and they were apparently unconscious of their visible miseries. No one ever mentioned the lack of an overcoat, his general discomfort or the threadbare and mended places on clothes which a strong light always showed up.

A first crowd of old friends and some of my relatives I found in Paris. With one or two exceptions all those who had saved anything from the wreck of their fortunes had sold these pictures, jewels, furs or even extra clothing to begin some business or establish some charitable organization for the aid of their compatriots who had saved nothing at all. Restaurants, tea rooms, orchestras, dressmaking establishments, workshops for embroideries and toys, chicken and dairy farms, antiquity shops and a thousand other means to the same end—daily bread without the humiliation of being a weight on anyone—had started up. And to a surprising degree these refugees in Paris have managed to make a success of themselves.

Russian music, theaters, dancers, operas, styles in clothes, porcelains and jewels are all the rage. "Yes, madame, eet ees be-utifool as embroderee, for thees dress eet ees Russe, madame." So says the French dressmaker to her rich American client; so thinks the American client, whether she is furnishing her house, her wardrobe or her dinner table. Everything is *à la Russe*. It is the first time in history, I think, that refugees have set the styles in the capital of fashion and of cultivated taste.

Old Friends in New Frames

I RUBBED my eyes, and then began to ask some personal details of my old acquaintances and friends. "What do you do? And you? And you?" I questioned. One answered, "I run a typewriter in a shipping office from ten to five. Before that I go to market and do all the provisioning for my apartment, where I have six boarders, who rent my rooms; besides others who come to me only for meals. My cook, who used to be my personal maid, now cleans and cooks and does the housework for her board and lodging and to help me. You know how devoted our people are. After five I go about, take the air, see my friends a little. Then in the evenings there are household chores to do—mending, knitting, everything. Two evenings a week I make candies, which I sell on order to a number of clients who like them. I support myself, the devoted old maid has a home and food, and I just manage to keep my wounded and shell-shocked brother going, too, though of course we are poor, poor, poor."

And she laughed. This cheerful speaker in old days had a charming flat, and her brother another, where delightful

The Grand Duke Nicholas

bachelor's parties had been often given, and there had been the background of a fortune and a beautiful country estate, with a brilliant position at the imperial court. In exile now, I persuaded her to accept an old gown of mine, as she was wearing one most awfully insufficient in warmth, which was the only thing she owned, I suspected.

"Make this over to suit yourself," I said.

"Never. I love you, and to wear it as you had it will remind me of you."

She was a woman of sufficient charm, in spite of her faded duds, to captivate several attractive Americans whom I asked to meet her informally. She had on a hat grown from black to greenish-rusty color from much weather, an old darned sweater of gray, and someone's cast-off skirt, but to their own credit and my joy the Callot or Worth dressed Americans sat entranced with this woman's eyes and voice and scintillating conversation. Through their meal and after, they and she talked and laughed and made friends, and before they left me every man and woman from America had asked the waif to lunch or dine. I was proud on several occasions of both my sets of compatriots for this quick understanding they showed of one another, which rose so finely above material things.

Another case in point is one of a nobleman of Russia who in old days had on his estates admirable shooting preserves. He himself was keen about the sport and looked after the breeding and caring for the birds, and though he had a good gamekeeper he studied and guided every detail connected with his shooting. He had incidentally made trips to India and Africa and to most European countries where shooting could be had, and had spent a small fortune on gratifying his taste. Now I found him, with a wife who had been the belle of many a fête in the Czar's capital, their three children and a loyal old maid, all living in a tiny peasant's cottage of five rooms and a lean-to kitchen. They were dividing the work among them. The count, who had been a general commanding a division on the firing line, after his day's work as gamekeeper was finished chopped and brought in the firewood. Countess —— made lingerie, which sold for enough to help with the household's bills; and the girls cleaned rooms, washed dishes and did anything and everything besides. One of them now and again did extra typing outside. They considered themselves most fortunate, they made the tiny home a delightful place, and I loved it when I motored down to lunch with them one Sunday and ate dishes of old Bouromka time and talked of the old life. I found that the gamekeeper was thoroughly appreciated by his employer, an American sportsman of no mean merit, who made the refugee family as comfortable as possible by his understanding, tact and delicacy. They had dined at the château where he lived, and he had spent many a pleasant hour sitting at their cozy fireside in the remodeled peasant's hut. Evidently he found congenial talk there.

I heard of hundreds of cases as original, interesting and picturesque as are these two taken at random. The Russian is seemingly ready for any rough work that promises a livelihood and I had many amusing and pleasant surprises. I went to a dressmaker's establishment one day where the three partners are an ex-lady in waiting to the Grand Duchess W, the wife of a brilliant officer of Russia's first crack guard regiment, and another little princess whom I had known in olden days. One took the orders and kept accounts, the others designed, planned, shopped for the house, and they treated my small order in perfectly businesslike manner.

The Titled Messenger

WHILE I was sitting there their delivery messenger came in with two huge boxes, which he dropped as he saw me, and we went towards each other with exclamations of surprise. He kissed my hand in the old régime manner. It was Count H, whose father had been grand master of ceremonies at the court of the Czar and who had himself served in our regiment. Now he runs errands for a living, and makes a success of that. He said, oh, no, it wasn't hard at the shop; his three women employers were all old friends, but in the houses and hotels where he carried the dresses he had all sorts of queer experiences.

"One day Mia and Louba sent me with a belt they had forgotten to pack in with Madame de ——'s dress. I went, naturally, to the service door of her home, but I asked to see madame's own maid, as I had instructions personally to deliver the belt to her. The underfootman looked me over and said, 'Well, who ever heard of such cheek as your asking for madame's own maid? As you have an errand of importance maybe you can see her second maid.'" Count H went on: "Another equally funny thing was when I once took a box with a gown just made for her, to Madame ——'s; and she had me bring it up to her sitting room. When I came in she recognized me; I had dined with her often in old days; so right before all her servants she made a terrible fuss, made me sit down and take tea with her; and now when I carry my boxes to her door the butler and footman take them gingerly, but they call me Monsieur le Comte."

It is the world upside down for these Russians in Paris. They tell funny tales, but there are real tragedies and many touching things behind these. Especially the simplicity of the Russian way of taking troubles brings a lump to one's throat. I had lunch in a restaurant one day where for three francs—about fifteen or twenty cents then—one could get a good filling meal of Russian food.

In that hot room many neat tables were crowded. Each client bowed and said good day on coming in. Everyone was very shabby, but save for a few sad or ill faces, everyone was cheerful looking. I recognized half a dozen old friends, evidently poverty-stricken, whom I had last seen powerful and rich in Russia. At one table was the wife of the Galician viceroy, appointed by the emperor when

(Continued on Page 45)

Narcotic Drug Addiction as it Really Is

By WILLIAM McADOO
CHIEF CITY MAGISTRATE, NEW YORK CITY

TO UNDERSTAND drug addiction and the law relating to the sale of drugs, it will be necessary to clear up certain misunderstandings that seem to prevail. There appears to be an impression that the first impulse to become an addict arises from the use of narcotics to relieve pain in diseased conditions or because of the pleasant sensations produced by the drug, or, in these latter days, that it is the result of prohibitory laws against the use of alcoholic liquors. In addition to my experience in meeting addicts in the ordinary magistrates' courts of New York City it so happens that in my office, which is the headquarters of the system of courts, I meet a great many addicts, self-complaining—in the legal sense—who are seeking admission to the hospitals provided by the state and city for the cure of addiction. The addict comes here and formally makes complaint against himself, and then on a printed form is committed for treatment to a colony of such patients at Riker's Island, owned by the city, or to one of various hospitals. In recent years there has been a small colony of women addicts at the Bedford Reformatory, a state institution, in Westchester County.

During the last four years I have personally examined and committed thousands of addicts. I never fail in any case to make a personal inquiry as to the character of the applicant, the conditions under which he acquired the habit, whence he gets the drug, whether or not he has ever been charged with or convicted of any offense whatever against the law, and other details.

There are a few outstanding facts about these addicts that will give a clear view of the situation. At least 98 per cent are men—young men under thirty, ranging down to eighteen years of age. The few women who apply are usually included in about the same age limits. These men are employed at various trades—as laborers, such as longshoremen, assistants in the building trades, clerks, bookkeepers, actors, professional jockeys. Of the women not a few are connected with the theatrical profession, as chorus girls and the like. In some cases the women are married and accompanied by their husbands. In a few of the most painful cases both husband and wife are addicts.

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Judge McAdoo Has Dealt With Numerous Cases of Drug Offenders

Facilities for Treatment

A FEW years ago in an obscure quarter of Greenwich Village I saw an exhibition of portraits by a young artist, and noted that behind some of the heads was a rainbow-like coloring, some in minor tones and some a dead dull gray such as the color on battleships to which we became accustomed during the war. I divined that the object of the artist was to paint, as he said, the aura and not merely the face. These colors in the background represented the soul of the person painted, and there certainly was quite a variety of souls exhibited. But there was one portrait that had no flaring background—pale, cadaverous in face, the light of the eyes blurred and dimmed until they were without expression, young without youth. I inquired what this represented. The artist told me that it was the portrait of a drug addict taken from life.

I must say that in handling thousands of cases I have found this sort of face distinctly in the minority. The majority of these people do not look like addicts, which is one of the dangers of the situation. On the contrary, there are many young fellows who have served in the Army and who look fit enough to go back there; indeed not a few tell me that after they take the cure they will try to enlist. It is quite true, on the other side, that occasionally we do come across a case which our friend the artist would find a good subject. We cannot look upon one of these cases, hopeless as it is so far as reformation is concerned, without really charitably thinking that such a person were better dead, physically as well as mentally and morally.

When the public first became alarmed about drug addiction in New York the city authorities owned a beautiful site in the hills of Orange County, which had been purchased with the intention of making a home for alcoholics; but they turned it over for use as a place to which drug addicts could be committed. This tract of land—more than seven hundred acres in extent—had been part of a summer resort, had beautiful natural surroundings, and in the center there was a lake of considerable size. I committed many addicts to this place, which was in charge of a former surgeon-general of the United States Navy—an excellent man, doing the best he could for these people. They used to come back after a sojourn of two or three months and call on me, looking immensely improved in physique.

They all gained weight on the good fare and life spent mostly out of doors. Unfortunately there were not sufficient people to guard the place, and the addicts had no trouble in getting a supply of drugs or alcoholic stimulants smuggled in. Under such conditions effecting lasting cures was not possible.

Then for a considerable time commitments were made to Bellevue Hospital, where the treatment did not extend beyond a couple of weeks. It is no criticism of the physicians at that well-known institution to say that addicts repeatedly told me that they went straight from the hospital to the use of the drug. The period of treatment was not long enough, and the number of addicts was so great as to tax the authorities of the institution to give to each case that painstaking care, that patient treatment, which is necessary. It was under these conditions that the city took up Riker's Island, a considerable tract of land located in Long Island Sound just north of our city line, as the principal place to which male drug addicts were to be sent, with scattering commitments to other hospitals on Welfare Island and to the King's County Hospital in Brooklyn.

At both Riker's Island and Bedford Reformatory the doctors have practically adopted the rule that the treatment must be for not less than three months—that is, after the acute symptoms have been treated, and before the discharge of the patients, they must be allowed to gather full physical strength and have restored a mental poise and self-control that they lacked when they entered the institutions.

I am not prepared to say that a possible salvage cannot be made out of the hundreds of cases treated on Riker's Island, or to assert that an addict cannot fully recover from this vice; but I am compelled to state in the interests of truth that we are daily in this office committing to Riker's Island and to other institutions patients who have been hitherto treated at those places, and some, more than once. To my invariable question "How long did you stay away from the drug after you came from the hospital?" the almost invariable reply is narrowed down to days and weeks, and very rarely extends into months and years.

Temptation

AFTER the prohibition law went into effect I especially inquired if the addicts had been hitherto accustomed to the use of alcoholic drink. Contrary to the general impression, they have almost invariably replied in the negative—that is, there was no connection, apparently, between the difficulty in getting alcoholic drinks and the taking of narcotic drugs. Most of the addicts who come here swear to the statement that they have been taking a drug from two to ten years. The rare cases are those who say that they have been addicts for only a year or less. With these we take special pains to provide for recovery by advising the physicians at the institutions and by taking all the personal interest possible to encourage and help the patients.

How many have acquired the drug habit as a result of doctors' prescribing narcotics in cases of great physical pain? Those cases, so far as inquiries go here, are quite few.

How many begin taking a drug because of its pleasurable effect? The larger part—under peculiar conditions.

There is an almost unbroken line of statements from drug addicts among men that they began taking drugs at public dance halls and all-night or late-at-night resorts. Here is a young fellow who has worked at an honest employment all day. He has swallowed a hasty meal, dressed himself up, gone to meet his steady-company girl, and the couple have brought up at a ball or a dance that will continue during the night. As the hours go on he becomes intensely fatigued, but he notices how wide awake appear the rivals for the favors of the other sex. They are apparently quite fresh, and are dancing and drinking without any signs of physical exhaustion. One of these young fellows whom he knows takes him out into the hall and drawing out of his pocket a small vial of heroin tells him: "Take a snuff of this. It will brighten you up." So far as he is concerned, that is the beginning of the road to ruin, physical, mental and moral. The addicts positively assert that a week's use of a drug is sufficient to form the habit. This young fellow now has brightened up from

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NUISANCE VALUE

By Charles Brackett

"Lily May is Sixteen," Mrs. Lonsdale Explained. "I Feel Kind of Foolish," Lily May Remarked

THE auction had almost emptied the boarding house—with the special rate for the profession—that had run and been run by Mrs. Benson during the fifteen years of her widowhood; but as the lease wasn't up for another month, her daughter, Luly May Benson, kept a cot and a chair in what had been the parlor. They were ample equipment for a person who ate her meals out of a bag.

After Luly May had paid what her mother owed, there was a little something left for a rainy day; but the prospect of keeping herself on what she earned at the Five-and-Ten was not so brilliant that Luly May felt that she could move on, to indulge a certain childish terror of the big dilapidated house.

As she hadn't recovered sufficient heart to enjoy the dances and movies that occupied the after hours of the rest of her friends, the evenings were pretty somber, and she heard the doorbell ring with a good deal of pleasure. That November night it was Dee and Donlon—Mr. and Mrs. Donlon in private life.

They must have been told at the theater that Mrs. Benson was no more, but Dee and Donlon walked in a mist of their own contriving, impervious to casual communications.

"Why, it's Luly May! What you all dark for?"

"Maw's dead. We're shut up."

"Say! Well, what do you know!"

"Won't you come in, though? I'd be awful pleased for some company."

Mr. Donlon twitched a little more than Luly May remembered. Mrs. Donlon's eyes were more thickly glazed.

"Seen our act yet?" Mr. Donlon questioned. "We got some new stuff."

"I ain't felt like going out."

"Her maw's dead, she told you."

"Her maw's dead! You sold everything?"

"Uh-huh. I been thinking about you lately, Mr. Donlon. Remember that time we danced together, just fooling? You said I ought to go on the stage."

"Sure!"

"Do you think I could? I can dance all right with a fella. I don't know nothing about stage dancing, though."

"What do you think, Birdie?" Mr. Donlon consulted Miss Dee the professional.

"It's an awful hard life," Miss Dee improvised.

"It ain't a cinch, standing on your feet all day in that store," Luly May informed them.

"No?" Miss Dee was vague. "Say, if we can't stay here we got to be getting on. What do you think?"

She looked at Donlon fixedly.

"Want some now?" he asked.

Dee jerked her head in assent. Mr. Donlon produced two tissue-paper packages from his pocket.

"I got a little money," Luly May remarked, but Donlon was apparently too busy and Dee too absorbed in his activity to hear. Suddenly Dee seemed to feel Luly May's curious eyes.

"Say, dearie, could I trouble you for a glass of water?"

When Luly May returned, Donlon was closing his pocket knife. He and Dee were more like their act, alive with footlight brilliance.

"How much you got?" Donlon asked; so he had heard, after all.

"A hundred and twenty, about."

Mr. Donlon converted a twitch into an easy gesture.

"You can do something, with that in ready money."

"My, yes!" Dee agreed. "I got a lot of costumes I could sell you for that."

"Think I could get a job?"

"What was that Brumberg was saying about needing girls?" Mr. Donlon asked.

Miss Dee gave a brief laugh.

"Sure, that'd do fine!"

"It's in Rose Bower, a place we dance when we're in town. You ought to have that experience before you try for one of the circuits."

"Yeah, you'll learn something there all right."

Somehow the laugh with which Dee said it didn't make it sound very attractive; but just in the few moments, since they'd seemed to be considering her future, Luly May had caught sight of a dream she had to follow and follow quickly.

"Could I go along with you when you go?"

"Sure! The 11:40, Saturday night. That give you time to pack and say good-by to your folks?"

"I ain't got any folks."

There was no reason why Alicia Temple should have cared a rap when Mrs. C. H. Hull blubbered over the telephone that something terrible had happened. Her connection with the Hulls had begun as a purely commercial one, and all that was required of her would have been "I'm so sorry. We'll postpone the bridge lesson until some time when you feel like it."

To have made that reply, however, Alicia Temple would have needed brand-new insides.

Someone in the set to which she was born, probably Mrs. Fred Lonsdale, once said that if poor Alicia Temple were prudent she would never leave the house without waterproof epaulettes. The reference was to Miss Temple's gift for taking troubles seriously—other people's troubles—for so many opulent ones' had been sobbed out on her shoulders that, with only the slight disadvantages of poverty, uncertain work and a not too robust constitution, Miss Temple was convinced that she was a very fortunate person.

"I'll be right over," she answered Mrs. Hull, and hung up the receiver with a hand that actually trembled.

"If only it isn't Cliff!" she thought as she pinned on the hat with much-too-pink roses that Mrs. Hull had given her, and so had to be worn.

Miss Temple would have had a hard time to find an excuse for having allowed herself to grow fond of the Hulls. They were a thoroughly impossible family. They had moved on New York directly after fortune lunged through their shabby door in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and were just beginning to suspect that the stiffest course in the College of Hard Knocks was the one in etiquette.

Their first purchase had been a house on Riverside Drive with so many statues on its façade that it looked like a brick whatnot. As the owner had learned better, he had sold it furnished, which saved the Hulls a lot of time.

Mrs. Hull, who relinquished her ideals reluctantly, had found and almost emptied a shop with a stock very similar to the exclusive models in the Novelty Wear Toggery, where she had outfitted herself for years, but with prices eight times as high. Cliff, the seventeen-year-old son, had purchased twelve of the Klean-Kut suits, with belted waistcoats, one of which created a furor in high-school circles in Tulsa. Theresa, aged eight, had indulged in a permanent wave and would have had her face lifted, could she have found an artist to undertake the job. Father Hull was putting out feelers for admission to some local lodge.

Whatever they had learned since their arrival had been by overhearing some remark made in a tone of authority. That was how Father Hull discovered that one didn't wear tan oxfords with a morning coat. A shoe clerk reprimanded him sharply for the practice.

That was how they had acquired Alicia Temple. Mrs. Hull heard a woman at the hairdresser's saying, "My dear, I'm taking bridge lessons from the most wonderful woman. Her name is Temple, and she lives at the Endimore." Mrs. Hull kept repeating "Temple—Endimore" all through a shampoo and until she reached paper and pencil.

As there was no Hotel Temple, she got into communication with Miss Alicia, and biweekly bridge lessons broke the monotony of waiting for people to be neighborly.

The system had also produced less fortunate results. Mr. Hull had told a barber-shop acquaintance that he was going to send Cliff to boarding school, and that gentleman had informed him that boarding schools were effeminate and snobbish, and that none of the big people sent their sons to them. They hired tutors, who gave special instruction. By a happy chance the gentleman had a nephew who might be persuaded to undertake Cliff's guidance.

Arthur Chester, the nephew, proved to be a very pale and chinless young man, whose hours of instruction grew shorter and later every week.

Alicia Temple had twice seen him on busses with companions she felt sure were not nice women, and had wanted desperately to tell the Hulls that he wasn't the right influence for Cliff, but had been restrained by her knowledge of how hard it is to keep alive when there isn't anybody behind one.

It was that omission which made Miss Temple remorseful, as well as disturbed, by Mrs. Hull's words. Cliff was her favorite Hull. She used to tell herself that he was as handsome as Phil Hamilton, to whom she had been sensationally engaged thirty years before. As a matter of fact, Phil Hamilton looking his dissipated best would have faded into insignificance beside Cliff Hull. Cliff Hull looked like the Discus Thrower, except that he was merry and ill dressed.

He thought Alicia Temple a scream, and used to roughhouse her affectionately. And Alicia Temple, who had

been respectfully ignored for years, repaid him with a devotion as deep as her heart.

"If it is Cliff," she repeated as she adjusted the veil Mrs. Lonsdale had sent her for Christmas over the too-pink roses, "and it's through that horrid man, it's my fault and I'll never forgive myself—never!"

Theresa Hull was perched on the window sill of the black-and-white-striped upstairs sitting room, beside a box of chocolates, thoroughly enjoying the spectacle of her mother's grief.

"Here's Miss Alicia," she squealed, anticipating a new crisis.

"My land, how quick you got here!" Mrs. Hull was draped in wattled satin and her face was all blotched from crying. "You must have just caught a bus."

"I did. What's happened?"

"My boy!" Up went Mrs. Hull's handkerchief.

"He's not hurt?"

Mrs. Hull only swayed her head and moaned.

"No, it's not that," Theresa tittered, choosing to regard the enlightenment of Miss Temple as a delightful game.

"No, not hurt." Mrs. Hull found her voice. "He's Theresa, I told you to stop eating them things. You won't have a tooth left. He's—oh, I'm so glad you're here before they come."

"Did you see poppa?" Theresa queried. "He's down in the liberry, just crazy."

"He lets on," Mrs. Hull said, "that he's mad at me; but he's awful disappointed too. I don't care. I do wish it was a society girl."

Theresa was at the sweets again.

"Now," her mother stormed, "I got to take away the box. That's just what I got to do."

"I had all I want, anyhow."

Miss Temple's eyes implored enlightenment.

"I tried to get you last night," Mrs. Hull said. "You must have been to a party."

"I was."

"I tried just as soon as he told us."

"Told you what, Mrs. Hull?"

"He's engaged to a girl we don't know—or her folks or nothing."

"No!"

"He met her to a dance Mr. Chester took him to, at one of these café places where she works. And don't you think he's awful young?"

"Is she—a waitress?"

"Land, no! She dances with the people."

To Miss Temple, the words suggested Cherry Malotte in The Spoilers.

"What's her name?"

"Lucile Bel—something so fancy I can't even say it; but Cliff's promised me she ain't French, anyhow."

"Oh, Mrs. Hull! He's bringing her here this morning?"

Mrs. Hull nodded.

"No, he's not," said Theresa, blowing the words out against the windowpane.

"Why, he is too! What do you say that for, Theresa?"

"He is not, because they're here," Theresa shouted with a terrible mirthless laugh to show that she was being cunning.

Fortunately the window was big enough for three.

Charity was the core of Miss Temple's being, but she couldn't say anything nice about the young woman below. She just couldn't.

"Is the man her father?"

She tried to emphasize what seemed to her the mitigating feature of the group.

"She hasn't got one. That must be Mr. Donlon."

"Wouldn't it be fun if they was to slip and fall?" said Theresa, who was getting a little silly from having so many delightful things happen all at once.

The bell rang. Mr. Hull appeared in the doorway, looking very angry indeed.

"Come on," he commanded; and he added to his wife, "Now you act right to Cliff's girl. She's what Cliff wants. He's got a right to his choice."

There were so many facets to the business in the Moorish Room, and Miss Temple wanted so much and hated so much to know them all, that she felt as she did at revolver scenes in melodramas, when she kept clapping her hand over her ears and screwing her eyes shut, but peeping and listening all along.

"Here's Luly, maw," said Cliff.

Miss Temple looked—a dusty velvet hat, vermilion earrings trickling over white-fox furs, a sag of shoddy petticoat beneath an elaborately beaded dress, and an emaciated, calcimined face with eyes peering from black pits of mascara—a bad, bad face.

"Pleased to meet you, Luly," said Mrs. Hull in a voice that bled the heart.

"Ma'am, pleased to meet you."

Miss Temple looked away from the fiancée as she would have from an indelicate picture, but she knew from the sound that Mrs. Hull was bestowing a kiss. Miss Temple also knew that had she been in Mrs. Hull's place she never could have done it. It seemed to have sapped Mrs. Hull's heroism.

"Oh, Cliff," she wailed, "you been to that barber again! He cuts your hair just like you was a convict."

Mr. Hull and the man had shaken hands. "So you're the fella that's been looking out for Cliff's girl?"

"Yeah."

That was all. Mr. Donlon seemed to have no desire to go halfway to meet Mr. Hull's tragic geniality.

Except for his watch charms, Mr. Donlon was all eyes—inimical eyes that seemed to be waiting for something, Miss Temple didn't know for what.

"You met Luly, Miss Temple?" Cliff asked. "Isn't she some looker, mom? And you ought to see her dance!"

"Cliff!" mewed the fiancée.

"Shake hands with Cliff's old man, young lady."

Miss Temple was sorrier for Mr. Hull than any of them. So sorry she could have cried.

"And this is the baby."

Theresa chose that moment to be shy and burrow in her father's hip. He tugged her hair affectionately.

"Before things was to go any further," Mr. Donlon suddenly dominated the room in a sharp, defiant voice, "me and Mrs. Donlon wanted to see how you folks stood on this business. Cliff's proposed, all right. Mrs. Donlon happened to get her hands on some pretty lovey-dovey letters of his."

How could he, Miss Temple wondered, make the wretched business worse than it was? They were being so touchingly nice.

"They're engaged as far as we're concerned. What do you say about it?"

Mrs. Hull, as always when faced with a painful subject, went off in one of her digressions.

"I thought Mrs. Donlon was going to come along, too, this morning?"

"She's sick."

"She's got this grippy cold that's going round."

It was purely automatic.

"Yes. But about this here. We can give you any kind of character reference you want."

His odd defiance had increased. Mr. and Mrs. Hull stared blankly.

"Why, say ——" they began in chorus.

"It's all right, is it?"

Mrs. Hull gave a sob and dug at her eyes.

"There ain't nothing to cry about." It seemed almost as though he was trying to make them angry.

"I was just thinking Cliff's awful young."

"Where I was raised," said Mr. Donlon, "they say young blood mixes better than old."

"But I mean Cliff is just going on eighteen."

"How old is Miss Beltravier?" Alicia Temple asked, startling herself as much as anybody. It was, at the time, the boldest speech of her life.

"Sixteen."

Everyone looked at the haggard fiancée, and Miss Beltravier's panic was so complete that she thought of something to say.

"Oh," she looked at Mr. Donlon, "you wanted me to show the ring Cliff gave me?"

It was a chip diamond he must have bought from an advertisement with the dregs of his allowance.

"Well, Cliff, you weren't what you'd call lavish," Mr. Hull said with a laugh.

"Aw, dad ——"

"Enough to bind the bargain," Mr. Donlon remarked.

"What do you mean by that?" Mr. Hull was perceptibly ruffled.

Mr. Donlon spoke, but without sequence; evidently something he had planned to say.

"Miss Beltravier has been with Mrs. Donlon and me all the time since she's been in New York. We never let her go out alone with anybody but Cliff. We ain't rich and she had to dance in Rose Bower, where we work; but we kept our eyes on her all the time."

The Hulls said, "Oh!"

It seemed probable that he was going on to fix the date and place of the wedding, but instead he said, "You folks think it over. Pleased to have met you. Come on, Lucile."

"You coming, Cliff?" asked the fiancée.

"You bet!"

Mr. Hull put his hands deep in his pockets and walked up and down.

"Well, I'm glad he's no blood relation of hers, anyway."

"My, she's awful funny looking!" said Theresa. "Did you ever see anybody so thin?"

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"He Met Her to a Dance Mr. Chester Took Him to, at One of These Café Places Where She Works"

NIGHT WORK

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

Now Messer Marco heard it stated by one of the Great Kaan's officers of customs that the quantity of pepper introduced daily forconsumptioninto the city of Kinsay amounted to forty-three loads, each load being equal to two hundred and twenty-three pounds.—*Travels of Marco Polo.*

THE Chicago man quickly saw that his informant had been right. Main Street did not care for Carleton. A mother, upon his approach, drew her children to her and turned to the show windows. What she had said to them could be guessed by their awed glances. Two girls sidled toward the curb to pass him. A gray-haired banker set his shoulders and looked resolutely at the traffic along the car tracks. A former soldier likewise showed a sudden interest in things distant.

"They want him to know," he thought.

He saw also that Carleton hated those he met even more than they did him, although he did not wear his hatred on his sleeve as they did theirs. This the Chicago man had not been told.

"Some of Us Saw That Fight"

He drew nearer the man he was watching. Carleton made a striking figure in Kinzie. He was taller than most, and straighter and better poised, with a firmer step and healthier color. One who did not know the truth might have guessed him an athlete—a football star, perhaps, or a record hurdler. The Chicago man was better informed. He noticed the inconsistency that Carleton's fingers had been stained about the nails as if by iodine or nitrate of silver.

He noticed another inconsistency that had not been mentioned by his advisers. Carleton's scalp bore a jagged diagonal scar, beginning behind the left ear and extending upward until lost to sight beneath his hat.

"A broken glass bottle might have done that," he thought. "But it didn't. Or barbed wire might have. Whatever it was, he felt it."

He trailed Carleton across the street, and then down the side street and across another. As they approached the Annex Building at the end of the block a girl stepped out of its entrance toward them; then, seeing Carleton, changed her mind and swerved southward. She was followed by a round-faced fat man who did not change his mind. He noticed that the fat man spoke to everyone he met except Carleton, even calling by their first names two policemen who stood near, one answering to Tom, the other Brick.

Carleton hesitated, then turned toward the entrance. At the same moment the policemen began exchanging loud sarcasms.

"Sure the boy was in our company," he heard Brick say. "Don't you remember that machine-gun nest in the woods he cleaned out all by himself?"

Carleton also must have heard the remark; but he chose to disregard it. The other policeman replied in kind:

"You don't mean him as brought in them thirty boches tied together with grass?"

"Forty-two. You're thinking of that same boy another time. I mean the battle when Captain Corson, God rest his soul, recommended the boy to be brigadier gen'ral because of pers'nal bravery. Forty-two pris'ners and five silver-plated machine guns was his haul."

"I remember him perfect, now you speak of the silver," said Tom.

The sarcasms abruptly ceased when Carleton passed inside.

Instead of following him, the Chicago man paused to talk with the policemen.

"Who was that man?" he asked.

The policeman named Brick looked him over before replying. At last he said, "You don't live here or you wouldn't ask."

"If I did I wouldn't have to."

"Every town has its yellow dog, stranger. That was Kinzie's. That bird, but still speaking of dogs, was Mister Paul Carleton. He stayed out of the war."

"What's his line?"

"He runs a lens, that bird does, round the corner. Calls himself a commercial photographer. Commercial—get that?"

"Takes pictures of dishes and nails for some of the new factories," said the other.

The stranger told them that he once knew a yellow dog who lied himself off; he claimed to have religious scruples against war.

"This bird run off; hid like a bug under a brick till the war was over. I never knew him pers'nal, but I know them as did."

"But that was yesterday," suggested the stranger.

"I guess there are other things. You wouldn't get them very good, being new here. You'd have to feel them. This bird struts around with his nose in the air too much. He cuts too much dido whatever. This town just can't go his mug. We can't klux him out the way we did Morehouse, but we can ink up our thumbs and play tag with him when he parades."

"Who was the girl who turned aside?"

"That was Edith Munson," said Tom.

"And who was the friendly looking fat man who spoke to you?"

"That was George B. Twidd. Why do you want to know?"

"He spoke to me just now."

"That's only his way. Politics. Mr. Twidd is the big noise in this building. He likes to know people."

The other policeman added, almost in confidence, "He's the big noise in this town too. Mr. Twidd is the soldiers' friend."

The stranger prepared to move on.

"Thanks," he said. "I noticed the difference between him and the commercial beggar. Pleasant game, fighting. I'm tempted to stay and sign up with you taggers."

He meant in his professional capacity, but did not explain what that was. As he walked away the policemen thought he meant that he had been a soldier himself, and itched to join them.

Carleton was ten years of age when his parents transplanted him to Kinzie. As his father was a teller in the City National Bank, his young roots quickly felt at home in the new soil. Kinzie is not now a large city. Then, it was much smaller, so that everybody in it knew everybody else, or nearly.

The boy was normal in every way. He attended the public schools, first grammar and then high, made fast friends, learned to dance and to drive, played football, drew somewhat ragged cartoons for the school paper, served at the last as class president. When he left for college his fellows knew they would miss him. His closer friends predicted a future for him according to their preferences; some in art, others in banking. All spoke of the certainty of his becoming a football star in college. Some of these friends were girls. Of these, Edith Munson usually went with him to dances.

At college Carleton soon gave up his drawing. He continued, however, to play football. Though he did not make the team, Don Morrow, a Kinzie sophomore, spoke well of his playing. He spent his Christmas vacation at home. After his return for the spring semester he practiced with the track and baseball candidates. He was considered a promising man.

The longer summer vacation saw him back among his school friends in Kinzie, of whom he made countless snapshots, and with whom he boated, swam, played tennis, ran cross country, danced, drove and in every way proved himself unchanged. He had continued his French and was now able to talk lamely with the French waiter at Brennan's. Many of his classmates had gone to work—Joe Burns in a machine shop, Ned Elder with his father at plumbing, Edith Munson in Judge Bright's law office.

These he took especial pains to include in his group. He had nothing in him of the snob. Thus when he left for college in the fall he was again made to feel that he would be missed

At college he suddenly found himself an important man, through the loss of a varsity end. He was known to be fast and aggressive. It took three coaches to whip him into form; but he made the team, and the All-Western to boot. That Christmas Don Morrow went to some trouble to be seen walking down Main Street with the great man. But although he was now famous, he asked Edith Munson to the country-club dance instead of the street-car magnate's daughter, as his father had hoped. His friends liked him for that.

The blow that collapsed his world fell without warning Carleton returned to college the day following New Year's. One month and three weeks later he received a wire stating that his father was dead.

He did not learn the truth until he read it from the headlines of a newspaper. His father had become involved with a politician named Twidd in an industrial speculation, had tried to save himself by all honest expedients, then in desperation by dishonest, and when the walls fell inward he killed himself. His shortage was so large that it all but pulled the bank down with him. He had been greatly trusted.

The widow, both by her own wish and her son's, assigned to the bank everything of value she possessed. College instantly became out of the question

Meanwhile friends came forward in numbers, did the simple things necessary and tried in tactful ways to show their sympathy

Carleton's mother responded; he himself could not Don Morrow's father offered him a position as a bond salesman. He curtly refused it. He was not a salesman, he said: all he knew of commercial value was the difference between pyro and hypo. Instead he went to work for Phillips, a new photographer who did amateur finishing. The fact that he had no personal acquaintance with Phillips undoubtedly influenced him. The small wage could not have done so.

The acts that followed are easier to understand than to explain. Pity may become unendurable. The writings in the book of deeds cannot be erased; they constitute the book. It may conceivably seem less intolerable to close the book to all friendship than to let it lie open for pity.

I refer to Carleton's breaking off of all old ties. He met Joe Burns, now a machinist's apprentice, face to face in the street and cut him dead, ignoring an outstretched hand to do it. Ned Elder likewise. Even Edith Munson found herself greeting the back of his retreating head; for when she approached he turned upon his heel and strode off, as he might have done from an outcast. For snubbing Don Morrow later he had more excuse, Don being at heart a snob. A man may be allowed to protect himself. But Edith Munson!

Two factors doubtless entered. One was a feeling that he must wear sackcloth and ashes, perform somehow a vicarious penance. Murder commonly involves the criminal's wife, children or parents. A sense of disgrace may be entirely lacking in the culprit, and yet be unendurably present in those nearest him. Self-flagellation is not an act of fanaticism; it is very human and secular.

The other factor was his mental turmoil. For, as a man may be in such physical pain that he can no longer see with his eyes or hear with his ears, so he may be in such mental pain that he can no longer feel with his imagination the pain he inflicts upon others. Carleton did not mean to hurt Joe Burns, Ned Elder and the rest. Certainly he had no wish to hurt Edith Munson. Yet he did hurt all of them cruelly.

Resentment was immediate and implacable. Of all minor human wrongs, a discourtesy incurred while doing a kindness arouses the bitterest wrath. And though neither he nor she suspected it, the resentment against Carleton was instantly extended to include his mother.

"Then go to hell!" snarled a garage man; and though the politest people may not use such expressions, they more or less appreciate their terseness.

Carleton and his mother in their cramped rooms before long were let severely alone. Thus it happened that when the war broke, the Carletons did not share in the passionate discussions of Kinzie. Thus it happened also that when Carleton left Kinzie between dusk and dawn a little later his disappearance was not noticed. Not until America herself declared war was Carleton remembered, for somebody noticed that he had not registered. His mother, now herself at work for Phillips, refused to say whether or not he was in hiding, or how long he had been gone. Their seclusion thus made possible an ugly riddle; and Carleton, when thought of at all, became thought of as a shirking coward.

If his departure had gone unnoticed, not so his return Here again his actions are harder to explain than to understand. He had saved a little money during the war. He proposed now to start in business for himself; not elsewhere, but in Kinzie; rented space, had partitions built and light traps installed. After which he bought washing troughs, tables, stands, electric lights, cameras and the other equipment a commercial photographer of modest needs requires. Then he pinned his folly to his sleeve and set forth to reconquer Kinzie.

What is hard to explain is not any change of heart, not any new feeling of tenderness toward former friends, for the old tenderness had never died. Rather, it is his odd belief that these friends would now respond to overtures I think that to his mind his clash had never been with them, but with himself. To him they had remained static, unchanging, like a piece of property that cannot perhaps be afforded today but may tomorrow. From first to last he had never grasped the truth—that they, too, had souls to lose. Still another feeling may have entered. He may have felt that the four years of his absence had completed his penance

At any rate he had returned, and in his heart he expected to renew his old friendships. By sheer accident he began by accosting Edith Munson. He met her on the street as she unexpectedly emerged from the building in which she worked.

"What a pleasure!" he cried, rushing forward

Her action does not require comment by me. She had heard that Carleton was back in Kinzie, but not that they

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"He Was Been Telling Us Some of Your Experiences Together. He Scared Us Stiff, I Can Tell You"

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

Rome—By Norval Richardson

One of Rome's Narrow, Winding Streets. Above—A Remarkable Scene in the Coliseum at Rome When Mass Was Celebrated Before 50,000 at the International Eucharistic Congress

WHEN I read in a paper—I was in the United States at the time—that I had been appointed second secretary of the embassy at Rome, I took it much more calmly than I should have imagined possible four years before, when I scanned the list in the World Almanac and decided Rome was the place in all the world I wanted to go to. This rather bears out the theory of that discouraging philosopher who believes that we invariably get what we set our hearts on, though often after the desire has lost its zest.

I hardly know why I viewed the appointment to Rome so indifferently, unless it was that I felt my experiences in Copenhagen would not be surpassed in interest. However, healthy reaction soon set in, and I was preparing for the journey and gathering all the information available about diplomatic life in the Eternal City. There were a great many people who had spent winters there, even years, who gave me much information about how to live, the best hotels, what to see and do. But the point of view of tourists and visitors is not very useful to a diplomat. Those who told me Hichens' Fruitful Vine was a perfect picture of what Roman life was like were quite right; but even that did not begin to touch upon the intricacies of a social system that has baffled almost everyone who has lived in that extraordinary city. Even when I left there, after an uninterrupted sojourn of seven years—I was there from 1918 to 1920—I still had the feeling that I was an onlooker; and this in spite of the fact that the war period had broken down barriers and thrown me into intimate contact with all classes.

The Romantic Note

THE ramifications of Blacks and Whites, Vatican and Quirinal, Austrian haters and sympathizers, ancient families clinging to old régimes, young Italy dating only from 1870, followers of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, English and American colonies and the extraordinary personalities that stood at the head of each of these groups—all these bewildering currents of influence and traditions made me feel as though I had come across something that I could never possibly understand. I decided at once that if the rest of Italy were like Rome, the question of unifying the whole belonged to the very dim future. By comparison, our existence appeared so simple and direct and fresh and clean that for a time I hated Rome with its subtle complexities and intrigues almost violently. I was not able either to understand or fit into it. I wonder if I ever really did. I wonder if any real American ever does.

My arrival was a keen disappointment. I landed at Naples and went up on an afternoon train, after having spent several hours trying to convince a voluble Italian customs officer that a diplomat had the right of free entry. He said quite frankly that he didn't know what a diplomat was, and that it didn't matter, anyway; that I had to open my trunks no matter what I was. I learned later to love Naples; but that first day I was inclined to agree with a fellow passenger who was always saying, "Smell Naples and die."

The journey to Rome gave me a first glimpse of hill towns perched on the top of pointed mountains and climbing straight up into a sky that was dazzlingly blue. The romantic note of Italy was struck with a bang; but it suddenly ceased to sound when the suburbs of Rome were reached; suburbs much like those of any other city, with the exception that now and then there sprang up out of the midst of sordid tenements a crumbling arch, a fragment of aqueduct or the walls of an amazing tomb.

No one met me at the station, though I had telegraphed from Naples. My thoughts turned longingly to the efficient Lawrence of Havana and Arthur of Copenhagen. To accentuate my depression, it suddenly began to rain in torrents, while I stood undecided in the far from cheerful station, trying to make up my mind which hotel to go to. I had got so into the habit of being met and having plans made for me that I resented arriving in Rome as a plain and unimportant American.

Diplomacy in Rome was evidently going to be colorless and commonplace. Even the Grand Hotel, where I finally went, did not prove encouraging. When I had dressed and gone down to dinner, hurrying to reach the dining room before it closed, I found the pink-and-white lounge that was later to become the arena of many interesting experiences entirely deserted. The dining room was also quite deserted. I began to wonder if all Romans kept such early hours, and asked the waiter what was the matter, if there were no guests in the hotel, and was informed most patronizingly that no one in Rome dined before half past nine. However, I didn't wait to see the crowd appear that night; I was too tired, and in a way too discouraged.

Introducing Francesco

THERE I was, having reached the acme of my ambitions in the diplomatic service, spending a solitary evening in a deserted hotel. I stood at my bedroom window a long time, looking out on an empty square. A fountain with three jets of water added to the dismal sound of rain; the houses looked colorless and sad; the few passing cabs appeared to have reached the last stage of dilapidation. My glance finally came to rest on a rather dignified building on a corner. I had no idea at the time that it was the American Embassy and that I was going to spend almost every day of seven years in it, looking out through its windows upon some tremendously historical events

I was up early the next morning and at the embassy door at half past eight. Fatal hour! After ringing several times—during the intervals admiring the white marble steps and the impressive portal—the door was finally opened and I was faced with a somewhat unusual apparition in pink pajamas. Up to this time I had thought of Arthur of Copenhagen as being the most imposing person I had ever encountered; he was quite insignificant beside Francesco. "Flamboyant" seems to describe him best; or "barroco," if you wish to be entirely Italian—which he was. Rather stout, very dark, a great deal of bristling black hair and a mustache that would have been the envy of any operatic star, were some of the ingredients of his virile personality. At the moment he gave the impression of just having finished a tempestuous night; I felt sure Borgia crimes would have been mere child's play for him. He looked me over with frank antagonism

and then pointed to the brass plate at the side of the door.

"Zee visitor ees admitted from zee eleven hour to zee one."

"Yes; but I'm not exactly a visitor."

"Zen what ees zee gentleman?"

"I suppose you'd call me an employe of the embassy. I'm the second secretary."

"Ah! Zen you are zee Signor Richardsono!"

With a flood of vociferous apologies he let me enter and asked me to take a seat in the waiting room while he made his toilet. It took him about an hour, and so I had plenty of time to look at framed photographs of the Capitol and the White House and several engravings of Presidents. The waiting rooms of almost all embassies are exactly alike, no matter whether they happen to be in Petrograd or Buenos Aires. There are invariably a Smyrna carpet of dismal blue and red, engravings of Presidents, a long oak table filled with American newspapers several months old, and a few uncomfortable chairs and a sofa that has the air of having done service in a large family for many years. The background for these objects may sometimes be handsome; there may be fine panelings, old damask, a crystal chandelier; but somehow old newspapers and engraved Presidents cast a strangely depressing gloom over what might otherwise be rather cheerful.

The Elite of Rome Out in Full Force for the Horse Show

Crucial Moments

ALMOST always, Mr. Lincoln's portrait has the prominent place over the fireplace; and no matter how much we may admire him as a statesman, no one could possibly call his a cheerful countenance.

When Francesco returned, dressed in the latest Italian conception of what Bond Street style might be but never is, he showed me through the embassy and into the room that had been assigned to me. It was next to the ambassador's room, and separated from it only by a swinging green baize door; another door led into the reception room. I saw at once that any privacy was going to be out of the question; I might as well have been living in the street; as a matter of fact, that is exactly what my room was during the four years of the war.

Later on, the clerk, who was also the stenographer, appeared; and finally the first secretary. Still later the two private secretaries of the ambassador looked in, found the ambassador was not coming to the chancery that morning and immediately disappeared. At noon Francesco told me that the ambassador had telephoned for me to come to luncheon with him, and I was directed to the Palazzo del Drago, only three blocks from the embassy, down the Via XX Settembre

Probably the most crucial moments in a secretary's experience are those in which he meets his new chief for the first time. The relationship is a bit anomalous. The ambassador rarely has any choice regarding the secretaries sent to his embassy; and it goes without saying that the secretary has nothing at all to do with the matter.

A Problem

ON THE whole, it is rather surprising how well they usually get on together. It is easy to understand how most of us look with some nervousness towards the first meeting with a man with whom we have got to spend several years of close association and from whom we are to take orders. In a way, the relationship is a bit similar to that of master and valet—at least from the angle of the master rarely being a hero. We have such unlimited opportunity to study the ambassadorial state of mind—if there is such a thing—and thus prepare ourselves to fill the same position when our time comes—if it ever does.

At the beginning of my career I had the advantage of serving under a chief who had learned the subtleties of diplomacy during a residence of twenty years in Europe He is the only chief I had who had had diplomatic experience as a secretary before being made minister. But in the acquiring of this experience, which made him extremely capable in both official and social matters, it was only natural that a great deal of what we call essentially American characteristics had disappeared. It is hardly possible

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PHOTO BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE NEW YORK CITY

An Unusual Picture of the City of Rome as Seen From the Windows of the Vatican

THE NURSERY GOVERNESS

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

NOBODY to this day can offer any opinion of worth as to what manner of wreck or wreckage it was that could float awash off that coast, waiting, as it seemed, its moment to take the Brigida by the forefoot and rip the bottom plates out of her till just forward of the engine-room bulkhead. But it was there, and the first the crew and passengers knew of it was the bump, the clangor of steel plates ripping like paper, the clatter and smash of breakages everywhere; and then, shrill above the scream of the steam, the panic.

Her crew were Portuguese of various shades, and negroes; her passengers were of all the peoples that use the East Coast of Africa. Her first-class accommodation for the most part consisted of homeward-bound folk who had failed to get berths on the liners and were enduring the old Brigida as far as Aden to make connection with the boats from the East. And all these, blinded by night and a squall of rain, boiled up on the decks and fought with the frantic crew and one another in the darkness about the insufficient boats.

And the dawn, stealing upon the waters, dyeing them first rose and then lighting them to a flawless blue, like eyes that wake the brighter for tears in the night, found the old Brigida still afloat, her nose under water as far aft as the fore hatch and her propeller in the air. Her decks were like a field of battle. Two dead men, shot through the head, sprawled upon the deck; a boat had broken its back against the rail; everywhere was smashed litter, discarded gear, damning evidence of witless terror and coward flight. And over it all, seated at the foot of the port ladder to the upper bridge, the blanket-swathed child asleep in her arms, sat the nursery governess, looking out over the sea, talking in a low voice in the stillness, and waiting—waiting.

"If only somebody would rescue us," she was saying, "we might even get some compensation or something for all this. And we've got nothing else, baby; nothing else in the world."

She was a little woman, well into the thirties, pitifully lean of body and stringy of limb, with a longish face, much discolored by the sun, which had never been pretty. Yet there was about her that quality which dignifies and conserves those who, lacking strength and adroitness in the ways of the world, are cast back upon courage for a sole resource. She had, for her chief possessions, the memory of her husband, killed in the year of their marriage in a street accident at Johannesburg, and—an unusual property for a nursery governess—a six-year-old child of her own; and for prospects, a vista of long years of work, with intervals of worklessness, a pauper's old age and a charity deathbed. And she knew it and was unafraid.

She had taken passage on the Brigida at Lorenzo Marques. In England there lived relatives of her husband who might possibly be willing to help his child, and so meager were her funds that she was obliged to travel third class. It is in the third class of such ships that that chowder of races which festers upon the coast exhibits its most numerous and unpalatable ingredients. The half-castes travel there, the practitioners of both sexes of the unnamable trades, and the rest. And upon the day of sailing she came into the fore cabin, walking with a characteristic little strut she had, leading Elsie, her daughter, by the hand.

Remember, she was not pretty. Men easily reconciled it with their conscience to call her ugly. She thought so herself.

The place was full of men, with three or four of the usual people sprawling over the tables at their drink, quarreling, love-making, bargaining. She went through the midst of them like a sober farmyard hen stalking through an aviary of buzzards.

Most of them looked at her and the child; but only one spoke—a swarthy big brute with no coat, and his shirt open to show a chest like a door mat.

"Hey, vat's dis?" he shouted. "My sweet'eart is arrive' at last. Yes, by de ——"

The oath was red-blooded blasphemy, with physiological touches to it. He leaned, grinning, towards her. The child shrank to her skimpy skirts. She looked down into the sweat-beaded, black-chinned face that leered up at her, and with her right hand, little and weak and bony, she struck it in the middle.

"You dirty Kafir!" she said clearly.

The man recoiled in mere amaze. A shout of laughter went up and he leaped to his feet.

"You —— I'll ——"

But the sense of the meeting was against him.

"Let the lady alone!" was the general cry.

"She 'it me wit' 'er 'and! You see 'er do it -me!"

"Hit you? I'd ha' knifed you, you Dago swine!"

And through the throng came thrusting a lean, gaudy, haggard woman who marched up to the man and thrust her face into his.

"Swearin' like that before a little child, you —— nigger! By ——" And here were more fine stabs in the back of Saxon speech. "I catch you at it again an' I'll carve you into rags! Get that, *injah!*"

She turned to assure the governess of her protection and sympathy, but she did not know her woman. Mrs. Willing—that was her name—had already marched on. She had as little use for protectors of that kind as for aggressors of the other.

And thereafter she found herself in a strange solitude. Upon deck or down below she lived alone. The common talk died down at her coming; the two women who shared her sleeping cabin conversed in whispers when she was present; and none spoke to the child.

She had observed, as she walked or sat in the iron-plated well deck which was her only promenade, that there was another little girl on board.

She and Elsie saw her from time to time under the awnings of the first-class deck, with her pretty white-clad mother and her tall father, or playing alone with an assortment of toys. And there were moments when she and Elsie would exchange stares, she from her high place of dignity, Elsie from her seat beside her mother in the tarpaulin cover of the fore hatch.

"Would you like to go and play with her, baby?" asked her mother at last. "Yes? Well, go then. It'll be all right."

And as Elsie climbed the ladder she told herself: "Of course it'll be all right. They can't be inhuman to little Elsie."

But ten minutes later a steward in a dirty white jacket led Elsie by the arm to the head of the ladder.

"You get down dere an' stop down!" he ordered. "Don't let me catch you up 'ere no more! Go on—quick now!"

The little governess dashed forward to lift the frightened child from the ladder. As she set her down a sweet, cool voice spoke from above.

"Is that your child, please?" She lifted her pale eyes to see that the other mother, delicately clad, doll-like in her much money's worth of dainty clothing, was addressing her.

"It is your child? Then will you please see that she doesn't come annoying my little daughter again? Thank you."

The pretty vision floated off. The nursery governess, after standing in thought for some moments, went back to her seat on the hatch and took Elsie on her lap.

"And yet a woman like that pays a woman like me to be good to her baby! That's it, I suppose—I can't make it worth her while to be kind to mine."

They were five days out when there came that collision with the unseen, unidentified derelict which peeled the bottom off the Brigida. It was nearly midnight when it happened, and it chanced that Mrs. Willing, who had been sewing for Elsie, was not fully undressed and had her old flannel dressing gown over her other things. The first news of it that reached her was the bump of the impact and the surge of the deck yielding under her. The shock threw her from the trunk on which she was sitting and flung her across the cabin, so that she struck her head on the coaming of the lower bunk and was dazed and uncertain for some seconds. All around her was the crash of breakages and the noises of a screaming riot breezing up to

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Seated at the Foot of the Port Ladder, the Blanket-Swathed Child Asleep in Her Arms, Sat the Nursery Governess, Looking Out Over the Sea, and Waiting—Waiting

THE SPOUTER

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

A ROTTING dock and a decrepit old whaling bark—they were as perfectly paired as two boots; and, like two boots, one showed slightly less wear than the other. The piles of the dock had been tarred, as had the stout sides of the old spouter, so the rot was perhaps more apparent than real. Green grass grew on both; but the barnacles had long since found happier, sweeter foraging grounds. It was in the upper externals that the havoc of time most plainly showed. Here and there a plank was missing from the dock. Bubbling yellow water at high tide, reeking gray mud at low water grinned up through the gaps like foul teeth through raggedly gapped lips. The simile of teeth really applies, for there was ever a greasy scum on water or mud which gleamed like the film on discolored grinders.

The dock looked desolate, forlorn. As for the ancient windjammer beside it, frayed ropes and rotten canvas had long ago flown pennants to the winds; woodwork that had been white painted or smartly blue lined and paneled, presented a face hideous with flakes of paint and bare, weatherworn spots, for all the world as if the once proud beauty of the wide seas had grown slovenly in her make-up and was exhibiting her contempt for her rusty old consort alongside. And to carry the fancy further, the dock seemed to grin at her, as if knowing full well that her days were done; that she was only an old hag whose power of coquetry was dead.

At the end of the dock a tumbledown shack faced the chill fall breeze with a bravado almost good enough to pass for bravery. In the door of it a bowed leather-faced old man stood, sucking hopefully at a cold pipe. There was a desolate sigh in the waters beneath; up in the untidy rigging of the bark the wind whined and moaned; a muddy darkness was driving the gloomy day to rout, lighting the triumph with a splinter of pallid moon which, economically, it seemed, was extinguished behind the thick horizon the moment the day had fled.

"'Tain't like the Old Man to be late relievin' th' deck, nohow 'tain't," the ancient watchman grumbled.

He struck a match and sucked again at his emberless pipe. A burned tongue, a prolonged scrutiny of the black bowl under another match persuaded him that hope would be exactly as late as the relief he waited for.

"Mebbe somethin' 's turned up," he muttered.

Stepping inside the hut he lit a lantern. That was the relieving man's job for a month yet. It was a concession; and as if the making of the concession had warmed his withered old heart, the watchman raised his rusty, cracked old pipes in windy, salty old song:

"Thar wuz an old skipper, his name 'twuz De Freeze,
He w'istled an' w'istled in vain for a breeze;
An' a seal heard his w'istle, and loudly did call,
'Roll up all y'r canvas, jib, spanker an' all!
I'll bring some good fish tew consult ef yew please,
Th' best way tew bring yew a snortin' ol' breeze!'"

It was a windy, salty old stave, piped in a quavering, shrill, broken old voice that hinted at frozen night watches off the Horn; a brave, never-say-die old voice that had little but the spirit behind it to give it breath to roar.

The Tug Tooted Her Whistle to Acknowledge the Signal. The Gayhead Was Free. Her Destiny Was Contained Within Her Pink Bulwarks

But, then, old Eph Brower had once boasted a reputation as one of the two hardest cases going sperm-whaling. It required spirit, and a never-say-die spirit at that, to earn that reputation. Many an impossible tale of leviathan had been woven around the central figure of old Eph; many a one still less possible owed its creation to the other of those two hardest cases, old Cap Jethro Scraggs.

"Wonder whar old Cap Jethro kin ha' got to," muttered Eph. He broke off in his song to examine his cheerless pipe again. With his gray old head shaking dolorously and his gnarled fingers caressing the charred cracked bowl, he stumbled to the door again to gaze along the windy, grimy, reeking dock. It was as bare as the bread locker of a bung-full whaler. "Wal, wal, I s'pose thet no-'count boy o' his missus' is in trouble ag'in, or somethin'."

Again the creaking old voice piped up, patiently at first, then with a ring as the sluggish blood of the ancient mariner warmed to the lilt of it:

"Th' fust wuz th' whale, th' biggest of all,
He climb up aloft, an' he let each sail fall.
Th' mack'rel come next, wi' his purty striped back,
He hauled aft th' sheets, an' he boarded each tack.
Th' herrin' he said, 'I'm king of th' seas,
Ef 'tis wind as yew want I kin blow yew a breeze.'"

A shapeless figure appeared at the shore end of the dock, and the song was hushed. Eph pottered about, making a great bluff of sweeping up imaginary straws, his empty cold pipe drooping between the only two teeth he had left that met. Long association had given these two old men much in common, chief common possession of which was the closeness of brotherhood in their troubles. That Cap Jethro's troubles might be greater than his own never occurred to old Eph. How could they be? Wasn't Cap Jethro a retired master mariner? Owner of his own ship? Wasn't he in business? Surely he was; and to a rule-o'-thumb old seaman like Eph, sterling whaleman though he had been, a man in business was a man of substance, a man beyond reach of trouble.

Of course there were family worries. Pshaw! Everybody had those. Didn't have to be a retired whaler to inherit family strife. Eph knew. Surely he did. Long, long ago he had married a grass widow, Eph had. Hadn't he left her best part of his share in the fattest three-year cruise ever brought home? A decent marriage portion, he called that. But after all, he couldn't say he regretted having come home from another cruise and found her living with her first husband. The other young fellows had a lot more fun with their full shares than he had with his half portion.

And naturally Cap Jethro got only what was coming to him when he in his turn took to himself a wife, a widow. If truth were known, as Eph saw it, Cap Jethro got less of trouble than he ought to have expected, for his wife had departed this life several months ago. Of course there was that no-'count son of hers, but ——

Old Eph performed what he called "bringin' hisself up with a round turn"—a maneuver he always used whenever he found himself getting into deep waters concerning the business of other folks. The shapeless figure in the dock made slow progress.

"I be a funkhead!" muttered Eph. Something in that funereal advance of Cap Jethro touched a hidden chord in the watchman's brine-pickled breast. "What do I know about it? Mebbe he wuz kinda fond o' his old woman. Mebbe her boy ain't so measly as I thinks him. 'Tany rate, mebbe Cap Jethro hes some use f'r the younker. 'Tany rate, his widder never dug up her fust husband soon's some whaler come in full o' ile while he wuz away." Another glance up the dock, a bit impatient now. "Jeerus'-lum, but I've a mind to go frisk him f'r tobacker and leave him come on 's slow 's he's a mind!"

Eph stuck his pipe between his aching teeth and ranged the little shack restlessly. He had been watchman on that dock ever since he and the captain quit going to sea. The cook of the old bark had taken the job of night watchman; and between them they had made the job a thing to be respected. There was never anything to guard; nothing to watch except the rusty old whaler and the empty old dock; but watches were ever changed with shipboard punctuality, and wages were paid once a month on the head of the bark's rickety capstan. Suddenly Eph stopped in his ranging, removed his pipe, and stood with mouth hanging open.

"'Tarnal fire!" he exclaimed aloud. "Now wuz thar somethin' ahint firin' th' old cook more'n I knows on?

"Come on, Yew Mr. Jed Roach! Le's See Who's Woodenest"

Said he wanted to sleep aboard o' the old Gayhead hisself, cap did. Said as he felt lonesome, now th' missus wuz gone, an' he could as well keep watch nights as not.

"'Tarnal fire! Seems as Slippy tuk his discharge purty cool, at that. Now I wonder! Fire! I wish I hed some tobacker!"

The little hut was filled with a subtle suggestion of repressed storm, with the tang and whip of threshed seas. Cap Jethro stood in the doorway.

"Why 'n Hob's boots ain't you gone off?" the cap growled.

His was a voice tuned to shame tornadoes. It seemed to shake him from boots to watch cap. It undoubtedly did shake the rotten floor of the hut. His eyes glared piercingly at the watchman, but Eph was used to that glare and met it boldly.

"I ain't never quit th' deck afore I wuz relieved, Cap Jethro, an' well yew knows it," he said. "'Tarnal fire! I never kep' no man waitin' es long es —— Wal, wal, let it go. Hev y' got a mossel o' tobacker 'bout ye, cap?"

That had been the all-important question for years. Eph had never been off the dock to go to town since—oh, well, for a long, long time. From ship to dock, from dock to ship had been his daily run. Food had been sent down when wanted; he lived and stored in ship fashion. Every evening he asked for a pinch of tobacco. Every evening he received a packet which lasted him almost to the next hour of issue. While the cook kept watch and watch with him it was he who brought the bag of tobacco, adjusting the account when pay day came around. Then the skipper had brought it; and there had been no mention of adjustment.

Now Cap Jethro apparently did not hear that first and most vital inquiry. Eph backed away a stride, staggered out of his usual garrulity. He held his battle-scarred old pipe in one gnarled fist, a box of matches in the other; his two matched teeth clicked upon each other nervously.

"What 'n Hob's boots you gawpin' at?" demanded Cap Jethro irritably.

He was shedding some of his outer clothes. He retained his heavy pilot jacket, a red wool muffler and sealskin watch cap. His strong old face was hideous under a scowl that seemed entirely out of place there. The moment Eph saw it he ceased to struggle against his unwonted speechlessness.

"Ain't got a mossel o' tobacker?" he stammered instinctively, then relapsed into blank silence.

Cap Jethro Scraggs was deliberately poking out the burning coals from the little stove, pouring water over them from the night pitcher, and kicking them back into the locker.

Cap Jethro took the lantern and made his customary round of inspection. Every night he looked the old bark over from forecastle to cabin transom, lifted the covers of fore and main hatches and peered into the full-flavored bowels of the old spouter. Meanwhile old Eph sat bewildered in the hut. Every nerve and fiber in his being cried piteously for tobacco. He sat like the bark's scarred figurehead, stiff and unseeing, his two yellow teeth showing, his pipe gripped tightly by the stem, bowl downwards. To be smokeless was to old Eph the climax of tragedy.

"'Tarnal fire!" he muttered. "Somethin' sure hes come over Cap Jethro!" Two minutes later he sat upright with a jerk, slapped his rheumatic leg with a calloused old hand, and uttered his fear to the dark, cheerless world: "Fire! Thet ol' grampus is goin' tew git spliced ag'in!"

It was an awful thing. But what else could have made the cap'n forget his tobacco? Eph began to sweat in spite of the chill of evening and the desolation of a cold pipe. For nigh half a century he had heard the winds of the world, whispering, moaning, roaring, crooning; now he noticed the voice of the wind for the first time in reality. All the rest had been matter of course. Now the breeze had a message. It was cold, callous, shivery, ghoulish: It was laughing at him!

"Eph! Hey, Eph!"

The old whaler got up, his two teeth clicking together painfully. For a moment he believed he was going crazy, that the wind was talking to him.

"Hob's boots! Air ye asleep? Eph! Come here, yew old bottlenose!"

"Aye, aye, cap! Comin'!" roared Eph.

At last he knew it was only a human voice calling him. But it was the voice of Cap'n Jethro and called for instant obedience. He hoisted his stiff old joints painfully over the rail of the Gayhead and looked around for the cap'n. No spot of light mellowed the dingy black of the night. Neither cabin nor forecastle, galley nor hold gave evidence of human presence.

"Whar yew at, cap?" The queer silence disturbed Eph. There was no answer to his hail. He shivered. A bit of cold, damp, rotted canvas dropped from aloft and slapped his face with a clammy spat! "Whar in 'tarnal fire yew ——"

A light flickered up from the remotest recesses of the ship's fore part, and Cap'n Jethro appeared from the forepeak, swinging his lantern in one hand and an old rust-eaten sounding rod in the other. He went to the midship sounding well, beside the old-fashioned pump, and set down his lantern.

"C'm here!" he grunted.

Eph shivered over him as he knelt on the deck and laboriously unscrewed the well cap, which had not been opened for years. The rod was dropped, jigged up and down for a moment, and withdrawn. Holding the rod and line to the lantern light the cap'n regarded it with head on one side.

"H'm! Might be worse," he muttered. "Ship them pump brakes, Eph. Let's try her."

"Wisht I hed some tobacker," grumbled Eph, fumbling at the rack for the pump handles. He dropped one with a terrific clatter of rusty iron, and Cap Jethro jumped.

"Hob's boots! Go get yourself some tobacker!" the skipper snapped irritably. "I forgot to get a packet."

"I ain't got no call to go uptown, cap. Ain't yew got any yew kin lend me?"

"No, I ain't. Besides, you got to go anyhow, Eph. I can't afford to pay no watchman no more. Might 's well git out now."

Cap'n Jethro shipped a brake and ground it up and down. It creaked and squealed shrilly. Eph stood by, dumfounded. Jethro took no more notice of him than if he was not there, until he bumped into him as he turned to get a bucket of water to prime the pump.

"Hob's boots! Ain't you gone yet?"

"Whar be I tew go tew?" demanded Eph.

"Retire on your savin's," the skipper retorted, dumping the water into the pump.

"What hev I done, then? Tell me that," persisted Eph.

The grinding of the pump answered him, and he turned away sulkily. The pumps were a handful for any two men; Cap'n Jethro sweat and puffed long ere the water began to trickle from the spout. Eph walked aft to the cabin, where he, and the cook before him, had lived when off watch. He felt lost in familiar surroundings. Where to go was a puzzle. He had grown to be as much a part of the old bark as the sternpost. Dumbly he struck a match and lit a candle end. Though he knew it was useless he rummaged thoroughly for any stray crumbs of tobacco that he might have dropped in his bunk when not so close pressed for supplies. The search was fruitless, and he hopelessly went through as close a search of the long-cold bunk vacated by the cook. He unearthed a moldy, rank knob of evilly smelling plug tobacco that was stuck to the bunk boards like fungus.

"'Tarnal fire!" he gasped unbelievingly.

Not until he had shredded a pipeful and contrived to set it aglow at the expense of nearly all his candle would he believe that his cherished old pipe was yielding up surcease to his troubles. When he realized the amazing fact the whole world changed for him. Even the gloomy shadows seemed lighter. He was convinced that Cap Jethro was joking when he told him he was finished. He stepped out on deck again, blowing reeking billows of bitter smoke that held the aroma of a full blubber room for his appreciative senses. The pump creaked slowly, the water dribbled from the spout. The painful breathing of the skipper could be heard above the whine of wind and gurgle of tide.

Without a word Eph took the opposite end of the pump brake and bent his old back to the work. Cap'n Jethro carried on stubbornly, making no sign that he noticed the help. Then Eph raised his rusty old pipes in song again; the old, old deep-sea song that desperate mariners have sung at the pumps of sinking ships through the years:

"Oh, es I walked out on Bawston Docks all on a summer morn—
Heave awa-a-ay, my bullies, heave awa-ay!
I spied a smart an' purty young gal, a-lookin' all forlorn—
Heave away, my bully boys, we're all bound away!"

"Hob's boots! You still here?" grunted Cap'n Jethro.

Eph took no notice of the query, pumping away manfully and stirring his memory for more verses of the almost forgotten song:

"'Good mornin', Mister Sailorman, good mornin', sir,' sez she—
Heave awa-a-ay, my bullies, heave awa-ay!
'I'm lookin' fer a sailor boy to carry me over th' sea'
Heave away, my bully boys, we're all bound away!"

The brakes seemed to move easier, faster. Eph stole a look along the iron bar. The water certainly had grown from a dribble to a stream; and there was a suspicion that some of the rusty, inharmonious chorus had issued gaspingly from lips other than his own. Eph grinned, puffing vast whirling gobs of smoke to give his pipe a fresh nip before using his breath for another verse:

"Sez I, 'I am a sailor boy, an' will yew sail with me?'"

Eph stopped, cocking his ear. Yes, the chorus went on; faint and broken-winded, but in time with the stroke:

"Heave awa-a-ay, my bullies, heave awa-ay!"

There was a triumphant ring in old Eph's rendering of the next line:

"Sez she, 'You'll hev tew buy me a ring afore yew play with me.'"

And a double volume of windy old voices howled the refrain:

"Heave away, my bully boys, we're all bound away!"

The pumps clanked with rhythm, the water gushed freely; the old chantey went to its pleasant end and the pumps sucked air at last.

"That'll do! Unship them brakes!" said the skipper in a brisker tone. Then, worn out with unaccustomed physical effort, he sat down heavily on the main hatch, dragging Eph with him. "Git to loo'ard o' me with thet stinkin' old gum bucket of a baeca burner, Eph; I want to hev a gam with you," he said. "'Tis in the main about thet willy-boy stepson o' mine."

Much that the skipper had to say was no news to Eph. It was the story, fairly well known locally, of an ancient mariner with a little money saved, falling under the thumb of a shrewd, extravagant widow. There was a grown stepson, too, the pride of a designing mother's rather hard heart; a young man of few virtues and many vices; a spender but no earner; a hanger-on of smart gamblers and smarter political jackals; one of the fringe, and, like fringes, more ornamental than useful.

"Thar wasn't much o' money left, time the missus slipped her cable, Eph. More'n once I'd hed to stump up an' pay out a hull wad o' dough to settle thet young snipe's debts. And them investments o' mine didn't pan out good. Time I'd planted the old woman I wuz purty close-hauled, Eph.

"How 'nd ever, I never guessed I'd ever hev to tell you to take yer dunnage and git out. Cook only agreed to go, and say nothin' to you, because I got him a job cookin' vittles up at a fishin' camp. But them rascals as young Percival runs with hev somehow managed to git hold o' some pull down here, and for weeks I been told this yer dock is wanted for developments, and I better sell while the offers is good."

"I dunno why yew be hangin' ontew the old wreck, anyhow," grunted Eph. His tobacco was coming nigh its end, and his spirits waned as the smoke thinned.

"It's wuth money, Eph. It oughter be wuth a lot o' money, thisyer dock did. Look whar it is! But I'd sell it. I'd let it go tomorrow if them sharks wasn't tryin' to hokus me into sellin' it. See, Eph, I promised her I'd give her precious Percival a good start in life. I got to keep that promise somehow.

"Hob's boots! If they'd offer even enough to give him that start I'd take it; but they don't. They knows I be close-hauled, Eph, and they're shovin' me agin the wall. Why, by th' flukes o' Jonah's whale, what d'ye guess wuz their last offer, Eph?"

"I dunno. Enuf for it, likely. 'Tain't no wonderful bit o' property, that dock ain't."

Eph's pipe was out. Grabble as he might, he could not find enough crumbs in his pockets to start the soothing fire again. Cap'n Jethro seized him by the shoulder and shook him excitedly.

"'Twarn't enough to buy rope and paint to fit the old Gayhead out ag'in! Leastwise, warn't no more'n enough, scrimpin'."

"'Tarnal fire! Is thet why yew got th' pumpin' bug? Yew ain't thinkin' o' startin' out whalin' ag'in, be yew? Whar yew goin' ter find a crew o' whalemen? They don't hunt blubber these days like we useter. Steamboats wi' cannons for'ard, them's the sort now."

"I wuzn't thinkin' of fittin' out, Eph," said the old skipper slowly. "I ain't sayin', mind you, as there mightn't be a good cruise or two left on the old grounds yet. Thar's been many a year for th' whales to breed o' late. But I got a hunch I got to let th' old spouter go 'long wi' the dock, Eph. Time I paid my due debts and started thet squirt off in life, there won't be nothin' left even arter I've sold all I got. Thar's the Snug Harbor for me, Eph; but 'tany rate I'll hev kept my promise to the missus."

"Ho, so yew want th' old ship tew be dry an' smart in case a buyer comes along! Wal, cap, yew better change thet order firin' me. She oughter hev a lick o' paint, tew ——"

"Don't yawp like a lunkhead!" snapped the skipper, sure Eph was riding him. "She oughter hev paint! Sure, and noo riggin', and a suit o' sails, and ——"

"I ain't yawpin'," grinned Eph. "I got nowhar tew go tew. I don't want no wages. Why can't I hold on tew my bunk? Yew don't want two bunks. 'Sides, I kin give her a lick o' paint."

"Hob's boots! Quit yammerin' paint! I ain't got money ——"

"I told yew I ain't yammerin'. I picked up a drum o' paint alongshore a month ago. We kin use that. It's a very purty color, tew, cap'n, regular flossy shade o' pink. It'll ——"

"Pink! Hob's boots! Pink paint on an old ——"

Cap'n Jethro Scraggs stormed aft in rage, slamming tight the cabin doors. Eph rolled himself up on a locker in the galley and dropped off into a sound sleep. Not even the hardness of the couch or the chill inadequacy of the covering could prevent his slumber from being visited by roseate dreams of bygone whaling days. While his high pointed nose rendered a close imitation of elemental uproar, his dreamland self steered pink boats over pink seas in chase of pink whales, which all, the moment he thrust his pink harpoon into them, were metamorphosed magically into pink presentments of Percival.

Cap'n Jethro dreamed of whaling days, too, but in his uneasy sleep the whales he fought were goodly black monsters fat with blubber. The seas rolled green or blue or gray, never pink. There was also a fleeting glimpse of Percival in his visions; but it was Percival himself, no magically metamorphosed sperm whale that appeared to mock him, and an outstretched hand like a claw inevitably snatched away the hard-earned golden gains of his whaling.

II

CAP'N JETHRO was, to use his own term, "wormed, parceled, served an' tarred wi' trouble." He came down to the Gayhead a few days after his chat with Eph, stumbling against objects that had been there since the dock was built, like a blind man or a successful rebel against a certain much discussed amendment. He sought out old Eph, finding him in the galley, which shone resplendent with softly glowing pink paint. Cap'n Jethro didn't see the pink paint, although, for all its softly glowing quality, it shrieked for notice in its environment aboard the old blubber hunter.

"'Tarnal fire, cap! Yew ain't been rummin', hev yew?" grinned Eph, hastily moving his paint pot as the skipper blundered inside.

Eph sniffed ostentatiously; the skipper took no notice.

"Thet devil's spawn of a Percival has done me at last, Eph," he said gloomily.

There was little that Eph could say; in fact there was nothing. So he said it, and went on covering the grime and grease of years with pink paint until the odorous old galley gleamed like the inside of a sea shell. And the skipper sat in a corner, the picture of Hope marooned. Even Eph's sizzling, spitting tobacco burner did not call forth the usual good-humored gibe.

"Eph, that youngster ain't squar'," the cap'n ejaculated at last.

"Yew don't say!" rejoined Eph sarcastically. "Now I allus did say as yew wanted some beatin' for smartness, Cap'n Jethro—be dummed ef I didn't! How in 'tarnal fire did you find that out, now?"

The knuckle of a fat juicy ham bubbled in a huge pot with cabbage, potatoes and onions—Jethro's favorite dinner. He regarded it morosely, though his nose must have apprised him of its savory existence.

"He's standin' in with them sharks as is forcing me off the water front. There's sure going to be a boom alongshore, and they knows it, Eph. When it comes they'll ride on it, for I can't hang onto my piece no longer. I'm beat. Can't get money nohow. Folks is calling in my paper as never worrited me afore. And Percival Furney's got his finger into the cut-up. Hob's boots! I dunno how I kep' my hand frum him this mornin' when he asked me if I wuz goin' a-whalin' ag'in."

Eph put down his brush and scratched his head. He left a streak of pink down his scanty forelock; there was a spot or two among the freckles on his leathery nose; but there was a deep and sincere concern in his voice that overshadowed such trifles.

"Cap'n," he said, "don't yew take on none about my foolishness. I dew like my little joke, as yew know. But yewr troubles is my troubles, tew, old shipmate. Jest catch a turn an' hold on whilst I deals out some grub. Yew kin tell me jest as well on a full belly as on one clean swept"

Champing of jaws and mumbling over luscious knuckle-bones, deep-water style, with the very vulgar but very satisfying sound of drinking ham-bone soup, rendered the latest tale of Cap'n Jethro a thing of broken sentences.

But Eph got the gist of it, and there was no trace of jest or sarcasm in his tone when he pitched a clean-gnawed bone back into the mess kit and remarked: "'Course, cap'n, ef 'tis as yew say, that thisyer Percival critter hes been standin' in at yewr cuttin' up, yew got no call tew fuss about doin' anything for him.

"It did look kinda silly, fust off, tew say he was so thick with the robbers as wuz strippin' yew clean. But since he's doin' some strippin' tew, and givin' yew the merry grin meanwhile, seems tew me yew'd oughter grease th' skids an' send him skyhootin' off to make his own way. That is, o' course, ef yew're so set that yew won't do somethin' to git back at him ——"

"I can't do that, Eph," broke in the cap'n gloomily. "I ain't got proof. He says he's pestered by them people as pesters me too. But there's a crooked grin on his face when he braces me up for money that makes me believe he's as crooked as his grin."

"So yew'll let go every durn thing yew possess, jest to keep a dum-fool promise," Eph grunted. "Give him a start, thet's the idee, hey?"

"I figger if I take the best offer for the dock and shore front, Eph, it'll jest about pay my debts with a couple o' hundred or so over. Enough over, 'tany rate, to pay my fare to Snug Harbor. And I hope the old Gayhead will fetch enough on the market to start the young snipe right. That's all I hope, Eph."

"Aye, I know!" grunted Eph. "Ef 'twuz any business o' mine I'd start him off another fashion. I'd send the Gayhead a-whalin' ag'in, and see he went along. Yes, sir-ree! I'd give him a start!"

Cap'n Jethro's eyes started wide open; his lower lip hung like a cachalot's under jaw. For a moment he seemed to have been shown a real feasible way out of his troubles. Then he shut his teeth with a clash and laughed harshly.

"How much refit would the old ship need, Eph?" he asked.

"H'm! Le's see. Noo sails, that's shore. Clear frum r'yals to lowers, from flyin' jib to spanker and gaff tawps'l. Riggin'? Runnin' riggin' anyways. Oughter hev some noo backstays, too, but these might last out a fair cruise barrin' extry snorters. Paint? No, she don't ackshully need paint. Pink ain't shipshape, but it's good paint at that. She don't need paint. Tar, not much. A bit o' boson's stores and some ——"

"You ain't come to grub stores yet, Eph," the skipper put in impatiently. "Now what do you figger a suit o' sails 'ud cost?"

Pinned to a point old Eph's brow became corrugated with helplessness. He knew what a ship needed, none better; but as for estimating costs, it was not in him. It may have been that which accounted for his finishing his whaling career no better than a petty officer, for a better seaman or whaleman never trod decks or ate whaleoil doughnuts.

"A suit o' sails would cost better'n three thousand dollars, Eph. Not such a much of a suit, neither."

"'Tarnal fire!"

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A Rotting Dock and a Decrepit Old Whaling Bark—They Were as Perfectly Paired as Two Boots

QUESTIONS THAT SCIENCE WILL ANSWER—By Floyd W. Parsons

Night Photograph of Lower New York City Taken From Brooklyn With the Aid of a Single Powerful Searchlight

WHY is the ocean blue? How long will our petroleum and copper resources last, and what will we substitute for them when they are gone? Is electricity merely matter in another form? Is there danger that the record increase in the total number of motor cars will so poison the air with carbon monoxide that in the interest of public health it will be necessary to restrict the use of automobiles in the narrow streets of our congested urban districts? Shall we ever be able to make electric heating economical for general use? Is it probable that we shall develop a method for producing cold light? How do plants extract and use carbon from the air and energy from the sun's rays? Where did the American Indians come from? The average length of life in the United States has increased fifteen years in a half century, and is now fifty-six years; in India the average is twenty-four years, and in China less than thirty. What will be the effect on world affairs if modern hygienic practices are effectively introduced in the Far East, and the average span of Asiatic life is rapidly increased to a figure comparable with our own?

Such are the questions being asked every day, and science is busy writing the answers. People often remark "It's a new world we live in," without at all realizing the deep truth and full significance of the thought. Important transitions and far-reaching developments are coming so fast that life today is but a rapid succession of radical changes in common customs.

Electricity

AS LONG as we were content to travel only over the land, it was sufficient to give a town merely a name; but since we have taken to flying through the air, it becomes expedient to designate communities by numbers painted on roofs. Now, when we want to catch fish, we spot them by airplane and communicate their location instantly by wireless. Power lines were built solely to carry electric current; recently it was discovered that conversations can be carried on satisfactorily in both directions by means of radio waves over these high-tension wires. We are using the X ray in stock breeding, introducing a boon to humanity in the form of a synthetic opiate that is nonhabit forming, and promoting the new science of occupational therapy, which teaches sick business men that anxiety and worry not overwork—caused their breakdown, and that the proper healing agent is more work, but under changed conditions. Sickness was once an individual affair: now it is most decidedly the community's business.

The progress of science has been so rapid that although the generation of electric energy for commercial uses was first accomplished only forty-one years ago, we have already electrified our homes, factories, farms and mines.

The modern housewife has reduced manual labor to a minimum through the utilization of electrical machinery. In cities where current sells for ten cents a kilowatt hour, the power necessary to operate an ironing machine in the average home costs twelve cents a month, a clothes washer twenty-four cents, a dishwasher twenty-five cents and a vacuum cleaner twenty-eight cents. The ironer saves the housewife 156 hours of labor annually, the clothes washer 104 hours, the dishwasher 416 hours and the vacuum cleaner 312 hours. This indicates a total labor saving of 988 hours in a year, which at thirty cents an hour represents an economy of $296.40. In addition to the saving of time, electrical usage reduces the fire hazard, increases the health benefits and enhances the beauty of a home.

We accept the comforts and conveniences of a swiftly advancing civilization without realizing the importance or frequency of extraordinary developments that are completely transforming life.

A Beacon That Can Be Seen by Aviators Twenty Miles Away

The Beacon at Night Forming a Lighted T on the Ground

Plagues

RECENTLY the director of a famous institute of medical research announced that the cause of influenza had been found and the germ isolated. Heretofore it has only been possible to separate masses of the germs, for the individual units are so small they can pass through the pores of an earthenware filter. The bacilli must be magnified 1000 times to be visible to the eye. This achievement, although of profound interest to the entire world, is given brief mention in the press and then promptly forgotten. Few of us recall that the 1918 epidemic of influenza killed 25,000,000 persons, while more than four years of world war sent less than 8,000,000 soldiers to their graves. The war took a toll of 150,000 humans monthly, while influenza's monthly ravage totaled 2,436,000 lives.

When the scientist in his laboratory conquers a disease germ that is threatening the whole human race there is no way to determine even approximately the value of the work. More nations have succumbed to an unknown bacillus than to an invading army. It was the wide spread of malaria that put an end to the advance of Greek culture and set the civilization of Eastern Europe back at least a century. It was smallpox that weakened the bodies and minds of the natives of Mexico and made possible the easy conquest of that country by the Spaniards, who were practically immune from the disease because of earlier inoculation. It was yellow fever that checked the mental growth of promising races in the tropics, and cholera has restrained the social and political development of the nations of Asia. Unconquered disease has done more to make the map of the world and determine the supremacy of races than the sum total of all the other factors that in any way affect humanity.

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BACK TO THE LAND

Part of the American Desert—in Minnesota. Hard Logging and Burning Have Done Their Work, and There is Small Chance for the Farmer

One Timber Crop Harvested and a Second Left Well Started, by Careful Logging in Missoula National Forest, Montana

By W. B. Greeley

Chief United States Forest Service

LAST summer I traveled over a sixty-mile railroad in the mountains of West Virginia, on which thirty-five sawmills, large and small, have been dismantled within the past dozen years. Most of its stations are sawdust piles with clusters of vacant, rotting buildings. Another stub railroad in the next valley once shipped the product of twelve large sawmills. Today one of them is left, with four more years to run.

The forest industries in this region are practically at their end. Its towns are one with Nineveh and Tyre. Here and there you may see a little group of bottom-land farms or a little patch of hill pasture. What was once a vast forest of hemlock, spruce and oak is mostly barren and idle land, without an industry and almost without a people.

The story of these West Virginia mountains is a story not only of forest wreckage but of economic and social retrogression. The sawmill, pursuing the course dictated by its own financial fortunes, has mined the country out and passed on. The chief industry of the region left with it. The greater part, and the most energetic part, of the population is gone. Little is left but enormous areas of unused and unproductive land.

"Back to the land" means more than getting people onto farms. It directs public thought to Mother Earth and all her productive powers. It reminds us afresh that the soil and its products come first in the economy of things. It points to the virile rural community as a flowing source of national strength, like the upland springs that feed a river. It calls us to account for the wilderness which we have conquered.

Idle Land

THE explorers and voyageurs found nearly half of what is now the United States in forest. This wilderness has been overcome in very truth. Out of every ten acres of primeval forest, over four acres have passed under the plow. Nearly four acres more have gone down before the lumberman's ax, where the plow did not follow but the forest fire often did—the slash fire fed by discarded logs and branches. We have hewed down the wilderness with such energy that for every acre put to the plow there is almost another acre that the plow has never touched. Cut-over forests that have not been made into farms cover an area considerably more than ten times that of the state of New York. Much of this land can never be tilled.

Indefatigable Nature has done her best to restore these hewed-down forests. On substantial areas, where the cutting of fifty or sixty years ago was less complete and the burning less destructive, new forests of young timber have been grown. Many of these in their turn are now being put to the ax. Other areas of considerable extent have, in spite of destructive logging and frequent burning, become partially restocked with small trees. They are held, somewhat precariously, by the straggling outposts and pickets of the forest. But over and above these cut-over lands, where there is some vestige or promise of new forests to replace the old, 81,000,000 acres of our original forest have been completely destroyed and nothing put in its place. Out of every ten acres of primeval timberland one acre might well be classed today with the American desert.

The story of the West Virginia mountains has been repeated in many other timbered regions and once thriving industrial districts. It may be read afresh in the Alleghany forests of Pennsylvania, in the old sawmill towns and logging camps of the Great Lakes or in the pineries along the Gulf. The primeval forest of the United States now stripped, unused, and unproductive would cover all the forests of France three times over, with ample margin to spare. Much of it surrounds our densest centers of population and our most highly developed industrial regions. There are 12,000,000 acres of idle forest land in the Middle Atlantic and New England States. There are over 20,000,000 acres of it within a stone's throw of Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee and Minneapolis.

The Conquest of the Wilderness

EVERYWHERE the conversion of productive forests into idle land has spelled social as well as economic retrogression. Such land employs no labor. It supports no industries. It builds few roads and schools. Often it is thrown back upon the state like the pauper in the county poorhouse. Where much of it lies about, rural communities are decadent or dead. The old, vigorous, well-employed country population is gone. Social conditions are on the down grade. There are striking examples of abandoned sawmill towns where the precarious and impoverished existence of the folk remaining has led to degeneracy.

Let us return for a moment to the glorious part in the conquest of the wilderness, to the four acres and more out of every ten of virgin woodland that were converted into meadows or cotton fields or orchards. The census has told us from decade to decade of steadily expanding acreages of land in cultivation. Its enumeration of improved farm lands passed 500,000,000 acres in 1920, affording ground for the satisfying belief that agriculture is fairly holding its own as the basic industry of the United States. But this is only part of the story.

The farm of my New Hampshire sires, after growing four generations of rock-ribbed Yankees, is now growing pine box boards. In New England rambles one not infrequently stumbles upon a gnarled and hoary apple tree, relic of some old farmyard, which young white pines have surrounded and overtopped and are slowly choking

PHOTOS. BY U. S. FOREST SERVICE

Self-Sown White Pine on Abandoned Mom-Land in New Hampshire. Protection and Thinning are Making Such Crops Yield $300 Per Acre in Forty Years

(*Continued on Page 58*)

TRIUMPH

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IV

THE next day being Saturday and a half holiday, Anna went, in the afternoon, to see Lucia. She found Lucia, who was expecting her and had issued the mandate, "Not at home to anyone else," trying on new boudoir caps. Lucia was not dressed. She had been dancing all night, she said; had got to bed at five, not slept a wink, risen at two in the afternoon, bathed and put a *peignoir* over her impalpable underwear. Thus she received Anna, looking a hothouse flower much the worse for wear. She pulled on the chosen cap and let the lace frill kindly shadow her already shadowed eyes.

The sisters had tea beside the fire in Lucia's rose-colored bedroom.

"Don't look at me like that," said Lucia, creaming the tea richly. "You remind me too much of little Anna staring at me over a bed rail when I dressed for parties in a room I never want to remember again. Your eyes are just as big and just as steady and speculative. And at my age," she laughed wearedly, "one doesn't like it."

"You're looking lovely, Lucia," said Anna.

"Clothes, my child, clothes. I am feeling wearier than death. I went to Murren, thinking of taking a fresh-air rest cure; but where does one get a rest cure these days? Life's a fever. I shall go to Cannes for a few weeks at the end of the month, I think; just for March and April. But now, my child, tell me all about you."

"There is never anything to tell about me. I don't go to Mürren or Cannes; or dance, or dine—at least nowhere except at Paolo's or in Soho."

"Little fool! But perhaps you have been thinking."

"I often think," said Anna.

"Thinking over what I said to you the other day. Has it made any difference to your point of view? Have I given you a little wisdom?"

"Nothing will change me," said Anna. "I have decided, Lucia, and I shall go on."

"At least, then, if I haven't any influence over you, child, that man hasn't either."

"Silver?"

"Is that the name of the creature—the seedy revolutionist person with the morbid face? My dear, how can you stand such men?"

"After all, Lucia," said Anna, "that's much the same kind of man we were brought up among—certainly no worse."

"I've forgotten them," Lucia murmured. "I intended to forget and I've done it."

"Oh, Lucia, have you forgotten the grocer's assistant and the bank clerk, and mother's height of social ambition for you—the curate—all running after you like little dogs for you to kick? There was our poor music master too—seedier far than Silver. Silver isn't seedy, you know; it's only his mind that sprouts like weeds. But those old days, Lucia—have you really forgotten them? How wonderful you seemed to me—the grown-up you; with even then the gift for clothes, Lucia—you always had that—and your assurance and self-certainty and sparkle. Oh, how wonderful you were!"

Lucia's eyes grew momentarily bigger under the shadow of the lace cap.

"Do you remember how I used to ask to be allowed to clean your white dance shoes with benzine? You let me. What an honor for a four-year-old! And that night when you went to a dance with Charlie Abrams, and came home with Fred de Beck!"

"I Found Out What I Wanted to Find Out—My Name is Not Silver"

"Yes, with Fred," said Lucia, "and I married him in a month, didn't I? It's a marvelous thrill for a poverty-stricken, ambitious girl when she first sees the big chance right under her nose, Anna." She gazed at Anna. "Yes, perhaps I do remember just that. After all, it affected my whole afterlife. How could I forget? I do remember managing to lose that funny Abrams young man, and coming home in a car instead of the workman's early train."

Her eyes grew wide and dreamy.

"The first taste!" she mused. "The first taste of all a woman wants!"

Anna sat looking into the red fire. The rose room was very quiet, very soft. The curtains were drawn upon the February early darkness, the shaded lights poised dreamily over the two sisters. And there was a scent of roses from Lucia's dressing table that made Anna remember the roses she had left behind at home. The roses brought her into a sort of delighted spiritual contact with Lucia and her luxuries. They crept insidiously into her heart and brain.

"I am going to have it, too, Lucia," she said presently.

A little alertness came into the slack lines of Lucia's figure; a smile of understanding into her eyes.

"You will be a fool if you don't," she replied.

But Anna's brain was not running on Lucia's track at all.

"Yes, Lucia, I, too, will have all a woman wants. Do you remember eighteen years ago how you used to sit on my bed and talk to me about what you would have some day—the jewels you'd choose, the car you fancied—everything like that, Lucia, dear? I used to listen and wonder and admire and believe. You used to let your hair down to show me how long it was."

"I've had it bobbed since, and grown it again—all it will grow."

"You had no one else to say such things to at home. Mother was afraid to listen. Do you remember how she always frowned, with a scared look in her eyes, and shut you up?"

"So small, but so grim, mother was."

"Not really grim; only afraid; afraid we girls would want all the things she thought we could never have."

"Yes, because we had never had them. So she tried to make us grim too." Lucia laughed and stretched her arms. "If she'd only known how impossible that was! An example like hers makes young girls terrified of being forced to follow it."

"She was more brave than grim, Lucia."

"Isn't it the same—for a woman? That sort of undeviating stiffness and Spartan morality?"

"People need to be pretty brave, I think," said Anna. "Haven't you ever in your life needed all the courage you could lay hands on?"

Lucia shrank back a little into her chair. She put her hands on her silk-covered breast. Bleak memories touched her eyes. Then she smiled again easily, stretching out to the fire one thin foot, bare save for the satin mule hanging by a toe cap.

"*Tout passe*," she answered.

"Perhaps," said Anna; "but there's always a tomorrow."

"Not always," said Lucia, with her smile dying out again like a summer leaf dying under a frost.

Anna fell sympathetically silent. As a little girl of four she had felt very tender towards Lucia; very anxious for her welfare and good fortune; longing for Lucia to attain that worldly happiness which she so frantically feared to miss. Eighteen years later, here she was, feeling just the same, tender and anxious for Lucia, longing for her to keep always that fleeting happiness which was all that she had plucked. But the woman Anna, so much wiser than the child, saw Lucia with open and pitiful eyes, and knew that her soul was near death, and that a very little time might see the *coup de grace*. For Lucia had laid up for herself no treasures, and her snatching hands often came back to her fluttering breast empty.

"There's a long time for you," said Lucia presently.

"I have an idea," Anna protested, "that life can be equally beautiful at all ages."

Lucia laughed.

"That's only a rumor," she said, laughing again, tired and resentful.

"Besides," said Anna quickly, laying a hand on her sister's knee, "you have a lovely time, Lucia; the kind of time you used to envy. Last night you were at a party, for instance."

"The Moulton-Yorkes."

They were social names to Anna.

"And you danced. You used to love dancing."

"I still love dancing."

Anna nodded. There was a silence.

"I am only forty-two," said Lucia after a moment.

"What's forty-two?"

Lucia leaned forward, holding Anna's hand that lay on her knee.

"But there is a difference," she said, hesitating.

"Difference, Lucia?"

"Some women wear so well. If a woman is very robust and at the same time doesn't run to fat—that's fatal, of

course—and if she's comfortably off, can rest a lot and have her hair done and her manicure and pedicure regularly, and if she's very clever with clothes—she needs to be cleverer and cleverer with clothes as the years go on—but if she's all that, then she's pretty well the same at forty-two as she was at thirty-two, or—or even twenty-two. Just as attractive anyway "

"But of course, dear "

"It's not 'but of course' at all," she said fretfully. "I—I am not a robust sort of woman; not hard as nails Some women wilt easily; I do. There is a difference."

"But, Lucia, you love life; you love going out; you know you do."

"Yes. But—that party last night. Of course, women go with their own partners nowadays. Who—who are mine?"

"Your partners, Lucia?"

Lucia was staring into the fire.

"Who are they, I say, n-n-nowadays? Sometimes an old man to whom I'm a still young, pretty woman, at my best. Generally young men, very young men—empty pockets; film-actor type or—or obscure young actors who like to have the run of a comfortable house and a good table, and—and be taken to places where they wouldn't otherwise go. They hang around me for that kind of thing now—that kind of lad. I must have someone to escort me; can't go unattended everywhere. I've been used to attention all my life." She stirred in her chair.

"I've seen it happen with other women—when there were always real men about me, you know; I've laughed at other women so often for having to take just what they could get. Suddenly one day, a week ago, I was so tired of everyone—these callous boys fetching and carrying for one, for their pickings—I thought, 'I'll get rid of the lot!' Then I thought, 'There will be no one left!' And, Anna, there wouldn't be." Her lips drooped and trembled, her face puckered. "I am one of the women I used to laugh at so often, and it seems such a short while ago."

"Oh, Lucia!"

"You see, I—I wilt easily; always did; never had much stamina. Fragility is so attractive when one is young. Fragility gets—gets haggard."

"You ought to rest more."

"I don't want to rest."

"Lucia, dear!"

"Life is very empty, Anna. It's a beautiful road"—she shook her head—"but so short."

"Not so short as that "

"Yes, Anna, as short as that." Her face puckered.

"And yet you try to make me "

"It's the only way for a woman. What other way is there then? "

"I shall try my way," said Anna steadily. "You chose yours, Lucia. You've had it; you have it still. All the lovely things you've got"—her look wandered around the room—"it's extraordinary to see you here, and remember the little you had only eighteen years ago."

"Yes! Yes!" cried Lucia. "But why can't one have more? I want mo.. !"

"I think one can't have everything, Lucia "

"But one wants everything, Anna! Everything! Yes, and when one is young and loved, and admired as I've been, men make one think one has everything too. Each of them, and—and I'm not speaking only of my husbands, Anna"—her mouth twisted—"said to me, 'You shan't have a wish ungratified.' It's a formula, I think. But now—now there doesn't seem in my heart a wish that is satisfied "

"Satisfaction is pretty hard to get, I think."

"But here are you setting out to find it in your queer way "

"I want the best in the world."

"I had it!" said Lucia.

And then her eyes lighted with secret pride, and her mind went back over the years; and Anna, looking into her sister's face, saw hectic, happy, transient raptures pass into it and out of it, and heard her sigh.

"I had it," she repeated.

"I am going to make my way," said Anna, "and I will walk alone till I have made it. I will not take anyone's hand; nor drag at anyone; nor put my hand in anyone's pocket. I won't go any way, Lucia, just because it's easiest. No one shall persuade me nor cajole me nor trick me into thinking I have anything that I haven't got."

"Wait!" said Lucia.

"It may take me years ——"

"Years won't do it."

"But if it's all my life I'll spend all my life trying for it. I will succeed; but I will buy my success myself, and then I shall belong to me: I'll be my very own. And then, at the top, Lucia, I'll stand and look round and see the kingdoms of the earth spread before me."

"And you'll choose yours. You've said it before. You little fool! You little fool!"

"There are fools and fools, Lucia "

"You mean—I am one."

Anna got to her feet.

"Well," said Lucia, with her little twisted smile, "I've had eighteen good years."

"There are many more, Lucia dear."

"You're not going, Anna? Why are you standing up?"

"I'm going to practice the whole evening."

"How you believe in yourself!"

"So did you."

"Yes, and I could tell you the fallacy of it all in the mood I'm in this afternoon." She seized the silver teakettle as if galvanized to sudden action. "It's only a mood, of course. It will pass. *Tout passe.* But don't go, Anna. Sit down and we'll have fresh tea and cigarettes. I've a great deal of time to waste." She rang for more tea.

"A few minutes more, then, Lucia."

"And I'll be cheerful. Some day, Anna, you must come and sing when I have a party. It might do you good. Have you a frock to wear?"

"Not what you call a frock."

"You can wear one of mine. . . More tea, Marie."

The little French maid, very suave, very smiling, went out with the teapot.

"I shall go to Cannes," said Lucia. "I have quite decided now. I am too mopy for words. It's stagnation. One should move about. I was very bored at Mürren."

"What did you do?"

"Whatever there was to do."

"Why don't you do some work, Lucia?"

"Work!"

"Philanthropic work; unpaid work. There is plenty for rich women like you. Why don't you do it?"

Lucia was quiet for a while. A shiver ran over her.

"Not yet," she said. "Not yet." She smiled ironically "I've seen women come to it, though; many women; and I've laughed more or less compassionately." Her brooding mood fell again. "I wonder who will laugh at me?"

(Continued on Page 84)

Now, as She Sang, There Was Revealed to Him a Woman of Strength and Glory; a Woman With a Talent, a Prize

THE OTHER DAVID

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

AT THE end of the first day of Elinor Lane's employment with the Hollister Manufacturing Company, Archer Gilman spoke of her as a darned nice kid. On the second day he spoke of her as that girl. On the third day he spoke of her as Miss Lane.

This change of attitude was in a way characteristic of Elinor Lane's career in the sales department of the Hollister Manufacturing Company. No one there was ever exactly sure where he was going to find her; indeed he never was sure exactly where he had found her. From the first day Elinor Lane was a puzzle and a delight and an exasperation.

Briefly, Elinor Lane was different. Laurence Warren, who had the desk at her right and was by way of being a poet, was fond of scribbling on the backs of order blanks that

A finer essence breathed she in
Than breathed the common lot of men.

Whether these lines really meant anything or not, Laurence Warren thought they did, and, after all, that was the important thing.

Elinor Lane's hair was not and never had been bobbed; that in itself was a thing to mark her out from the clumps of permanent waviness that were the heads of the rest of the office force. She had never had her hair bleached or dyed; she had not given it a henna wash. It was as Nature made it, soft and crinkly brown, with lights in it here and there that were almost copper and almost gold and almost red. It fell in soft waves over her ears and across her forehead; she had a pretty, unconscious gesture of pushing it away from her face with the backs of her fingers. Elinor Lane had brown eyes with laughter in them—clear, straightforward eyes like a boy's. And particularly she had a little uptilted chin that gave to her most serious remarks an indefinable air of sauciness.

From the very moment that Mr. Porter Plummer, sales manager, conducted her to the middle desk behind the golden-oak rail at the back of the big room devoted to the Hollister sales department, there was not a man in the department who did not begin to plan how he might know her better, not one who did not go more often to the water cooler in the hall for the sake of walking twice past the desk of Elinor Lane.

"Well—all right," said Mr. Porter Plummer. "Call on me if you want anything."

He bowed his rather sleek, offensive bow, and went away.

Miss Lane sat down at her new desk. By this simple act she took complete and capable charge of all complaints of whatsoever nature that had to do with the Hollister Never-Slip Belt Buckle, the Hollister Never-Slip Collar Button, the Hollister Never-Slip Cuff Link and the Hollister Never-Slip Garter Clasp. She accepted in direct inheritance from her predecessor a desk, a swivel chair with a dent in its leather seat, a dictating machine and an uninterrupted view of the sales department, with its forty employes ranged in rows of five at forty golden-oak desks, its line of filing cabinets round the walls, and the glassed-in private office in one corner containing Mr. Porter Plummer and his secretary.

Mr. Porter Plummer was rather a fat, pale-colored man, with too much flesh about his chin, too much shine to his forehead and his nails, and too great a sleekness in hair and manner. Everyone in the department disliked him in an impersonal kind of way; he had a habit of rolling a pencil back and forth between his palms that was in itself an offense.

Mr. Porter Plummer had once taken a brief turn at the ministry, but it had been revealed to him by the Lord, seconded by his congregation, that he would do better in business.

The fortunate fact of his wife's cousinship with one of the Hollisters had made him sales manager two years before in the Hollister Manufacturing Company.

Second in importance in the department to Mr. Porter Plummer was Archer Gilman, who sat at the first desk behind the golden-oak rail at Miss Lane's immediate left. He had charge of the laying out and assignment of territory, the supervision of salesmen in the field. Much of his work consisted in juggling rainbow-colored maps and charts on which thirty lean black posts of different heights stood in a row and indicated something. The importance of this juggling was sufficiently shown by the fact that Mr. Porter Plummer, conducting Miss Lane to the scene of her new position, introduced Archer Gilman—only—and left her, in a manner of speaking, in his charge.

Mr. Plummer Did His Best. He Laughed Uproariously at Dinsmore Jones' Jokes

Archer Gilman was tall and dark—what is known, I believe, as striking looking—with a definite but not unpleasant air of assurance about him. He was accustomed to make a quick movement of his hand before him as if he were brushing away unseen obstacles.

He made this gesture now, and the movement gave somehow—oddly—the impression of putting him very much at the service of Miss Elinor Lane.

Then he introduced, in a perfunctory way, Mr. Laurence Warren and Mr. David Emery.

Mr. Warren sat at the desk on Elinor Lane's right, and checked sales and directed shipments. His was a nature out of harmony with the universe—a poet's soul chained to an office desk. He had a round, pleasant, boyish face, with a worried frown always between his brows as if he were ashamed to look so healthy under such trying circumstances. He began at once to tell Miss Lane that he hoped she would not let herself be throttled by office routine, but Archer Gilman cut him short by his introduction of Mr. Emery.

David Emery sat at the desk immediately behind Elinor Lane, between the typewriter table and the corner where the dictating machines were kept when they were not in use, and drafted all the form letters used by the company. He laid aside the pink sheets of a follow-up to dealers, and rose in response to the introduction.

"Good morning, Miss Lane," he said. "I hope you will like your work here."

He spoke pleasantly but without enthusiasm, and his manner did not suggest that he expected to have any part in helping her to do so. Miss Lane classed him at once as a rather uninteresting, average sort of person, and turned away. But her interest was piqued all the same by the fact that, although he sat behind her where he could, she knew perfectly well that Mr. Emery was not staring at her.

"Do you think you'll like working here?" Archer Gilman asked.

There was in his voice a quality that made even casual questions sound intimate.

Elinor Lane answered with engaging frankness.

"I think I'll like getting twenty-five dollars every Wednesday noon," she said.

Archer Gilman was surprised—even startled. It was a tradition at the Hollister Manufacturing Company that people did not tell how much they were paid; perhaps everyone secretly hoped that everyone else would think that he got more than he did. Elinor Lane's utter frankness amazed him. He had thought that he knew all possible types of women. The piquancy of discovery stirred a taste a little jaded in the matter of womankind. He dropped his voice.

"I guess that's the way I feel, too, really," he said.

His tone implied that a strange bond had been established between them.

"You see, I never earned anything before," said Elinor Lane, "and that's why it's such fun."

She laughed, as if it was the greatest joke in the world, and Archer Gilman laughed with her. Then he urged her on to tell him more about herself.

Elinor Lane talked freely. She told Archer Gilman where she lived, and where she had been living, and where she had gone to school, and about her uncle who had brought her up, and about how he had lost his money a year ago, and about his death, and about how she had had to go to work, and how amusing she thought it was going to be. She explained how she had happened to get this job, described her interview with the employment manager, imitated Pat, the elevator boy, and said that the only really suitable place for Mr. Porter Plummer to live was on the banks of the Great Gray Greasy Limpopo River.

Mr. Archer Gilman found himself vastly entertained. Before the day was over he felt that he knew practically all that there was to know about Miss Elinor Lane. What he did not yet know was that Miss Lane's utter lack of reserve was her best protection, and that by seeming to tell everything about herself she hid effectually the things that she did not wish to tell.

It was at the end of that day that Archer Gilman spoke of Miss Lane as a darned nice kid.

The next morning Archer Gilman thought that he knew Miss Lane very well. He thought that he knew her so well that he could go and sit on her desk before the arrival of Mr. Porter Plummer and lean toward her across the mail basket, and talk to her some more. To his surprise he found that he knew Miss Lane hardly at all. She said good morning—and wasn't it cold today? Then she turned definitely away from him to Mr. Laurence Warren, on her right. She said that she just loved the old kind of poetry, but she didn't understand free verse and all that, one bit—and wouldn't he please tell her something about it?

Mr. Warren would and did. His round anxious face beamed with the most honest enjoyment that he had shown since he was first employed by the Hollister Manufacturing Company. All day from time to time he explained again the intricacies of the new poetry.

That night Archer Gilman spoke of Elinor Lane as that girl.

The next day everyone worked. Archer Gilman and Elinor Lane and Laurence Warren sat in a row, and each attended almost entirely to his own affairs. Elinor Lane said with her usual disarming frankness that she didn't think that she had been taking her work seriously enough, and that she had made a resolution to work harder. She illustrated her point by sitting for hour after uninterrupted hour with the dictating machine receiver in her hand, and expressing to a revolving black cylinder her regret that a shipment of Hollister Never-Slip Belt Buckles had been delayed in transit.

Archer Gilman spoke of her scrupulously as Miss Lane.

During the weeks that followed, life from nine to five at the Hollister Manufacturing Company took on an interest that it had never had before, while Elinor Lane went her serene, capricious, delightful, maddening way. There was no doubt that she was intermittent in her work. On some days she seemed hardly to work at all; on others she tore through fifty letters in a forenoon. And yet somehow she got the work done, and the management took favorable notice of the results.

Her treatment of her fellow workers, however, left them always a little bewildered. She liked everyone; she was always willing to entertain the people who stopped to talk to her; she had an endless fund of nonsense to which all were welcome. Every noon Elinor Lane let the men of the sales department sit on the golden-oak rail in front of her desk until it sagged beneath their weight, but they almost

never came inside. It was as if there was a little wall round her over which she dispensed gifts freely, but which she did not let people climb.

David Emery said of her once that she was kind but firm.

For the most part, however, David Emery said nothing. He sat at the desk behind Elinor Lane and devised form letters that should bring the belt-buckle and collar-button industry to the feet of the Hollister Manufacturing Company.

David Emery was twenty-five and already felt that life had little more in store for him. He was not a striking looking man. He was neither immensely tall nor immensely broad shouldered; he had the kind of indeterminate-colored hair, neither brown nor blond, that most men actually have, but that is never chosen for a hero of fiction. His eyes were gray—not gray flecked with green, or with romantic violet shadows, but a plain and rather pale gray. His brows were pale too. And though he had a good nose, and a good mouth, and a good strong chin that undoubtedly showed character, other people were for the most part as unconscious of their merits as was David Emery himself.

David said often to himself that he was an utter failure. He was a disappointment to everyone. He had meant to follow his father in the law, but Mr. Emery had said that he would never dare to let David try a case because with his naturally apologetic look he would probably be convicted of the defendant's crime. He had rushed off to war to show himself a hero, and had been kept piffling round the intelligence department because he could squeeze out a few rotten words of Italian. On his return he had begun to write form letters for the Hollister Manufacturing Company, on a salary that made it possible for him to hire a room with a not uncomfortable leather armchair and spend his evenings writing children's nonsense verses for a national syndicate. His evening employment amused him, but he viewed it always with a kind of whimsical bitterness. It was ironic that he who had meant to be a hero should write nonsense couplets for the daily papers. It was a constant surprise to David that the Hollister Manufacturing Company did not discharge him.

If a psychologist had analyzed David Emery's mental processes, he would have found that he was suffering from an inferiority complex. But no psychologist had ever analyzed David; David had not even analyzed himself. He took himself as he found himself, and he found himself but a poor, mean thing. He believed that he wrote for the Hollister Manufacturing Company the worst form letters that had ever been written for any company. He believed that to write form letters of any kind was the lowest known employment, and the fact that form letters were rather a hobby with the Hollister Manufacturing Company did nothing to alter his opinion. He believed that he was very unattractive. He believed that he had no personality. He did not talk to people because he did not think it possible that he could say anything to interest them.

And so David held himself a little aloof from the world, and looked out at it with a whimsical twinkle in his eyes and a whimsical smile on his lips that sometimes hid a little bitterness and often a great deal of misery.

II

IT WAS no help to David when the inevitable happened and he fell in love with Elinor Lane. To him the office favorite with her beauty and her success and her popularity was infinitely remote from David Emery the failure. He used to sit at his desk and watch the back of her dark head as she bent it over Mr. Duvonitsky's complaint about how he had found eleven pairs of Hollister Never-Slip Cuff Links put up in a dozen box, or Mr. McFee's statement of his difficulty in running the M24 Hollister Belt Buckle Monogramming Machine. He used to watch for the graceful unconscious gesture with which she pushed back her hair when she was thinking. He used to hurry away to the office in the morning so that he should be there before Elinor Lane, and could look up at her and smile his little whimsical smile when she came in.

"Good morning, Miss Lane," he would say.

And Elinor Lane would answer, "Good morning, Mr. Emery. Isn't it a beautiful day?"

And David Emery would say yes, it was, and go back to his pink form letters without even hinting at the thought that he had all over again every morning, that Elinor Lane was more beautiful to him than the day. These little encounters were at once a delight and a misery to David. He looked forward to them and back to them, but at the time they were wretchedly unsatisfactory. Sometimes when there was no one else about he and Elinor Lane had slightly longer conversations—little hackneyed conversations about things that did not matter. David always had the feeling afterwards that he had not really said anything at all.

For a long time David comforted himself by the thought that though Elinor Lane did not and in the nature of things never could love him, she was not at any rate in love with anyone else.

For a long time he chose resolutely to ignore the facts that Elinor Lane knew both Mr. Gilman and Mr. Warren rather well, that Mr. Warren went at least twice a week to her house to read her poetry, and that she had been seen three times in a month riding with Archer Gilman in his car on Sunday afternoon.

And then one day David, returning to the department early from lunch, found Elinor Lane and Laurence Warren sitting side by side at the corner of her desk, their heads bent together—very close together—over a piece of paper. It was plain that they saw him coming, characteristic of the whole situation that they paid no attention.

"I think that's wonderful," said Elinor Lane.

Her cheeks were flushed softly; her eyes were bright. It was plain to David in a flash that it was Laurence Warren whom she thought wonderful.

"Do you really?" asked Warren. Then he hurried on without waiting for an answer. "I've got another one here that I'd like to read you," he said. "I think it is the best one I've done."

He cleared his throat. His round face was almost ludicrously earnest.. Then he began to read. He rocked a little as he read, and rubbed one hand back and forth over his knee.

Elinor Lane wrinkled her forehead.

"Well, of course," she said when he had finished, "it is different from most poetry, and I suppose that's what poetry ought to be. But of course I don't really understand it."

"Don't you?" said Laurence Warren.

"No."

"Don't you?" he repeated.

"No."

Laurence Warren threw out his arms in jerky, incongruous appeal.

"Oh," he cried, "I thought you'd understand! You ought to! You——"

David Emery sprang up and bolted from the room. What was the man thinking of? Was he going to propose to Miss Lane right there in plain sight?

David spent the rest of the noon hour pacing round and round the Hollister athletic field. When he came in, Laurence Warren was scribbling on the back of an order blank, and Elinor Lane was saying clearly into her dictating machine, "We hope that the new consignment will reach you in time for your fall display." But just the same, David Emery was sure that they were engaged.

He was not so sure a few days later when he came upon Elinor Lane and Archer Gilman frankly hand in hand by the river bank. Even as David checked his quick stride and turned away, he saw Gilman swing Elinor Lane gently round to face him, and take her other hand. Elinor's face was flushed and sweet above her furs as she lifted it with characteristic frankness toward Archer Gilman.

"You just don't know, Elinor, what it's meant to me," David heard him say.

And then he was out of earshot.

David was very much troubled; he was not sure what he thought.

As time went on he was less and less sure. Sometimes he tried to despise Elinor Lane for a heartless child who played with the affections of both her neighbors at the office, but more often he suspected shrewdly—and with more truth than he knew—that Elinor Lane had really fallen in love, and that she continued to see much of both men in order to hide the fact from the office world, and perhaps a little from herself.

It was almost a week after the night when she had stood by the river bank at dusk with Archer Gilman that Elinor Lane, shuffling half-heartedly through a pile of letters begging leave to inform her and demanding to know why, saw a torn half sheet of paper lying on the floor beside her. She picked it up idly and read it through, laughed softly, read it through again. David, listening, clenched the edge of the desk hard because he loved her laugh. Then he drove his pencil into the piece of snappy copy he was preparing for the Fourth of July announcement cards.

Elinor Lane swung her chair round to the right. She laughed again deliciously.

"Why, Laurence Warren," she said, "I didn't know you ever wrote funny poetry like this."

Laurence Warren looked bewildered. There was often, however, a look of bewilderment on his face when he dealt with Elinor Lane. He put out his hand for the paper she held, and read it slowly, incredulously, through. From somewhere just below the collar a bright pink mounted into his round, healthy, unpoetic cheeks.

"I didn't write it," he said, outraged. "What do you think? I didn't write it."

To David, listening still, in spite of the Fourth of July announcements, there came a sudden realization of what the paper was.

(Continued on Page 40

He Was Not So Sure a Few Days Later When He Came Upon Elinor Lane and Archer Gilman Frankly Hand in Hand by the River Bank

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 31, 1923

Too Much Money

THE sudden fortunes made in recent years in the oil fields of numerous Southern and Western states and the strikes in mines at various periods illustrate, though perhaps in an extreme and exaggerated fashion, a truth that is easily forgotten. Too often when the lucky prospector finds oil that flows at the rate of several thousand barrels a minute or ore that is pay dirt his own doom is sealed. For sudden riches are inclined to turn the head, spoil the disposition and ruin the lives of those who thus find that fortune is only misfortune in another guise.

But society at large wastes no time or sympathy upon those few of its members who suffer from too much fortune. Those who suffer from too little so far outnumber their fellow miserables at the other end of the scale that the evils of sudden wealth are viewed from quite a different angle. Besides, the man is rare indeed who will not take a chance on having too much money. It is a flame that every moth is willing to try at least once.

No, the only aspect of the question that forms a common viewpoint or serves as a basis for social and political policy is that no economic system can be quite right which permits such excessive and sudden winnings. Gradual savings are in another category; but this violent success in hugging fortune to one's bosom smacks, many feel, of undue favoritism. A few men seem to be unfairly favored in that they have too much money.

But the lure of riches is the driving force that spurs on the prospector to his never-ending search for oil and minerals. It may be a sordid, mean, low motive, but it is the only one that serves this great purpose. Thousands upon thousands of humble folk who in earlier days would have been doomed to a dreary existence now tour the country in automobiles only because the wildcatter never stops his ceaseless search for fortune and incidentally for oil. Oil companies may pay large dividends, but on competent authority it is estimated that nearly nine hundred million dollars was spent in drilling and wildcatting in 1922.

Speaking of a mine in British Columbia that has been exciting comment because of its large dividends, a mining trade journal recently remarked: "Nevertheless, it must be remembered that several companies took a fling at the —— when it was a prospect and retired with severely burnt fingers and hands before the fortunate present owners discovered the rich oreshoots that supplied the dividends." Such a mine, this high authority goes on to say, is a standing challenge to prospectors, the option was long hawked around, and "we believe that it is necessary in any district to have a pyramid of failures in order to find a mine."

In 1917 a group of capitalists found a rich mine in a certain district, but immediately thereafter a dozen other groups spent perhaps twenty or thirty million dollars within twenty miles of the big strike in a vain search for similar ore. The whole history of mining and oil prospecting is similar. A great hurrah is made over the few fortunate ones, and as little as possible is said about the failures. Indeed, those persons who are most envious of the winners and say the meanest things about them are often the men who took precisely the same chances and sought exactly the same results, but to no avail.

If there is a surer and fairer way of finding oil and minerals than by allowing the winners to keep a goodly part of their winnings, it certainly should be tried out. If there is indeed any better way to develop any form of industry than by permitting those who succeed in such development to keep a large share of the resulting profits, it should by all means be given a fair trial.

We are told that the present system is wasteful, and it is. Besides, its rewards are unevenly distributed. But what alternative is there? In reality none. There is no accomplishment without corresponding failure. In the animal and vegetable kingdoms one species survives and many perish. There must be much trial and error before any successful conclusion is reached. All success, whether in business, education, literature or science, is built upon a pyramid of failure.

Perhaps the lucky, the strong, the fortunate and the successful make too much money. At least the point is debatable. But it is certainly a happier system than to have no one make enough. It is better, surely, than uniform misery and starvation. The big prizes serve as a guaranty that men will find oil and metals, that they will produce shoes and crops. For though the losses of the farmer have in truth been heavy there are few sections of the country in which obscure men have not made big returns—and in not such ancient times, at that—in a variety of crops. Many have lost, but numbers have won.

Large profits are the guaranty, the warrant of a continual striving and struggle to produce what men cannot live without. The winning prospector, farmer, industrialist, may be lucky even beyond the risk he has taken. But to scoff at his function until some other driving force has been discovered that will operate as powerfully in real life as it does on paper is merely to engage in empty verbiage.

The Law's Shortcomings

ANOTHER association of lawyers is forming. It will have members from every part of the Union. They hope to simplify the statement of the law by removing its "uncertainty and complexity." Law is a large part of government; neither can exist without the other. The voice of the law is the harmony of the world as truly today as in the old days of Hooker, and it is perhaps more essential in the present state of democracy to observe every precaution against that social disharmony which may be reflected in the thousand and one instances between the Bolshevik degradation of Russia and the last sensational disregard of law or abuse of legal procedure in the United States. In this country every citizen is a part of the administration of the law, with active duties to perform: if he fail in them, to that extent the system is thrown out of harmony, and mischief results; and the greater the neglect the worse the mischief. He may not always know—perhaps frequently cannot know—just what he should or should not do, and so unconsciously his effort to do his duty to government may fail. Any contribution to knowledge, therefore, that helps to lessen the uncertainty of the law or to make it less complex must be welcome.

But as another aggregation of lawyers is proposed, one naturally inquires why the suggested legal simplification has not heretofore been undertaken by the numerous bar associations now in existence. Their coöperation would seem desirable. There are lawyers' clubs, city law associations, county bar associations, state bar associations, as well as the American Bar Association with its numerous subdivisions.

It is unnecessary here to consider whether these societies have failed or whether the new association can find methods unavailable to the others. But it is clear that modern means of communication and transportation have almost abolished time and distance, and correspondingly multiplied and complicated the relations that people occupy with regard to one another, their property and their pursuits. These things happen faster than legislation can follow, for, in the nature of things, legislation always follows social development; it never leads. Meanwhile the adaptation of government to these rapidly changing conditions must take on some uncertainty and become involved in some perplexity, and, of course, both have resulted. As this unfortunate consequence cannot be avoided, it is very important to consider what can be done to diminish its effect.

Our national and our state legislatures contain many lawyers participating in the processes of legislation. The litigation disposed of by the courts is brought and conducted by members of the legal profession. The country has many law schools with some great teachers of law. A flood of legal literature comes from these sources. If the spirit of Dick the Butcher could now return and consider this legal array on some American Blackheath he would be too appalled to repeat his old recommendation to Jack Cade: "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." But too much must not be expected of them; they cannot do all that requires doing. There are too many laws; at times some are badly administered; occasionally some fraud or wrong goes unredressed; now and then a jury acquits a guilty man.

For these failures in government so generally stated, some causes may be indicated with approximate certainty. Our dual system of government, state and Federal, and the differences in the necessity or policy controlling the legislation of the various states are responsible for part; lawyers must take the blame for part; delay in litigation and abuse of legal process are almost entirely due to them. As every citizen has the right and duty and opportunity to take part in government every day in the year, and not only on election day, and as that participation requires that he should prepare himself to do his duty, a large part of the responsibility for our legal system and its administration in the last analysis is on the citizen. That element in the problem is perhaps not receiving adequate attention.

The Slump in Production in 1921

STATISTICS for the world for 1921 are becoming available in revised form. These data illustrate the depths of the industrial crisis and indicate the world-wide extent of the decline in business. A very good illustration is to be found in the figures for production of the nonferrous metals. Copper, lead, zinc, tin and aluminum are used in a multitude of wares. These metals stand second only to iron in importance, and are not far behind. The table gives the figures for world production, in short tons, for 1913 and 1921:

	1913	1921
Copper	1,124,200	602,140
Lead	1,304,380	951,150
Zinc	1,100,800	481,140
Tin	145,750	112,970
Aluminum	75,130	101,200
Total	3,750,260	2,248,600

The production of 1921 was roundly 60 per cent of that of 1913. This does not mean that consumption in 1921 was only 60 per cent of that of 1913. There were abnormally heavy stocks in the hands of producers and manufacturers at the end of the boom, and these gradually passed into consumption with the new production of 1921. The stocks at the close of 1922 were smaller than at the end of 1921. Low as the consumption of these metals was in 1913, it was not so low as the figures for production. These data, however, illustrate the unemployment of labor and capital in these productive industries. Very suggestive are the figures for outturn of aluminum, which despite the business crisis was larger in 1921 than in 1913, indicating that the scope of this metal in manufacturing has been greatly expanded during the eight years.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

THEY have a game in England called Beaver, and they have a game called Beaverbrooking. Beaver is played with whiskers, and Beaverbrooking is played with governments. Any number may play Beaver, and large numbers do—a democratic game, albeit the highest scoring point is the whiskers of the king -Royal Beaver—which give immediate and sweeping victory to the player who pies them first. Naturally, although the English are constantly impressing on us that theirs is the most democratic country in the world, the hirsute adornment of his majesty is the ultimate in beavers that can be attained.

Beaverbrooking is more exclusive. Only one man plays that, and instead of scoring off whiskers the player scores off politicians, and his score, to date, is imposing: Two British cabinets since the middle of 1916; knighthood, a baronetcy, peership of the realm, and a ministerial portfolio for personal use; likewise, a daily newspaper in London for the same purpose, and individuals too numerous to mention, but including, as samples, the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour, the Rt. Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, and the Rt Hon. David Lloyd George

Max Aitken Goes to London

JULIUS CÆSAR undoubtedly originated the publicity for the well-known Veni-Vidi-Vici brand of invasion merchandise, but he didn't patent the process, nor maintain a monopoly on the goods. There have been others. Witness William Maxwell Aitken, later changed to Max Aitken, later changed to Lord Beaverbrook, who dropped into England from Canada about the year 1910 and pulled a line of Veni-Vidi-Vici stuff that makes the hereditary inmates of that ancient and imperial island suffocatingly turn to the rich and fruity purple of the eggplant down as far as their aristocratic wishbones whenever they think of it, which is frequently. In fact, the upper classes of England may be said, in their upperest and most conservative circles, to be empurpled for a considerable portion of the time in this connection, notwithstanding the mitigating circumstance that Max is now one of them; mitigating from Max's point of view anyhow. As for Canada well, Canada is a British dominion and a loyal, but Canada is inclined to be a bit apoplectic over it all upon occasion. However, an outsider must not trespass within these family affairs.

Who may say what the dreams of this son of a New Brunswick clergyman were in his boyhood days back there in the stern country where he was born? Who, indeed, save in this regard: There seems to have been a certain practicality about them ordinarily absent from the dreams of youth, a certain element of calculation, not to say business acumen, because we find the young man earnestly engaged, until the age of thirty or thereabouts, in the adroit and unceasing accumulation of capital for the financing of these dreams. So many dreamers neglect that. Not so our alert New Brunswickian. He neglected nothing, and when he breezed into London, some thirteen or fourteen years ago, he brought with him enough Canadian dollars to give him a most comfortable and comforting and useful balance at the Bank of England in pounds sterling as soon as the necessary exchange had been made.

It is not essential how much Max brought, nor where it came from. Two main facts obtrude: One is that he had it, and the other is that it was and is enough. Another and corollary fact is that it is more now than it was then, because Beaverbrook hasn't been so busy Beaverbrooking that he hasn't had time now and then to do a little Aitkening. No person so acute as Max, finding the English politicians so easy, would neglect the English business men. Hence he has put a few odds and ends together and ever and anon added to the original bank roll. Once a business man, always a business man, even when engaged in pulling down or erecting cabinets and the ministerial members thereof

Of course Max knew his London. And his England. He had been there before; but he did not hang up his hat until about 1910. When he did hang up his hat, after a manner of speaking, he hung it in Westminster, on the Unionist hatrack. He had himself elected a member of Parliament from the Ashton-under-Lyne constituency almost immediately. Had himself is right.

At the moment he was Max Aitken—merely that. However, he had noted that many of his colleagues were Sirs, and the idea seemed a good one. So he had himself knighted. "Rise, Sir Max Aitken," said the knighting authority, and Sir Max arose. This may have seemed a rapid rise. Not for Max. All it required was a little hustle, some Beaverbrooking—then in its infancy, but a lusty kid. Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister and Mr. Balfour was leader of the opposition. Mr. Bonar Law was a strong member of Mr. Balfour's opposition, and a tariff reformer. Moreover, Mr. Bonar Law came from Max's native New Brunswick. Wherefore Mr. Max Aitken became deeply interested in tariff reform, no doubt in a neighborly, New Brunswickian spirit. As we would say in baseball parlance, the play was from Law to Balfour to Asquith to His Majesty. Mr. Law recommended Max to Mr. Balfour, Mr. Balfour recommended him to Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Asquith recommended him to the king.

Meantime, Mr. Balfour was slipping, and Sir Max had spikes in his own shoes. Regretting the necessity he had joined with those who felt that Mr. Balfour must go, and he spent busy nights and days greasing the skids. Not ostentatiously, of course. In a most subtle, but none the less unctuous manner. Max, having discerned early in life that there is far greater virtue in being inside and looking out than being outside and looking in, had inserted himself to the innest of the inside of the Unionist organization, and had his skids ready when it came time to deposit Mr. Balfour on them. Beaverbrooking was becoming a real game.

The Skids Under Mr. Asquith

ENGLISH politicians set more store on proprietary newspaper support than American politicians do, which is the reason we hear every now and then that this English newspaper or that has changed ownership and editorial policy It may be because the English public is influenced more easily that way. Indeed, our public isn't influenced at all by the newspaper that is owned by a politician. On the contrary. Still, Max wasn't in America and was in England. So he bought himself a daily London newspaper. And he Beaverbrooked in that just as he was Beaverbrooking in the lobby at Westminster, and in many favorable spots elsewhere, but not spectacularly; not at all.

The war came. Previously Sir Max had been strong in his support of the Ulster loyalists, and had thus come into close relations with Sir Edward Carson, the ultimate of all Ulsterites. Mr. Asquith, who had recommended the knighting of Sir Max, was Prime Minister, and having an impossible job in the circumstances and situations of the time, became impossible. At least, that is the opinion that Sir Max and others held. Or felt. Or said. Or something Anyhow, the time was ripe for some expert Beaverbrooking.

Now it would be ascribing too much importance to Sir Max to say that he was entirely responsible for the downfall of Mr Asquith, but all who know the facts know that he was considerably responsible. He built the skids, and the skids were made up of this timber: Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Lloyd George. It was on a structure, elaborately lubricated, composed of these three as the main crossways, that Mr. Asquith slid down and out. And the builder of it was Sir Max. He got it together, and put it together, and held it together. It was no easy job. It took patience, skill, manipulation and maneuver. Sir Max stocked the lot. Mr. Asquith got the boot. Mr. Lloyd George got the premiership. And Sir Max got a baronetcy.

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Easter Log Rolling on the White House Lawn

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Suggestion for a Congressional Investigation

A Rimed Editorial

THERE seem to be a thousand ways
WE can't do things in nowadays.
A man who doesn't earn, I hear,
At least five thousand every year
Cannot afford to take a wife
Unless he wants to wreck his life.
They could not live in town, he'll sigh,
Because the rents have jumped so high;
Why, look! Two thousand for a flat -
The country, then? He can't do that.
What? Less expensive? There's the rub.
He can't afford the country club.
Not only that, they couldn't go
Three nights a week to see a show.
A decent meal he can't enjoy
Unless he tips the hat-check boy.
Go to a dance? He can't, the crab!
Unless he takes a taxicab
The laborer cannot dig too hard
For fear he'll lose his union card.
The mason likewise cannot lay
More than a thousand brick per day.
The flapper can't go on the street
Unless galoshes drape her feet.
We cannot eat, we cannot drink,
We cannot sleep or talk or think,
We cannot sow, we cannot plant,
We can't! We can't! We can't! We can't!
And as for telling where we're at,
Good Lord! We can't do even that!
And what I'd like to ask of you
Is, what the dickens can we do?

Baron Ireland.

Early Photographers an' Them o' T'day

WHEN we recall how we used t' have t' wait fer a sunshiny day before we could git a photergraph struck, an' then think o' all ther doin' with th' camera these days, we begin t' realize what awful strides photography has took. Th' first photographer we knowed had long stringy hair, a Windsor tie, a glossy diagonal Prince Albert, no cuffs, a fluctuatin' Adam's apple, bushy eyebrows, an' smelled like collodion. His shop wuz called an art studio an' his sign had a picture of a artist's palette on it.

We kin remember how he posed us fer our first cabinet photergraph. Th' background showed an Italian castle an' a lake full o' swans nearly as big as th' castle. Then in front wuz a fancy balustrade.

We stood in front o' th' balustrade facin' th' camera, wearin' a plug hat, bell-bottomed trousers, a cane an' other things, with an iron pritch clutchin' us at th' base o' th' skull. We wuz told t' look intently at a picture o' Pharaoh's Horses some forty feet away. We must have stood some hours, but th' pritch took much of our weight off our feet. This pritch wuz a villainous-lookin' affair an' must have come down from th' ole Spanish Inquisition days. It had a number o' big set screws an' wuz adjustable like a music rack an' could be let out t' fit a fat intellectual giant or a small run-down mother. Also it could be lowered t' hold a child in place. When applied t' th' back o' th' neck it gave one th' expression o' tryin' t' locate a airplane.

Th' ole-time photographer wuz strong fer crossed legs, akimbo arms, full fronts, iron lapels, tin cravats, an' ever'thing jest so. He wouldn' shoot till ever'thing wuz rigid an' favorable. If a customer had a hair lip, or a wend on th' neck, he made it th' principal point o' interest in his photergraph. If th' forehead wuz inclined t' buldge he'd powder it an' feature it. If a chin retreated he'd pry it out an' take an interior o' th' nose. If a customer wanted t' be took so his watch charm an' alligator shoes would show he'd lean him agin a little column an' pritch him in position like a lamp-post on th' stage. Then he'd throw one leg stiffly across th' other, an' then one foot would show twice as big as th' other one in th' picture, an' leave th' victim lookin' like he wuz waitin' fer somebuddy t' shoot a cigar out o' his mouth. It's no wonder all th' ole-time folks, ancestors an' such, that we run across in ole photergraph albums allus look like they wuz wanted somewheres in Minnesota fer murderin' a whole family.

Th' modern photographer kin make us look any way we want t' look. He removes goiters, superfluous hair, warts an' wrinkles. He fills out necks an' busts, an' sandpapers elbows. If you want t' look like a great writer th' modern photographer kin fix it fer you by posin' you with your left cheek reclinin' lazily in your hand, mussin' your hair an' tie a little, an' screwin' your face in such a way that you'll look fierce an' brainy. —*Abe Martin.*

Beef, Wine and Iron-Men

The Odyssey of a Columnist's Adventures in Present-Day Revolutionary Journalism

(With apologies to Doctor Ossendowski and lots of other people.

IT WAS with a feeling of dismay that I realized that the peaceful realm of Journalism, in which I had spent many happy years, was in the throes of a revolution and almost completely under the control of the Syndicates, that ruthless band of Iron-Men who had long sought, and at length successfully, to dominate the Intelligentzia. No one could tell the hour of his fate. In our little village of Newyorkskaya my friends were being seized by the Syndicates daily, rudely torn from their loved ones, and bound with cruel five-year contracts. I wondered when my turn would come. Next, I hoped. But one day at a friend's house I heard that the Syndicates would never want me. The words struck on my heart like a death knell, but I resolved then and there that I would force them to capture me!

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OGRE WHO WAS CONVICTED OF OWNING TEN SHARES OF R.R. STOCK -
NATIONAL BOARD OF Y.M. DICTATORS, TOURING COUNTRY, PROMISING PROMINENT LOCAL REDS TO HAVE ALL THE BRAKE BEAMS UPHOLSTERED BY MAY DAY
INDIGNANT SHIPPER WHO STEPPED IN TO COMPLAIN ABOUT FREIGHT SERVICE
FARMER WHO WAS PROMISED PLENTY OF FREIGHT CARS -
CLERK
NEWSBOY
SECRETARY -
BLOATED CAPITALISTS WHOSE SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS, INVESTED IN R.R. BONDS, ARE TO BE CONFISCATED
SUBURBAN SERVICE DE LUXE
GETTING HOME ON THE 5:15 WHICH USUALLY PULLS OUT ABOUT 6:49 — NEXT TRAIN IS THE 11:68, IF ANY -
HERBERT JOHNSON

When Our Bolshevists Take Over the Railroads

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Make my soup? Good gracious, no!
Why should I be bothered so?
Campbell's chefs are better far
At making soup—each one's a star!

"—and it only took a few minutes!"

Almost instantly Campbell's Soup is ready for your table! All the work done for you by Campbell's renowned chefs—and done so well that you will serve a Campbell's Soup every day—it tastes so good! Our great kitchens, clean as sunshine, have liberated the American housewife of all the bother of making soup.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

shows how much we save you—in time and expense. It has no less than thirty-two different ingredients, including fifteen luscious fresh vegetables, invigorating cereals, tasty meat broth! Tiny peas and baby limas, sweet corn, ripe tomatoes, Chantenay carrots, chopped cabbage, choice turnips, white and sweet potatoes, alphabet macaroni, plump barley, snowy celery, okra, a touch of onion and leek, fresh parsley!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Taste all the 21 different Campbell's Soups

You will discover new favorites—soups you probably had never tasted before and so you did not realize you would like them so much. Have a different Campbell's Soup every day for the next three weeks and see how delightful it is—how much variety it gives your table. Order Campbell's from your grocer today!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

CONSTRUCTION

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

WHEN the Armistice was signed the Rabble Engineers devoted half of the eleventh day to doing what they could for the cause of the Demon Rum. Then, suddenly indifferent to property values, the gang began to discard asbestos socks, timothy-hay underwear, cast-iron shoes and second lieutenants, in preparation for its spectacular entry into the United States.

The entry was delayed for six months by a handful of maudlin morons who reclined at ease in the velvet upholstered seats of the mighty.

Between drinks it developed that the interest on the debt to Lafayette was to be paid in sweat and crushed rock. The sweat was furnished by the Rabble Engineers and others, and the crushed rock, supplied by profiteering patriots of France, was spread evenly on something less than ten million miles of French highways which had been ruined by the narrow tires of heavily laden wine wagons following the vintage season of '18.

After three or four months of futile beauty treatment, applied to the skinned and bruised face of Nature in France, the Rabble Engineers began to get fed up. The feeding process was promoted by letters from dependent fathers and mothers and by wails from impatient wives no longer amused by the attentions of the Gunga Dins of the Home Guard

"Lafayette, we are here!"

Voice from heaven or thereabouts: "Where are you?"

Chorus: "On the pay roll!"

In Half an Hour the First Lift of the Flood Water Was Whirling Above the Mud Sills of the Falsework

Wet and shivering in the evening rain, headed for a supper that nobody could go crazy about, the Rabble Engineers might indulge themselves in a marching chorus whose sentiment was a thousand shades blacker than the swinging songs of the year before!

I retreated from the Army at the start of the war,
I done my heavy fightin' in the Quartermaster Corps;
I slept mighty steady and I konkered lots of grub;
Now I'm Home Guard chairman of the Bonus Club.

I come through noble, never wounded a-tall;
I got me gassed by the fumes of alcohol;
Believe me, Rabble, war is hell!
You learn bokoo that you never can tell.

Fours left and fours right,
Love your neighbor day and night;
War is the dish for the hero and the kicks;
But the wise guy, he plays pol-o-tics.

After long weeks of struggling with the gaseous obligation to Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, and so on, Marquis de Lafayette, enough of the debt was paid to release the Rabble Engineers from bondage, and so they were hauled back home and each of them was festooned with sixty depreciated dollars and a discharge from the service.

Some flew east and some flew west, but lots of them flocked to the Cuckoo's Nest.

II

THE Cuckoo's Nest, at the beginning of its existence as such, was a bedroom in a San Francisco hotel.

For a while, ostensibly the domicile of John [Cap] Conway, of the Rabble Engineers, it served as a combined clubroom and baggage warehouse for the traveling section of the Rabble Engineers.

In the Cuckoo's Nest an old-timer could usually find a drink of hard liniment and somebody to whom he might relate, for purposes of comparison only, his latest hard-luck story. With fifty active members accumulating material for these stories, there was, for a time, no lack of audience or narrative, and then, overnight, the sentiment changed.

George [Spike] Westlaw, construction superintendent, who had served as a lieutenant with the Rabble Engineers, voiced the first protest against the continual use of the Cuckoo's Nest as a wailing wall.

"Tell me something cheerful," he interrupted, after he had listened to a fifteen-minute moan. "Relate your damn troubles to a traffic policeman. I'm fed up on woe. I have plenty of my own. Go over there to Cap's trunk and pour yourself a drink of hooch and get to hell out looking for a job. If you starve to death by tomorrow night nothing would suit me better."

"Loot, yes, sir! How about getting hold of five dollars to starve to death on?"

"The loan limit is two dollars. Here it is. On your way!"

At five o'clock, for the first time during the day, everyone excepting Cap Conway and his right bower, Spike Westlaw, were A. B. R. from the Cuckoo's Nest—absent by request.

Three or four cigarettes in silence, and then Conway spoke to his companion:

"Half of them going downhill. Got to get a line out to each of those birds and snub 'em with a couple of turns before they hit the skids."

"Ain't no line handy, Cap; none that'll hold 'em. If I ever saw a hard-boiled bunch of grand human beings turning pink in the first stages of wabbly Red, it's the old Rabble."

The ex-lieutenant was silent for a while, and then, "I used to hold 'em when there was work to be done; no hooch trouble, no femme trouble, no Bolshevik bull. Now that they're idle I don't see no way of getting them anchored."

"There's just one way—good old work, and plenty of it. A man that's busy making a living is too busy to make trouble for himself or anybody else. They're slipping all right. There's some mighty good ones hit the skids too hard to come back. Can't blame 'em much. Half their old jobs in the hands of the Home Guard. Troubles at home. All that fine edge of devotion that we called patriotism dulled and battered and nicked by the pork patriots. . . . What about those goat hills of yours? Is there farm land enough on it for a colony scheme?"

Westlaw smiled sourly.

"Six hundred acres in the deed; twice that if you try to walk up and down it. Half the goats I put on it broke their necks the first week falling off of the old homestead. Up and down, like the side of the Palace Hotel—except there ain't any windows in it so that you can get a cheerful outlook. She pans about ten cents an acre in rock and poison oak, and that's all."

Conway walked to the table in his room and picked up a file of county newspapers. He riffled the deck until he came to a late copy of the Redwood County Clarion. On an inside page of this newspaper he read an obscure advertisement published by the county officials. When he had finished he turned again to Westlaw.

"Spike," he said, "maybe your goat land ain't no paradise; but she's land, and I crave to do a little planting. I've got the seeds of a reclamation scheme in the fevered bean. We're going to try to reclaim some of these embryo wabblies. The Redwood County people are calling for bids on the Rock River Bridge. She's a lemon span if there ever was one, but if we can land her there'll be enough grief connected with the job to make the old Rabble forget their personal troubles. She's bullfrog steel that leaps from bank to bank. There's enough concrete in the piers to entertain our ex-bookkeepers, and timber enough in the approaches to occupy all the injured husbands and kindling choppers who devote their manly energy to working on that bottle in the trunk and bellyaching their grief into our ears.

"First of all, get yourself downtown tomorrow morning and come back with a cast-iron deed to that goat heaven you own. I'm buying it from you for one dollar and other valuable considerations. I guess I can snare some bank for operating money, but I've got to have something tangible for the bonding companies. Here's your dollar. Double time yourself on this. They open the bids next Thursday and this is Blue Monday. Maybe your goat land will do a little good for a small and exclusive bunch of goats in spite of geography and democracy and all the rest of the ills that the Rabble is suffering from. You and me and the old gang are going to build the Rock River Bridge!"

Westlaw pocketed the dollar.

"Forty ways!" he agreed. "We builds a bridge! Let's go!"

III

THERE are several ways of making money in the highway bridge game. One of the ways is to make it from the legitimate profits.

(Continued on Page 32)

THE general attitude toward the Hupmobile is worth recording, because it goes to the very root of wise automobile buying.

People in the mass do not continue to see superiorities in a motor car over a long period of years, unless the superiorities are actually there.

And it is an indisputable fact that motorists in the mass do spontaneously, continuously, testify to those merits in the Hupmobile which make it the wisest, soundest purchase possible in its class.

(Continued from Page 30)

The bridge man, if he can afford it, hibernates throughout the winter, and with his dreams are mingled subconscious prayers for early floods. With gilt-edged luck he will be high bidder on the first few jobs that he figures on in the spring, and then when his luck breaks, along around the first of April, the fool picks a lemon from the bridge tree

The Rock River Bridge in Redwood County, California, was, by every definition and epithet applied to it by the old-timers who carried their guns of profanity loaded and half cocked, a lemon. It was not an ordinary lemon, because among its inherent characteristics were enough record-breaking attributes to make it the champion bridge lemon of its size in the world.

Forty miles over winding mountain roads from the nearest delivery point for material, spanning a stream which giggled over the low-water gravels and roared in the sardonic power of its high-water periods, situate and having its potential being in a county controlled by a court whose chairman, a wrestling village blacksmith, longed for the scepter wielded by a small-town contractor, the Rock River span enjoyed immunity from the attentions of the wise old-timers who played the heavy poker of bridge construction on the Pacific Coast.

County laws can be bent and broken, but there are times when the process is followed by a sojourn of repentance behind iron bars strong enough to withstand the attacks of the offenders; and so, in Redwood County, the formalities of the law governing county contracts were observed to the letter. As a result of the strict adherence to the written code, and in spite of natural advantages enjoyed by the small-town giant of the local contracting world, outside firms had twice invaded the territory, and to their subsequent sorrow had secured the contract for the Rock River span.

The span had never been built. The first contractor had lost his bridge on the Coast while landing the metal at Reef Cove. The second man had progressed considerably further before disaster overtook him in the early floods that came down the rocky channel of the mountain stream.

To this battle ground, accompanied by Spike Westlaw, courageous and undismayed by the bad luck attending the Rock River job, laughing at the hoodoo 3, and equipped with a bid bond which had been obtained on the strength of an open countenance and the ownership of six hundred acres of goat land, Conway traveled.

He arrived at the county seat on the morning of the day preceding the date scheduled for the opening of the bridge bids. In the afternoon, after a brief inspection of the bridge site, and following a series of interviews with local officials and material men, he began his estimates with Westlaw: "Concrete material on the site. Cement two-forty. Thirty-eight thousand six hundred and fifty for the metal, f. o. b. San Francisco. Teams and drivers ten a day. Falsework timber at thirty dollars, with ten-cent iron. No sympathy from the inspectors. No bolts. Three coats of paint, a hostile court and a hundred-dollar daily penalty. Sharpen your pencil and go to it!"

Westlaw looked up from the estimate sheet on which he had recorded the volley of data.

"How about extras?"

"Ain't no extras."

"What prices did you get on timber for the approaches?"

"Forty dollars. We do the hauling. Eight miles to the mill over a son of a gun of a mountain road."

The preliminary estimates were run off in half an hour. Westlaw totaled his figures and looked up at Conway, who had completed his own calculations.

"Eighty-one thousand two hundred."

"You're loaded up with hand-painted overhead. Seventy-nine thousand flat."

Westlaw grunted.

"You left out something. Let's check it by items."

"Shoot!" Conway agreed. "Tell your story, but orate low—wait a minute. I got a hunch."

The hunchowner got to his feet quickly and in three strides he had reached the door of their room. He opened the door and confronted the hotel clerk. The eavesdropper blinked his eyes at the sudden light which flooded the dark hallway of the little hotel.

"I'm lookin' f'r Mr. Conway," he stammered. "Which one of you gents is him?"

"I'm him," Conway answered

"The county judge just come by. He stopped in and told me to tell you to come see him when you got a chance."

"Right!" Conway closed the door in the face of the message bearer. He turned to Westlaw. "As I remarked, there's a premium on keeping the voice low How much have you got for wet concrete in place?"

"Not enough," Westlaw replied. "Who do you suppose that listening bird is workin' for?"

"The village blacksmith -officially county judge. The local bank man tells me that our small-town Cæsar is figuring this bridge under the *nom de plume* of the Redwood County Bridge Company. Forget it—but cover up your tracks!"

Until five o'clock the pair worked on their estimates; and then, with a final word of advice from Conway, they began the preparation of the seventh set of calculations.

"Don't forget, Loot, that the main object in this whole thing is to get the Rabble busy and to handle a lot of money. Even if we come out flat with the landscape it means wages for the gang, and that's one of the two principal objects of this sweat festival. We'll strive to accumulate our share of fame and fortune somewhere along the line, but just now the big idea is to get the Rabble rounded up and hittin' the ball under orders. Seventy-seven thousand two hundred and sixty. See how much you can cut her from that bedrock figure! Keep that scratch paper in your pocket and burn it in the stove downstairs. Many a bridge job has been lost in a wastebasket."

IV

AT EIGHT o'clock on Thursday morning Conway and Westlaw sat down to breakfast in the dining room of the Hilldale Hotel. Awake at six o'clock, they had dressed hurriedly; and then, impelled by a desire for something to do during the nervous hours, they had made a final visit to the bridge site. They found no other interested contractors on the job, and this tended to confirm Conway's belief that their only dangerous rival was the local head of the Redwood County Bridge Company.

Standing on a rocky cliff against which the river eddied near the site of the north abutment, Westlaw made a quick review of his figures; and then, aloud to Conway, "Seventy-six thousand six hundred and fifty sure is cut to the bone. Loaded with all the good luck in the world, she's an eighty-thousand-dollar job."

"She's wages at seventy-seven; that's all we're after The only thing I'm banking on is that the local giant is too much of a coward to lean heavy on his official position. If he was anything like a smooth worker instead of a small-town false alarm he'd nail this job at sixty-five thousand and double his work in the piers and approaches on force account. Our figures ought to beat him. Let's go up the hill. We've got to eat and I've got to visit the bank a little and get over to the courthouse before ten o'clock. We'll have to watch the cut and see that they don't pull the old clock-stopping stunt or start the sheriff's office stampede or the road-roller gag, or any other sidetracking tactics. We sure called the turn on that phony-messenger stunt yesterday. All the judge craved was to see if he could shake us down. I shut him up by looking out the window at the jail and asking if it was empty."

At ten minutes before ten o'clock the pair walked into the court room of the county building, where the commissioners were due to assemble. Conway looked at the clock on the wall and checked the time with his watch. At two minutes before the hour he sealed the envelope in which he had placed his signed bid. At one minute to ten he handed the sealed bid to the clerk of the board of commissioners.

"I hand you my bid on the Rock River span," he said.

The clerk recorded the time on the envelope which Conway handed him.

"Have a seat," he said. "The session will begin pretty soon."

The session began twenty minutes later, after the five members of the board had dribbled in and seated themselves around the long table back of the railing which separated the interested spectators from the county officials.

The village blacksmith nodded at the clerk.

"Call 'em to order," he said.

The clerk of the board announced that the county court of Redwood County was in session, and elaborated his announcement by stating confidentially to the court that the first business after reading the minutes was the application of John Strongbear, Indian, for admission to the county hospital on account of injuries sustained by falling over a county cliff following a successful quest for a four-legged namesake.

Bang! The county judge walloped the pine table with a dog-eared copy of Lorna Doone.

"How about this Siwash claim?"

One of the commissioners cleared his vocal organs of something less than a quart of tobacco juice and allowed that the Indian was a good boy. He neglected to state that John Strongbear owned and operated twelve or fifteen votes in his district, but the suggested recommendation was enough to provide for the applicant's welfare.

"Admit him to the county hospital with a thirty-day poor-farm privilege. Next business, Mister Clerk."

The clerk indicated five or six sealed envelopes which lay near his right hand.

"Rock River Bridge, judge."

"Open 'em up."

The business of opening and reading the bids for the construction of the bridge proceeded as rapidly as the clerk could mumble through it. He whittled the end off Conway's envelope and fished out the inclosed documents.

"This is the bid of John Conway, operatin' as a individual. Headquarters, San Francisco. Inclosin' a bid bond from Universal Surety Company." The clerk droned through the tabulated items and prices. "Total, seventy-six thousand six hundred and fifty dollars."

At the announcement of the total a frown as heavy as an anvil settled on the brow of the county judge.

The clerk opened the last envelope.

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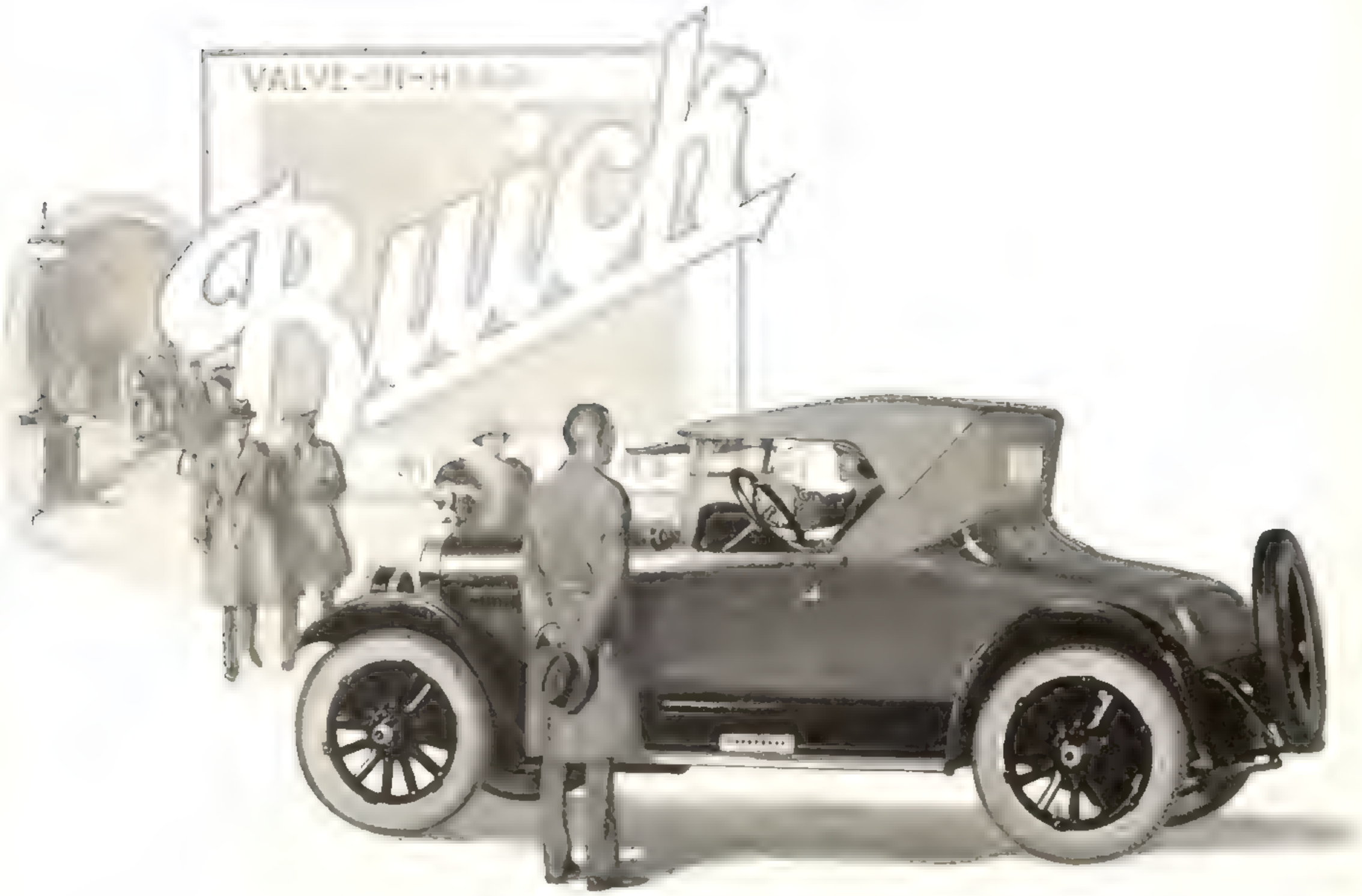
"I See Lazy Young Man, No Work for You, All Time Stand Still Where You Work"



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5 Pass Touring	*1195*
5 Pass Touring Sedan	*1935*
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(Continued from Page 32)

"This here is a bid of the Redwood County Bridge Company," he announced. He read through the essential items. "Total, seventy-eight thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight dollars."

Conway smiled and whispered to his companion.

"That department-store bid settles it. The smith a mighty man is he, but he's got to lower his sights before he shoots any bridges when we hit the warpath. It's our job, Loot!"

It was their job right enough, plus grief, and within the week Conway had delivered his bond for the construction of the bridge and had returned to San Francisco with the signed copy of the contract in his pocket.

On the morning following his return a bulletin outlining the plan of operations was tacked to the wall of the Cuckoo's Nest and the essential information in the bulletin spread rapidly to the various absent and straggling members of the local representation of the Rabble Engineers. Time and again throughout the day Conway avoided answering the flock of questions prompted by the news that the Rabble was about to move in on the Rock River Bridge battle.

"Read the bulletin over there on the wall; it tells you everything."

Fifty times that day Conway repeated these simple directions.

"Assembly tonight at eight o'clock in this room. That's all, soldier!"

At eight o'clock that night the Cuckoo's Nest was packed with assorted squads of the Rabble Engineers. At half past eight, when the potential attendance was maximum, Conway nodded to his ex-bugler, Frank [Sunset] Gunn, and a moment later, above the voices of the gang, there lifted the subdued notes of a battered bugle.

Conway closed the lid of his trunk on the trio of empty whisky bottles. He stood up on the trunk and spoke quietly to his old gang:

"Spike and I have been doing a little figuring. We tried to figure out a scheme that would mean the greatest good to the greatest numskulls. We went up the country last week and came back with a contract for the Rock River Bridge in Redwood County. There's rations and quarters and five a day in it for whoever wants to go. It's a hard job, but I think I can get away with it by leaning heavy on you birds. I intend to act as champion loafer. Spike here will run the job. Red Conlon handles excavation and concrete. Sam Miller will be the brigadier general running the timber work and Mule Shannon will be king of the steel. She's going to be a democratic battle like the rest of the grief you tangled with in the A. E. F. A democracy is a layout where every man is the equal of his superiors except when the mess call blows. The main job will be to see who can mix the most personal sweat with the most brains. Them what craves action signs the roll. The notorious Bantam, who company-clerked you out of your pay-roll deductions in the A. E. F., will run the books. He's over in the corner at the typewriter table. Dismissed!"

By nine o'clock, out of fifty-three men in the crowded room, fifty had registered their intention of boosting the Rock River Bridge to a successful construction climax.

Long after midnight, leaving Conway, Spike Westlaw voiced his observations relative to the existing morale of the visiting detachment.

"They shuffled in lookin' at their feet," he said. "Most of 'em went out snorting fire and ra'rin' to go."

V

ON THE high ground away from the low south bank of Rock River, near the bridge site, the Rabble Engineers went into camp. There followed two days of comparative peace; and then trouble appeared in the person of the county surveyor, who arrived in time to be late with his stakes for the pier excavation.

With the characteristic hesitation common to pseudo-professionals who don't know their business, the surveyor established his lines and grades, and then, having nothing better to do, he delivered an ultimatum covering classification of excavation and concrete wherein he displayed an ignorant man's contempt for reason and fact. Nature might rain her head off and flood the foundation work with surface water, he argued; but that would not mean, technically, either wet excavation or wet concrete.

"Anything under river level at the time it goes in or comes out I call wet."

"What about high water? What do you call river level?"

"Low-water level—zero on the gauge. You ain't going to get no wet-concrete prices nor no wet excavation for nothing above that."

Conway's smile concluded the discussion, but when he retailed a digest of the engineer's arbitrary calculation to Red Conlon, who was in charge of the excavation and concrete work, the latter, a fighting fool, promised himself that after the job was done there was one county surveyor due to play the defensive part in a face-pounding contest.

Sensing Conlon's retributive intentions, Conway checked his foreman's ambition with a direct peace-preserving order.

"Lay off that bird—and lay off permanent! I've got troubles enough on this job without having the engineer beat up by any wild runt with nothing to lose but his red-hot temper. Forget it!"

At the end of the first month, when the first estimate became due, Conway was hit with a depreciated county warrant instead of the cash.

"How come?"

The fat official in the treasurer's office mingled a languid explanation with his eating tobacco.

"Contract says in event ain't no money contractor bound to accept warrants at par."

"Where the devil is par? And, incidentally, where's the hundred and sixty thousand-odd smacks that were in the county treasury last month?"

"Set aside f'r road fund b'order county court. Treasury's empty till next tax levy."

At the local bank Conway confirmed one detail of his financial status and clinched a suspicion relative to the man most deeply interested in the county-road fund.

"The county warrants are not worth over ninety," the cashier of the bank informed Conway.

"They're worth par when the county has money."

"That won't be for another three months," the banker returned.

Conway smiled wearily.

"I'll split with you. Hold these and credit me with 95 per cent of their face. I'll pay you the other 5 per cent for three months' use of the money. As a local patriot, that ought to appeal to you."

It did.

When his financial arrangements had been temporarily attained Conway devoted an hour to digging up the facts on the road-construction fund. He discovered that the village blacksmith, functioning as the chairman of the board of county commissioners, held 90 per cent of the interest in the new contracting firm which had been favored with the local road contracts.

"Running true to form," he reflected. "When these birds are crooked they make a corkscrew look like a bowstring."

He returned to the job, and to Spike Westlaw he sketched a verbal outline of the financial tribulations which he had suffered at the hands of the local financiers.

"I don't think the bank stands in with the county gang, but the courthouse layout cost us blood money. I discounted the estimate because we need the coin."

Westlaw listened until Conway had finished, and then, "Cap, you've only said part of it. We got more trouble than you know about." He paused and looked at Conway for a moment without continuing.

"Get it off your chest," Conway invited. "One of the Rabble chose himself a hazel-eyed war bride, or is there fire in the timber or smallpox in camp?"

"You guessed right the second time. The damn sawmill burned down last night. Messenger got in here an hour ago. That means our falsework lumber and the timber for the approaches are tied up for a month, until the mill people get started again."

"What about that mill south of here—the one that's been shut down for two years?"

"I sent a man over there on horseback as soon as I got the news. That second outfit is working for your friend, the county judge. They tell me he has a lot of road contracts up the line."

"I'll say he has! He's got enough to bust the treasurer's office wide open. I didn't tell you that, but that is where the money went."

Conway paid the new problem the compliment of five minutes' silence, during which he scribbled a few figures on a sheet of paper.

"Flag me if you think I'm wrong," he said. "I figure we save four dollars a thousand on dimension lumber out of the Stockdale yards. We send Jim down there with five or six of the Rabble truck drivers tonight. I know the Stockdale tractor people, and Jim can start back with a fleet of tractors and trailers loaded with lumber. Those little gas elephants can drag anything anywhere over these mountain roads. Teams are no good on the long haul and trucks can't handle the traffic. The net misery is that our lumber costs us about five dollars a thousand more than it would have cost at the local price."

"The scheme's all right except you'll have a white-elephant tractor investment on your hands."

"Not a-tall. The more I see of these mountain roads the less I think of hauling the bridge steel in from the Coast with teams. When the tractors get up here we tie them up until the steel is landed at Reef Cove."

"You win!" Westlaw nodded his quick approval of Conway's plan. "Only trouble is you'll owe a lot of money for the tractor outfit after you get clear of the job."

"I'll owe nothing for tractors; they have an 80 per cent salvage value with the grape-land people—90 per cent if some contractor needs them bad enough. The elephant is a long-lived bird and these tractors have elephant blood in 'em."

At six o'clock that night Jim Andrews and five of the truck-driving champions from the Rabble crew left for Stockdale.

"Never mind stopping to eat or sleep on the way back," Conway suggested. "I've known you to live for a week on rain and hot rum. You ought to go half that long on reputation and cigarettes. Get that lumber back here on the run!"

Obeying orders, and half a day ahead of schedule, Andrews and his tractor crew, wild-eyed and weary, piloted their fleet of rumbling machines around the hill road south of the bridge site.

When the tractor gang had subdued their weariness with food and drink and rest the usual quarrel relative to the merits of each individual machine shook the ridgepoles of the battle tent. Hearing the argument at its height, Conway salvaged most of the enthusiasm by directing the start of a steel-hauling campaign qualified to stress the ability of the tractor crew to its ultimate limit.

"Forty miles up and down, and the wrecking crew rides with you in case anything goes over the bank. You start tomorrow morning for Reef Cove. The ship cleared San Francisco with the bridge steel yesterday. We got to get that metal over here in time to get it in this month's estimate. If we don't draw the money on it your meal ticket is apt to be badly bent and maybe busted. Jim Andrews will boss the job."

Jim Andrews bossed the job; and, seeming to thrive on trouble, he accomplished the difficult business of getting the bridge steel to the job on time, so that it could be included in the month's estimate.

Now there remained the final length of the race yet to be run. The timber approaches, a short trestle at the north end and a much longer structure at the south end of the bridge were complete to the handrail paint. The gray concrete abutments, solid from their footing course to the grouted anchor bolts, waited, ready for their steel burden. Between the abutments, marching in twenty-foot monotony and centered under the panel points of the span, braced and capped, thirteen bents of falsework stretched along the center line of the bridge. Crowning the caps on the outboard ends, the traveler runs lay as level as the surface of the deep pool into which, against the rocky bluff near the north abutment, Rock River poured its low-water flow. At the center panels, rising a sheer eighty feet from the traveler run, the symmetrical framework of a gantry traveler waited, rigged with its lines and tackles, for its first slingful of bridge steel.

Late at night, on the second day of the new month, Conway talked briefly to his steel foreman, Mule Shannon.

"Sam Miller will run the bull gang for you. His outfit is through with the timber work. Get the coal oil on the pins tomorrow and slick them up. We begin raising steel tomorrow. Those floor beams out along that falsework look lonesome for something to carry. You've got twenty-eight days to drive the last rivet."

"Ten more than we need, Cap. I'll lift that steel in eighteen days—or eat it."

"You'll give it two coats of paint before you eat it; don't forget that. And when I say rivets, that's what I mean. From what this hick surveyor says, if he finds a rivet with a nut on it, or a burned one, he is apt to give me life in the county jail."

"That bird don't know enough to find rivets in those top-chord gusset plates, let alone know a burnt one if he found it. There won't be no rivet-headed bolts nor no dead inspector."

Ten minutes before bugle time next morning the first latticed post was on the dolly run.

On its journey to the dangling falls, swinging from the lofty beams of the gantry traveler, the first long post of the bridge was personally escorted by Mule Shannon.

"Two turns with that sling," he cautioned. "Get a sack between it and the steel; that paint is slick stuff and we don't want no hay-wire riggers on this job."

Late at night, on the tenth day after the steel erection began, Spike Westlaw, plotting his progress curve, looked up from his rough table and addressed Conway:

"Not counting floor-beam tonnage, she's 42 per cent in the air. Rivets 22 per cent, but they don't mean anything. The main point is that old Mule is 'way ahead of the game. Wouldn't surprise me if we had a clearance on this span by the twentieth."

"'Thirty days hath September,'" Conway quoted in return. "If we swing her by the twenty-fifth it means a five-hundred-dollar hooch-fund bonus. We'll be lucky though to break even on that hundred-dollar-a-day penalty clause; I'll be satisfied if we do."

"Lead pipe!" Westlaw predicted; and then, almost on the instant that his optimism found expression, the thin pine door of headquarters tent was kicked in and Mule Shannon, the steel foreman, stood before them, incoherent with rage.

"There's a damn chord bar gone!" he exploded when he could speak. "Seven-L is gone to hell. Can't find it no place. You checked that steel, Cap, and Spike here checked it, and I went over it half a dozen times. I just now makes me a moonlight check of the metal in the yard, and 7-L ain't there no more than a rabbit. She's inch and a half by eight, and there's only seven of 'em out there. There's one gone."

(Continued on Page 52)

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Inside the Dressmaking Lines

THIRTY years ago I started my business life with a man dressmaker; his was a most exclusive establishment; his clientele was made up of the most substantial women; they were beautifully gowned in those days, and most fashionably. He went to Paris once a year; now we go four times or more and have a resident buyer on the spot besides. In former times he did not go over to import model gowns, except, possibly, twenty-five or so, but he did buy in quantity, most wonderful and exclusive brocades, velvets and woolens.

Our ladies came to us, spring and fall; we could absolutely count on them. They were rarely shown a Paris model; we just showed the materials suitable for making the different kinds of gowns they were ordering. They never knew how the gown or costume or coat was going to be made, they left it all to us to design. We made our appointments, and were ready when they came; we could count on them, and they could count on us.

How different today! We send out our engraved invitations to a dress parade; we invite our patrons to honor us by watching our exhibition, shown on the most beautiful manikins we can engage. We go to unlimited expense to have as large and, as far as possible, exclusive a collection of model gowns as is shown in America. We stage a Fashion Show, an education for those who are fortunate enough to have a free view; and we are only one establishment of many, the rest of whom rival us in a similar parade.

What is the result? We have reared a race of women shoppers flitting from one smart establishment to another, comparing prices; a beating-down game of close competition, which we, fortunately, are a large-enough concern to stand. This surfeit of gowns, I claim, is thoroughly bad for this generation of women. It is a surprise if we have the good fortune to gown a woman a number of successive seasons. I am happy to say it has been my good fortune still to be dressing a small coterie of the original customers whom I began my work with thirty years ago, and that I have gone well into the second generation, and am now doing the coming-out gowns for the granddaughters. Last spring we had the delight of making the wedding trousseau for a granddaughter, having made her mother's and grandmother's before her. To this family we express their dressmaking home; they come each spring and fall to be clothed; they spend from two weeks to a month getting their outfits, and then are ready for any social event. These are the real people a firm can count upon; but, unhappily for the life of that firm, their kind grows fewer and fewer each year. I have lived to regret the passing of the American gentlewomen in our establishments. The smart, up-to-the-last-minute lady looker and shopper has taken her place, and the blame is all ours. We have made them fickle with our overproduction; the sin is upon our own heads if we find it harder each season to please our customers.

What is true of our kind of business is true of all business. We are living in an age of overproduction and great competition; an age of the survival of the fittest. So far, we have survived, but the pace is swift and keen. Our salesmanship must be A1 to meet present business conditions.

Shopping in Couples

AS WE have a new type of older woman, so we have developed a most poised and sure-of-herself young woman; she has her own allowance and is standing on her own feet and judgment as to clothes. Mothers come with their daughters, but only for companionship; the mother often says, "My daughter has her own allowance, she must decide if she wants to spend that amount on one gown." Usually two girl chums shop together. The girl of today is fun to wait on; she knows what she wants, is quick in her decisions, has a mental grasp of her needs, and cuts clothes down to the minimum of what she can get on with. She is scarcely ever tempted to overbuy; prefers fewer at a time, and buys oftener, as the need arises. She is a friendly person to trade with, does not take life of buying clothes seriously, tells you she is just crazy over the gown she is buying and adores herself in it, is full of happy, care-free pep.

Of course we love to serve her, for she radiates joy; we get the rebound of her youthful vitality. She is usually tall and slight; you slip the gown over her pretty head, wind the girdle around her waist, and that is all there is to it. She walks out in the new frock, a happy possessor, a charming picture for all to see. Such a sale is play for us, we are sorry to see her go. No problem there; a good, clean, easy sale, and usually quick pay. The girl on an allowance looks ahead and uses her head, makes her plans, and then she goes out to buy. I do not say she is not a looker, for she is; she has to be; she must get value received, and she looks until she finds it.

Mothers far oftener lean on daughters these days than the reverse. Daughters universally have charming manners with their mothers, but mothers' opinions on clothes they think back-date. Also that their opinion about what mother should wear is much better than mother's own. As we dress to please those who love us, mother takes daughter's advice with real pleasure. The mother whose children want her to have the best, and take pride in her looks, shows marriage and family life from its happiest standpoint. The woman of fifty and over gets far more out of clothes than formerly; life no longer sets her aside; the merging from youth to middle age is so skillfully accomplished that that awful word "age" counts for nil. We can always look our best at any age; it's up to the women, and believe me, they do it, all right.

I want to pay our American husbands and fathers a real tribute, for truly they earn to give and share, and get the greatest pleasure in seeing their women beautifully gowned. They seem to take so much interest and pride in their looking as smart as other men's wives. They are really too indulgent. We saleswomen are always glad to see men come with their wives to choose their gowns; the men usually know very quickly what they want, and never hesitate to pay the price, if it is right. The costume sold to husband and wife together never comes back. The wife dressing to please her husband is happy in his selection; he knows just what the cost is, so there can be no kick coming. No man need ever feel out of place, for we do our best to put him at his ease. Having him come does away with one of the most prevalent reasons for returning gowns: "My husband would not think of letting me wear it"—or words to that effect.

Three Kinds of Wives

MORE and more gentlemen come with their wives and daughters, and the more men come the better. They settle the transaction definitely, one way or the other. An older man is more indulgent with a young wife; he can afford to be, he has made his money. The situation reversed—a young husband with an older wife—is usually a case where the wealth belongs to the wife, the lady has decided to afford a husband, and the power is entirely in the wife's hands, the husband acting as a brake to keep her from buying too much or the wrong clothes.

The mistake older women often make is to overdress—trim too much. I do not know what they hope to gain by it, for it marks middle age quicker than anything else. The masculine mind is simple, direct, quiet in taste; men stand for a lot of foolish buying, most good-naturedly, and if their women and girls are extravagant it's on the heads of these too indulgent men, for most women love their husbands, girls their fathers, and if properly given an insight into life, given an idea of what the men can afford to allow them to spend on clothes, there are few women who would not do their best to keep within the sum allotted; I know, for I sell these intelligent women, and know how they plan. I have no patience with men who complain of extravagance in women.

Give the majority of women an understanding of what the men can afford to allow them for dress, and the women will take pride in living within it.

There are three kinds of wives:

The wife who is the intelligent companion and sharer, who goes fifty-fifty with her husband, who knows her rights and his rights; in other words, a real helpmate.

Wife Number Two—and they make up a large class—works her husband for about everything she wants. Marriage under these conditions is degrading; there is no fine, high-principled moral fiber in this union; no deep and perfect trust. This woman is not lacking in intelligence; she gets all she can, because, she says, "I might as well have it as another woman." Husband pays, because he wants his freedom when he wants it. There are thousands of marriages of this general type—the wife feeling she has a perfect right to self-indulgence, a material and sordid viewpoint of life, but natural under the circumstances.

The third is the petted and indulged wife, an ornament—only—to society. This woman is the wife of a wealthy husband who is proud of her beauty. She is bought and paid for. A wife of this type is a luxury few young men can afford to indulge in unless they are the sons of rich parents who proceed to support a married son in place of a single one—giving to the world two petted darlings. This last exquisite-wife personality is always a credit to a smart establishment to costume, but the most difficult to handle. She knows full well the value it is to the establishment to have the privilege of gowning her, and she trades upon this knowledge. Her wealth and personal charm have placed her in an exalted position, in which she has a standard to keep up to; she cannot afford to make a mistake, the shop she favors cannot afford to have her make a mistake, so it comes down to the survival of the fittest, as always. From a trade viewpoint we strive to please her and keep her custom, but she is never true to our establishment long, for she is selfish, often demanding the utterly impossible, which we must attempt; we cannot afford to displease her.

Mercifully for us, our day is not made up of this kind; she is only one among a host of earnest, sane, level-headed, keen and courteous women, young and old, who do make selling and creating costumes a real pleasure—America's best, God bless them.

I have been asked the effect of clothes on women. The best effect attained is to make the woman wholly unconscious of herself. A customer in ordering an evening gown made this one stipulation: "Make me a gown with a perfect back, so I can walk down Peacock Alley." That was the time the Waldorf was our only large resort of fashion. She said she could take care of the front of her gown, but was defenseless as to the back; and backs of gowns have been my special care ever since. The real value of the right clothes is to give women poise, charm and a self-respect out of all proportion, from the man's point of view. Over clothes we are certainly our most feminine selves; give us the right kind, we become our most charming best. The right clothes make for happiness, and are far more vital to women than to men.

We are living in an age of universally well-gowned women. There is no excuse for a woman to look dowdy any more; the art of the ready-made has become so perfect and inexpensive that it has put within the reach of all women smart, well-cut clothes. It is up to the woman to educate herself to know what is most becoming to her own style and coloring. She has endless shops to choose from to equip herself with a charming wardrobe at a moderate cost.

Clothes can be made to cost much or little. The season of the year has a lot to do with it. In summer we can do with dainty gowns, effective in coloring, and have a pleasing variety at small cost; sports clothes for all-day use and simple soft chiffon dinner frocks fill all needs. With fall and winter seasons the story is quite the reverse. Winter clothes are much more important, social life more demanding; to be smartly costumed in winter the cost is necessarily high, because of the beautiful cloths and velvets and furs used in creating them. If one is limited my advice is always to concentrate on one really smart costume, a combination of gown and coat made to match.

The gown of this costume is ideal for the house, luncheons at home or at our correct restaurants, all social afternoon functions, teas, concerts and bridge. Over it a coat of the cloth or velvet, trimmed with fur, makes a costume that can be worn morning, noon and night, and is worth the necessary high cost. The coat should be short for young ladies, almost any length for older women; if more becoming, a full-length coat may be used.

These coats are not tight fitting—not the tailored jacket, but cut straight from the shoulders, a charming loose, easy-to-wear garment, wrapped around the figure; a coat in which the figure moves easily with grace of outline. With such a garment, topped with a fur or velvet toque to match, the well-dressed woman can go anywhere with a delightful sense of being properly turned out.

The Three-Piece Costume

WINTER clothes count for a lot. Such a costume as I have described will stay in mode three winter seasons, and always look distinguished. With this combination costume and a smart tailored suit for morning, two evening gowns—one full-evening and one semi-evening for restaurant dinners and the theater—and an evening wrap, a woman would be well dressed to meet her social obligations, but this is the minimum. Put the most money into the three-piece costume, for it is the best investment. The evening gowns can be made becoming, although simple. It is never necessary to use the most expensive materials to gain a charming result. Women as a rule look more attractive in evening gowns, because of the low-cut neckline and bare arms.

Evening gowns can be most simple, as they depend entirely on their color and line, and need never be expensive to be becoming, but the evening wrap is necessarily a garment of high cost, and every woman should possess one. It also will last for a number of years, and should be good or it is a failure. Every well-dressed woman who has use for low-necked evening gowns must have an evening wrap to complete her costume; a choice evening gown is ruined unless topped with an equally well-chosen evening wrap. It is a most necessary garment if one goes about much, and, like the day costume, must cost a good bit because of the velvet and fur, or brocade and fur, of

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On the floor is pattern No. 408. The 6 x 9 foot size costs only $8.10.
Pattern No. 321
To the right of it is No. 508
Pattern No. 381
To the right of it is No. 530
Pattern No. 526
Pattern No. 534

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6	x 9	feet	$ 8.10	Pattern No. 408 illustrated is made in all sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only.	1½	x 3	feet $ .60
7½	x 9	feet	10.10		3	x 3	feet 1.25
9	x 9	feet	12.15		3	x 4½	feet 1.75
9	x 10½	feet	14.15		3	x 6	feet 2.25
9	x 12	feet	16.20				

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted. Canadian prices are also higher.

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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM RUGS

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which it is made. I am a strong believer in the wisdom of smart coats, wraps and furs of all kinds; they make the frame of the picture; they furnish the finishing touch, and should be chosen with great care. The woman who knows she owns a beautiful evening wrap rarely leaves it in the dressing room; she knows its value of finished becomingness as she walks to her table.

I have worked out the minimum in costumes that a well-dressed woman could get through a winter season with; it is always easy to enlarge and fill in as your social duties demand, as the season advances. It would be impossible to state how much a fashionable woman spends on her wardrobe a season—"season" meaning spring and summer, fall and winter. My observation, from a record of thirty years' selling, shows that even the most fashionable and wealthy women are buying far fewer gowns today than ten years ago. The war brought the dressmaking business to a minimum. Through lack of big social events there was no need to purchase elaborate costumes, with the result that women buy much more conservatively than before the war. They wait for the occasion to demand the new gown much oftener than in the past. The whole plan of buying gowns has changed in my business life.

Do women in the smaller cities like to spend money? Yes, indeed, they do! And they get a lot of fun out of doing it, and pride in the result. It is quite out of date, the old idea that the out-of-town, small-city woman is not so smartly gowned as the town woman. Automobiles have revolutionized women's apparel. The small-town woman can motor to any near-by large city, and keep in easy touch with the best of clothes. We are no longer thousands of small centers, running slowly behind the times, but suburbs of our great centers, and our up-to-the-minute, energetic women are quick to take advantage of the comfort and easy travel by motor, and find it no effort to come much oftener to New York, Boston, Chicago.

I said the out-of-town customer got fun out of buying her clothes; a number of them have said to me, "I wouldn't want to live in New York, because then I should be cut out of my spring and fall spree, which I count upon"; or they will say, "I am on my way home and want some smart clothes. You know, they always expect me to look just right when I come from New York."

The small-town woman has a local pride to set the fashion for her town. It is truly far more important that she should be well dressed than the large-city woman. Take New York—how easily one is lost in the crowd of thousands of well-dressed people, and, after all, how little it matters about one's clothes in a big city; one is privileged to go to any smart restaurant or theater, if it is more convenient to do so, in tailored clothes. Not so in our smaller cities. There you are a part of a neighborhood of your personal friends; everyone knows you and you know everyone worth knowing. Clothes count under such circumstances. The small-town woman knows it, and counts on the visit to New York as most refreshing.

Winning the Customer's Confidence

WE WHO have the pleasure of equipping her also count on her coming, for she is more faithful to one shop than her big-town sisters. She also expects you to give her the correct clothes for her need, considers you know much more about what is smart than she does; in other words, she puts herself frankly in your hands to dress, and depends on the good reputation of the establishment to turn her out right. What is the result? The trust and confidence placed in us put us on our honor to merit them, and we work with every resource at our command to give her our best judgment to attain a real success. The highest compliment a customer can pay her saleswoman and fitters is the tribute of entire trust in their judgment of what is best for her.

We get this tribute more often from the out-of-town woman than the town woman, and the answer to that is that the small-town woman, as a rule, is a happier woman than her big-city sister; she is more simple and friendly; life is not so strenuous where she lives; her home is one of hundreds of other charming homes, with lawns and trees. She is the loved and honored wife of our best type of American business man, protected and gently dealt with. No great rivalry here for social prominence; all are equally well-to-do—a happy community of intelligent people, living dear, useful, clean, well-ordered lives. The men are satisfied with their own wives and children, finding them the best ever; the wives are equally satisfied with their own choice of mate. It is from such American homes that we get our backbone people—not our most brilliant or interesting, perhaps, but our safest kind for carrying on our generations. This woman's heart is at rest—her faith and trust have been safely guarded, so she gives naturally to those she comes in contact with what she has thrived upon. We make our dressmaking friends from these dear women, and give our most personal interest to their outfitting.

There was an awful question put to me the other day: "Why do American women allow themselves to get fat?" Not "stout" or "a little heavier," but "fat"! And who am I, to answer that? I am glad you cannot see me. Every little while one of our fitters, who has known me twenty-five years, throws it at me that she remembers when I had a twenty-two-inch waistline. I do not need to say any more, do I?

Surely one would say that vanity alone would keep us shapely, but vanity doesn't seem to count here. I think human beings and trees are very much alike. I am always seeing the resemblance—in size. The older and bigger a tree grows the handsomer we consider it; if that were only true about people what a comfortable, fat, middle-age life we could lead. But no, fat is uncouth, and the reason why our vanity doesn't rouse us women to do the deadly dozen each day is because we do not look to ourselves as bad as we look to others.

I know by my own case. I, in my kind of work, have every incentive to want to keep my figure, but each year I grow more barrel-shaped, until today I am incased in pink silk elastic brassière which comes well up under my armpits, and which clings with a tightness most flattening to fat, such as busts in front, and lumps at back, where shoulder blades are said to be. Before adjusting this brassière I put on an elastic corset which takes care of my abdomen and hips; when I am in position I look like a pink silk barrel, with a head and arms sticking out above, and with legs below to walk it around on. When I am dressed and gowned to meet my world I am—at least I think I am—a large but dignified-looking woman, whose gown fits easily, showing no underlumps, either sitting or standing or walking; there is no rolling motion of the hips; I am one size in bust, waist and hip, but I do not call attention to any of them.

The Hardest Thing to Conquer

THE foundation of correct gowning starts with the corset; we are constantly correcting wrong lines that the corset gives, covering them up with good ones in making our gowns. Of course this is all wrong; the corset, like the staging of the house, must be true, to get the best result in a perfect-fitting gown. If you are fat don't pinch your waist in; the result is an overhanging bust and stomach, and bulging hips. Your only chance is to treat your figure as straight as possible; let out your waistline. I think my last measure was forty-one; any woman knows we rarely get a smaller measure than thirty with very slight-looking figures these days. We are a far more natural figure than when I started dressing women thirty years ago and boasted of a twenty-two-inch waistline.

Fat is a part of middle age. It just comes, the same as gray hairs. Why don't you ask "Why do women let their hair grow gray"? And I'll answer that, thank goodness, dyeing is going out of fashion and gray is being cultivated as interesting.

There are hundreds of beautiful older women growing older naturally these days, and what a charming picture they make! The color effect of gray hair is very softening to the older complexion. You can't improve on old Nature very much, and now that the gray haired woman is wearing the marvelous shades of reds, blues and orchids, the gray hair becomes a positive attraction—an added beauty to be very much prized.

I predict our coming generation of women will not have to fight fat. We did not exercise at all to amount to anything; we did not begin to wear such sensible shoes, stockings and good sports clothes. In my girlhood there was tennis, which we played on a grass court; no golf; we rode, yes—but with a long riding skirt.

The young woman of today looks at us as a horrible example, not to follow; she is a strong-minded young person, and does what she decides to do. The lean man who asked this question need not fear for the next generation—a determined war is being waged on fat by young and old. The young will win out.

Fat is the hardest thing to conquer on earth; a long credit mark should be given to any woman who reduces herself through diet and exercises; the woman who drugs to do it is a fool. I have one consolation which I pass on to other fat women—I am a great comfort to all large ladies—they seek me out to dress.

"You know so well how to dress yourself, you give me courage to try to look better," they say, so I get all the larger ladies, and I always say to the fitters that it takes far greater skill and art to make a large woman look well than a slight one; if we succeed, all the greater triumph.

All the dear ladies think they are exactly my size. I smile sweetly, and say I know just how it feels and looks—but in my heart I am saying, "No, I am not so fat as that." So you see we never know how we look to others.

We hear so much about the courtesy of the employe to the customer. This is my opportunity to voice some observations I have made through years of serving the public. It seems to me that a large majority of women go about their shopping in a most selfish, time-wasting way. Women in the shopping field can be divided into three classes—lookers, shoppers and buyers. We get mostly lookers and shoppers all day long, with a few buyers sprinkled in to keep our courage up. Standing in front of one of our windows—I am responsible for the dressing of that window, and have to see that it looks right—I overheard this remark: "Let's go in and devil the saleswoman for a half hour while we are waiting for our car." Another woman said to one of our saleswomen, "I should like to see all your gowns, please. I'm too tired to buy but not to look." To the woman who steps off the elevator at half past five to ten minutes of six—just because she is early for a dinner date and wants a place to fill in with—we offer a charming free show, which can be seen from most comfortable seats for tired strollers—and we always know them.

The hardest part of our work is this constant insult to our intelligence. Why do women—just to get out—tell us they had no idea it was so late, that they must be at the Ritz at 1:30, with "You have shown me a number of gowns that just suit me, but I have no time to put them on. I will surely be back right after lunch." When the elevator closes we say, "Oh! That luncheon excuse." Do you think we ever expect to see her back? Or the woman who has just fifteen minutes to buy an evening gown? Why, that woman is the curse of this age! We race to please her.

Clothes are a serious business, and should be given a fair amount of time in their choice. Don't come to buy them in fifteen minutes; don't come at the last hour of the day, when models are permitted to go home. You want to see the gowns on, your saleswoman is tired and full of work entering her sales which must get in by six o'clock; it is unfair from any point of view. We do the best we can for you at that hour, but why not come at a reasonable shopping hour? Then you have the right to command our every attention, and we mean always to give it. I feel that only under certain circumstances should women shop the last hour of our business day—with hours from nine to five given them. Unless the customer is a business or professional woman there is no excuse but selfishness for coming in between five and six o'clock.

Saleswomen, as a rule, are most conscientious in their work. A well-equipped shop has every kind of person trained to give efficient service in your behalf; give us half a chance, and any customer at all in earnest will usually see the kind of frock or coat she is looking for. It is up to you to come with some definite idea of your need—we can satisfy that. It is discouraging to hear "I don't know what I want; show me everything."

She does not say that she is out for education or that she is just looking. Of course we know she is, and that after she has worked us—she can't try on today, but will surely remember to come back.

Perennial Nuisances

THERE are women high in our social circles who are known in all our best shops, they are so heartless of saleswomen's time, so utterly indifferent as to the time they take or the trouble they put the saleswomen to that they are shunned by all saleswomen. Someone has to wait upon them, but no enthusiasm can be put into the service when you know as surely as the season opens with the fall or spring models that a woman will appear, use us and walk out. In my opinion such wasters of hard-worked saleswomen's time should be required to buy at least one gown a year. How I wish it were possible for the head of the department to say to these customers, who, we will say, have used us spring and fall for a period of five years, which is conservative, "We regret to disappoint you, but we cannot show you our costumes without your buying. We have kept a record of your visits to this department, and find that for over five years you have come, spring and fall, taken the time of our saleswomen to show you our costumes, always to go out without purchasing. We will be glad to show you, but in return we expect you to purchase one gown." These customers come to us dressed, so someone must be clever enough to sell to them; we always wonder who. It would be interesting to work out this possible plan: That all high-class establishments or shops of equal standing should compile a list of names of these women who use them—year in and year out—and compare lists. I wager many of the same names would appear on each list.

When the big department stores banded together and put a stop to goods being sent on approval, limiting the time to three days, I feel sure a great business wrong was rectified. I do not think women intentionally mean to abuse or be unfair in their business dealings; they just don't think. We make everything so easy for them; they have not ever had our viewpoint put before them. No man who has his clothes custom made would ever visit a smart tailoring establishment, spring and fall, for a number of years without buying once in a while, and I am quite certain that the man who takes the time to pay his tailor a visit means that he has come to place his order. Men do very little looking or shopping; they need a hat, coat, suit or gloves, and they go and buy them. Why do not women imitate men in this? A proportion of them do, but the mass seem to wait for the special occasion to drive them to purchase; then they tear around at the eleventh hour and overwork the dressmaker to get it finished, the gown comes

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THE OTHER DAVID

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"I wrote it," he said.

Everyone jumped. There was the squeak of three swivel chairs, and the astonished faces of Mr. Archer Gilman, Mr. Laurence Warren and Miss Elinor Lane were turned toward David. To David, however, there was only Elinor Lane. He saw again, as if for the first time, the little gesture with which she pushed the hair back from her forehead.

"Well!" she said. "Another poet heard from! I didn't know you wrote poetry, too, Mr. Emery."

"I don't," said David. "Verses."

It was the first completely spontaneous remark that David had ever made to Elinor Lane. He smiled at her, his slow, whimsical smile. Elinor Lane smiled back.

"I like verses," she said frankly. "Don't you like verses, Arch?"

"Uh," said Mr. Gilman.

Mr. Warren wriggled.

"And these are awfully clever too," Elinor Lane continued. "Nonsense epitaphs, you know, like the ones in the Nonsense Anthology. Listen to this now:

"Our boss was first attacked with a trowel,
Then strangled with the office towel.
And naturally we all feel gay
Because we get clean towels today.

"Isn't that good?"

"Uh," said Mr. Gilman again.

Mr. Warren ruffled up his hair and murmured something not quite audible about everything's depending on what you thought was funny. He added something not audible at all about the bludgeon school of poetry.

And then Elinor Lane laughed suddenly, and said wouldn't it be fun to have a competition and see who could write the best one. At the time, David was rather amused by it all. Afterwards, however, he thought that it was very like the part that he had always played in life that he should write the funny verses for Elinor Lane to tease her suitors with.

Nevertheless, what Elinor Lane was pleased to call his works continued to be a kind of bond between them. David used to greet her sometimes in the morning with the latest comic bulletin from Pat, the elevator boy, and his sweetheart, Lil, the office scrubwoman; or he would hurry back from lunch with a parody menu from a boarding house that sent Elinor Lane into gales of laughter.

Elinor never failed to be amused. David finished the Office Epitaphs; he did a series of Insults to Our Boss, in which his Lines to a Plummer were far and away the best; he did the famous Guess Again Verses. To David this was an inexpressibly silly way to spend one's time. And yet he continued to do it, because it was the only way in which he could see anything at all of Elinor Lane. It gave him always a queer, tight, uncomfortable, delightful catch in his breath whenever she spoke to him, even when he knew quite well that she was doing it only to annoy still further Mr. Laurence Warren and Mr. Archer Gilman.

One night after closing hours David stepped forward diffidently to where Elinor Lane sat at her desk clearing away her things for the night. They were alone in the office. For what seemed a long time David stood looking down at her; he loved to watch her hands busy among her papers, the little graceful movements of her body. He loved ——

Slowly—very slowly—his hands came up from his sides and rested, ever so lightly, on Elinor Lane's straight little shoulders in their tailored office blue. There was something almost reverent in David's manner, as if he was touching something he had no right to touch.

For an instant Elinor Lane was quiet under the pressure of his fingers. Then she stirred a little, and the movement drew David's attention to several large sheets covered with a series of strange meters in Laurence Warren's unmistakable sprawling hand.

"Do you ever write love poetry?" Elinor asked.

"No," said David. He took his hands away from Elinor Lane's shoulders and turned abruptly toward the door. "Well—good night," he said.

"Good-by," said Elinor Lane.

Somehow after that the old constraint came back into his relations with Elinor Lane. He did not hurry to the office any more to tell her his latest jest, did not linger after hours on the chance that he might see her alone. Sometimes when she came in of a morning he was dictating so fast into his dictating machine that he did not seem to see her.

III

MATTERS were in exactly this state when Dinsmore Jones visited the Hollister Manufacturing Company at the beginning of the new year. Dinsmore Jones, head of the famous chain of Save-a-Penny Stores, was reputed to be the keenest business man east of the Mississippi; when, therefore, he caused it to be known one morning that if things should break about as he wanted them to he might consider stocking the Hollister Never-Slip gentlemen's accessories in place of the old Hang-Tights that were beginning to go a little stale on the market, the Hollister Manufacturing Company knew that the opportunity of a lifetime had come knocking at its factory door. It was not merely that Dinsmore Jones' own orders would be enormous, but if Dinsmore Jones stocked Never-Slips it would mean that every store that was a store from Maine to California would stock them too. The preparations for his coming were enormous.

It was no fault of James Gordon Hollister, president of the company, that he should have the one attack of acute indigestion in a healthy lifetime on the day of Dinsmore Jones' arrival. It was not Mr. Porter Plummer's fault, either, but he, too, had to suffer for it. Dinsmore Jones was not the sort of man whom you asked to drop in again next week when you found it more convenient to entertain him. When his train pulled into the station you met him on the platform, and from then on you did your best.

On Mr. Porter Plummer, by virtue of his sales-managership and the illness of Mr. Hollister, devolved the honor of being the one to stand on the platform when Dinsmore Jones' train came in.

That night they dined together at the Universal. Dinsmore Jones was a little spidery man with a red nose and reddish eyebrows, who bewildered the more ponderous Mr. Plummer by the very sprightliness of his movements. Nevertheless, Mr. Plummer did his best. He laughed uproariously at Dinsmore Jones' jokes, all of which he thought rather disgusting; he ate largely of the mushrooms, though he was secretly convinced that they were toadstools. He tried to suggest delicately by the quantity that he consumed the corresponding degree of strain that a Hollister Never-Slip Belt Buckle could withstand.

Toward the end of the meal Dinsmore Jones produced a flask from his hip pocket and offered it to Mr. Plummer. Even in the days before prohibition Mr. Plummer had not been what is known as a drinking man, but he was not in a position to refuse. He found Dinsmore Jones' flask, moreover, rather pleasant, and before the dinner was finished he had made use of it not once but several times.

So far all was well. All might still have been well, in spite of certain small irregularities in Mr. Plummer's conduct, if on leaving the dining room he had not been suddenly confronted by two doors leading into the hall, each complete in every detail, with a twinkling door knob on the left-hand side, and a twinkling keyhole with a twinkling key in the lock. Even then, though late, the situation might have been saved if Mr. Plummer, extending his hand, had not laid it firmly upon the only one of the two door knobs that was not there; or if the head waiter, seeing him, had not been amused; or if, being amused, he had not openly laughed.

Dinsmore Jones could not stand for being laughed at. He took the next train back to New York.

When Mr. Hollister was able to receive his mail, the first piece that fell into his hands was a letter from Dinsmore Jones announcing in no uncertain terms that it was all off.

That was on Friday. On Friday night the head waiter at the Universal confided to his particular friend in the assembling room at the Hollister Manufacturing Company the tale of that tragic dinner party, and by noon on Saturday everybody in the factory and offices had either heard the story or was just going to.

On Monday the paper appeared that was afterwards to be variously known as that outrage and that damned clever skit. The paper was first seen in the possession of Tom Bolinger, of the sales department; no one, however, would for a moment have suspected Tom Bolinger of being its author, so it was a perfectly safe thing for him to have.

There was no doubt that the thing itself was clever. It was headed modestly A Fragment, and was after the manner of a musical comedy. Through it, as is the way with musical comedies, there ran the semblance of a plot, in which a gentleman not too subtly disguised as Jinsmore Dones played the hero, and had his heroic hand connived at by the guardian of the never-slipping heroine, Holly Stir. The chorus, which was a knockout from the beginning, was composed of barmaids and drunken sailors, and the *pièce de résistance* was a banquet scene in which the hero besought the guardian in a tenor solo to

Buckle this drink beneath the belt
With the Never-Slip Hollister clasp.

At the end of the scene the chorus reappeared, led the bewildered guardian to an enormous brass door knob at back stage center, danced a reel round the hero, and proclaimed to the audience, to the tune of the season's most popular song, Just Look Up So I Can Kiss You, the explanation that

The pickling, stickling, prickling stuff
(Much better than Porter, much worse than Plum Duff),
When buckled beneath that Hollister Belt,
Was a barrel of whisky (at least so it felt).
And that's how it happened!
(Tra-la! Tra-la!)
And that's how it happened!
(Tra-la!)

At the conclusion the piece took, however, a rather moral turn, and still further confused those who tried to fix responsibility for its authorship by seeming to suggest an origin in the advertising department. Four knights, richly caparisoned and armed to the teeth, rode upon the stage and jousted with the hero for the possession of Holly Stir. The hero, however, whose shield bore the device of a garter rampant, a buckle couchant, and a button argent in a field of cuff link gules, stood without slipping in the middle of the stage and fended them all off easily.

Then he held out his arms to the heroine, and they sang their closing number together to the tune of Pinch Me or I'll Think I'm Dreaming:

Oh, many a man may slip from grace,
And many a man may fall;
And there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,
'Twixt the dining room and the hall.
But whatever else may happen
And whatever may befall,
The Hollister button, the Hollister strap,
The Hollister garter and cuff link and flap
Will never
slip
at all!
Will never slip at all!

That, as we have said, was Monday morning. The Fragment opened big, and by Monday night everyone had seen it. Men meeting in the hall by the bubbler invited each other to button a drink beneath their Never-Slip Hollister belts, and any trifling error, such as taking the wrong person's rubbers or failing to get a shipment out on time, was explained by the inclusive remark that "That's how it happened, tra-la."

On Tuesday people went about humming Porter Plummer Drank a Pint o' Porter, and it was reported that Mr. Plummer would presently offer a reward for the author of The Fragment, dead or alive, but preferably dead.

That night two of the hand presses in the printing department were kept surreptitiously running until after midnight, and at noon on Wednesday free copies of The Fragment could be had for the taking at any of the factory exits. No one knew who put them there, and long before Mr. Porter Plummer could get himself about to gather them up they were gone.

By Thursday the sight of a boy sitting on the rail round one of the freight chutes

(Continued on Page 42)

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

5-Passenger Sedan $860 F. O. B. Flint, Mich.

The All-Year Car for Every Family

Chevrolet is leading in the great shift of public demand to closed cars because this company has the world's largest facilities for manufacturing high-grade closed bodies and is therefore able to offer sedans, coupes and sedanettes at prices within easy reach of the average American family.

Six large body plants adjoining Chevrolet assembly plants enable Chevrolet dealers to make prompt deliveries of the much wanted closed cars.

As soon as you realize that your transportation requirements demand the year 'round, all weather closed car, see Chevrolet first and learn how fully we can meet your requirements at the lowest cost obtainable in a modern, high-grade closed automobile.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Two Passenger Roadster	$510
Five Passenger Touring	525
Two Passenger Utility Coupe	680
Four Passenger Sedanette	850
Five Passenger Sedan	860
Light Delivery	510

Prices F. O. B. Flint, Michigan

Chevrolet Dealers and service stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

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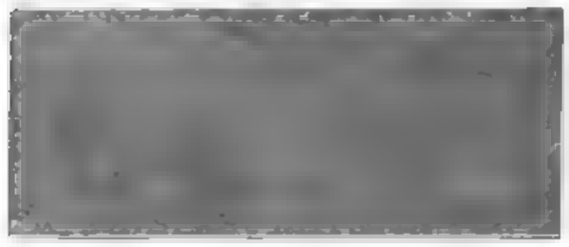


They Are Built to Last

"Our Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Truck Tires have gone more than 15,000 miles over rough roads, railroad tracks, crushed stones and loose coal. The tread is wearing evenly and the traction is still sure." — THE ACME COAL MINING COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa.

Heavy-duty trucks equipped with Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tires are trucks equipped for thousands of miles at low tire cost. They get powerful traction on any road. They are cushioned against shocks and jolts. They haul more and they last longer.

GOODYEAR

The right tire for your hauling is made by Goodyear—Cords, Cushions and Solids with the All-Weather Tread, and smooth-surfaced Solids, also. Sold and serviced everywhere by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers

(Continued from Page 40)

outside the factory and whistling Pinch Me or I'll Think I'm Dreaming brought Mr. Porter Plummer to the verge of apoplexy.

And on Friday it was unofficially announced that Glen Heywood's All Star Minstrels had been newly organized, and that they would give performances of The Fragment, the season's most popular musical comedy, in the Hollister Recreation Rooms every day during the noon hour.

Through all this excitement the mystery of the author of The Fragment remained unsolved. Everyone, of course, had made a guess, but no one believed the guess made by anyone else. In the whole of the Hollister Manufacturing Company there were only two people who really knew. One of these, naturally, was David Emery. The other was Elinor Lane.

Mr. Porter Plummer sent for Elinor on Monday. He was sitting at his desk when she came, rolling a pencil back and forth between his palms, and his fattish, whitish face had a rather bloated appearance as if he might be going to burst. Elinor Lane, on the other hand, looked provokingly cool and unconcerned as she closed the door of his private office and stepped across to the chair beside his desk. There was something in the uncompromising crispness of her white collar and cuffs that made Mr. Porter Plummer roll his pencil faster.

Mr. Plummer's reason for sending for Elinor Lane had been twofold. In the first place he believed that she thought more highly of him than she did, and in the second place he believed quite wrongly that you can get anything out of a girl.

"Sit down," he said.

Miss Lane sat. She raised to Mr. Porter Plummer two utterly frank brown eyes and an essentially saucy chin.

"I suppose," said Mr. Plummer with a show of all the dignity left him by his late misfortunes, "that you have seen that outrage that is going round the offices."

"Yes," said Elinor.

"I have reason to suppose," Mr. Plummer continued, "that it originated in the sales department."

Elinor Lane was silent. Mr. Porter Plummer had expected her either to affirm or to deny; he had expected that she would at least ask what made him think so. Her silence almost unmanned him. But after a moment he went on.

"It may have occurred to you," he said, "that my objection to this—outrage—is—ah—personal."

"Yes," said Elinor Lane.

Mr. Porter Plummer turned from whitish to pink, and from pink to red, and from red to purple.

"It isn't!" he shouted at her. "I tell you it isn't! It's a lie. That—that outrage involves a customer of the firm. It's—it's an insult to him!"

"Yes," said Elinor Lane.

Perhaps nothing that she could have said would have so enraged Mr. Porter Plummer. He whirled the pencil back and forth between his palms so fast that it slipped away from him and rolled under the desk. Mr. Plummer snatched up the pen from the rack before him and whirled that in its place, so that a little drop of ink flew off the point and settled on his sleek trousers. He struggled for self-control.

"I suppose," he said, "you know who did it."

"Yes," said Elinor Lane.

"Of course," he added quickly, "you don't have to tell me, but ——"

Elinor Lane lifted her chin the barest fraction of an inch.

"No," she said evenly, "I don't."

Into the purple of Mr. Porter Plummer's face there came a strange mottled appearance. He looked more than ever as if he might be going to burst. Then he shouted at her.

"Warren did it!" he shouted. "He's always scribbling verses and you're always reading them."

The faintest suggestion of a smile curled Elinor Lane's lips.

"Mr. Warren," she said, "couldn't have written it if he had tried."

"Then you wrote it!" Mr. Plummer shouted at her louder than ever. "I tell you you wrote it. Get out of here—you're fired!"

Elinor Lane came out of Mr. Porter Plummer's private office with two crimson spots flaming in her cheeks. Within half an hour it was known all through the sales department, and in certain neighboring departments as well, that Mr. Plummer had fired Miss Lane because he thought that she had written The Fragment. The degree of publicity connected with the affair was chiefly due to the rather remarkable carrying qualities of Mr. Porter Plummer's voice, partly to the characteristic frankness with which Elinor Lane spoke of her discharge. It was no comfort to Mr. Porter Plummer to hear shouts of laughter from his department, and, on peering out through the glass front of his private office, to see Elinor Lane rolling a pencil back and forth between her palms. But in spite of her apparent high spirits and the glee with which she confided to everyone that Mr. Plummer had thought Laurence Warren did it, the bright spots still blazed in Elinor Lane's cheeks, and the hand with which she held the dictating machine receiver trembled ever so slightly.

Even before most of the department had finished hearing the details, however, David Emery was on his way upstairs to what was known as the main office, where Mr. James Gordon Hollister, president of the Hollister Manufacturing Company, was guarded from the world by a row of secretaries and reception clerks. It was almost closing time, and David hurried for fear he would be too late to catch Mr. Hollister before he started home. As a general thing employes were not admitted directly to Mr. Hollister's presence, but there was that in the tones of David Emery that made his secretary say that she would see if he was busy; and presently David found himself standing in the middle of a very large soft rug in front of a vast mahogany desk. Behind the desk sat Mr. Hollister. He was a large man, very smooth and pink all over, with hard bright eyes and a tight mouth as if it had been drawn up with a puckering string.

At any other time he would have made David feel small and shrinking and apologetic, but on this occasion he was conscious of no feeling except the feeling that he had come. A strange recklessness had taken possession of him.

"Well," he said, "here I am. I wrote it."

Mr. Hollister paid no attention to David's confession of sin. He made a little pile of papers on the desk before him and turned them over for a moment as if he was consulting them. Then he spoke.

"Mr. Emery, I believe," he said.

"Yes," said David.

"I was just going to send for you."

Mr. Hollister laid on top of the pile what was obviously a copy of The Fragment. At the sight of it words broke suddenly from David.

"Well," he said recklessly, "I got ahead of you. I'm here. I should have come before. But first I want to speak about Miss Lane. Mr. Plummer just discharged her for being mixed up in this. She wasn't. She ——"

Mr. Hollister made a note on the pad at his elbow.

"All right," he said. "I'll see about that tomorrow. Mr. Plummer isn't sales manager now."

In his eagerness to speak further of Elinor Lane, David passed over this piece of information as of no account.

"She ——" he began again.

But Mr. Hollister cut him short with a movement of his large pink hand.

"She's all right," he said. "I don't want her fired. But you're the one I want to talk about." Then he laid a forefinger on The Fragment before him. "So you wrote this," he said.

"Yes," David confessed all over again.

"Jones said you did," Mr. Hollister remarked surprisingly. Then he added, "Young man, you've done a great thing for this company."

David had always heard that Mr. Hollister was enormously sarcastic. He believed it now. He cleared his throat a little and tried to speak, but Mr. Hollister again silenced him by a gesture. It was some time before David really understood what Mr. Hollister was saying.

Mr. Hollister spoke with great frankness. He said that Dinsmore Jones was a big prospective customer, and that Plummer had lost him cold, and it wasn't the first time, either; not by a damned sight. He said that he, Hollister, had seen The Fragment and thought it was a damned clever skit, and he had sent it down to Dinsmore Jones, because things being as they were it couldn't do any harm anyway. Dinsmore Jones had also thought it was a damned clever skit. He had been so tickled with it that he had promised to stock with Hollister Never-Slips in the spring. He had also said that he would bet a ten-spot that the same man wrote that that got out their form letters, and that it was that October form that had first got him interested in Hollisters. Mr. Hollister added that he wanted David Emery for his sales manager.

David took one step forward across the deep-napped rug and bent his head in an attitude of polite attention. The little whimsical smile that was so typically David's turned the corners of his mouth.

"Mr. Hollister," said David, "do you mind saying that last part over again?"

Mr. Hollister laughed, and his laugh made something very different of the big pink face with the tight lips.

"Sure!" he said. "I want you for sales manager. But now, Emery, don't think you got in on any fluke because of this." He tapped The Fragment again. "Of course this is a damned clever skit. It's full of ideas, and we want ideas. Briggs, in the advertising department, thinks he may be able to work up a campaign based on that last scene of yours. But I've had my eye on you for some time. You're the kind I want to represent us. Personality, I guess you call it. I suppose you know that you're a damned taking fellow, Emery."

And then Mr. Hollister stood up and shook hands with David Emery across the vast mahogany desk.

Some time later David found himself outside the presidential door and on his way downstairs. The five-o'clock whistle had blown while he had been inside, and his footsteps echoed strangely through the empty building. But David did not notice; he was repeating foolishly to himself that he had personality, and that he was, in brief, a damned taking fellow. Suddenly he began to run. He dashed down the rest of the stairs and through the empty corridor to the sales department. Elinor Lane was still at her desk. He went and stood beside her and smiled down at her—David's smile.

"Well, Elinor," he said, "you're not fired after all. I'm the sales manager."

Elinor caught her breath.

"Oh—David!" she said quickly. "I'm—I'm so glad! I—I always knew you'd do something wonderful!"

Then she lifted the saucy little chin and laughed up at him gayly.

"I suppose, though," she said, "if you're sales manager there won't be any complaints, so I'll be out of a job anyway."

"M-m," said David thoughtfully. "But you'll be having a job somewhere else."

He stepped suddenly closer to Elinor Lane and leaned toward her across the corner of her desk.

"Elinor," he said, "tell me. Are you going to marry Laurence Warren?"

The bright spots of the afternoon deepened in Elinor's cheeks.

"Of course I'm not!" she said. "I never was. Why, Laurence doesn't want to marry me. He wants to read poetry to me."

"Then it is Archer Gilman," David said.

"Of course it isn't!" said Elinor again. There was a strange little edge in her voice, like the edge of anger. "Archer Gilman is in love with a girl in New Hampshire, and he only comes to see me because I'll let him talk about her."

For a long moment the old apologetic David who was a failure and the new personable David who was a damned taking fellow struggled together for the mastery, and the new David spoke.

"Elinor," he said softly, "do you suppose—sometime—you'd care about me—a little bit?"

Elinor's head drooped. Then she lifted it proudly, and her brown straightforward eyes looked into David's with utter frankness.

"I don't think," she said, "that I could ever love you a bit more than I do now."

For an instant the old David did not know what had happened. And then the new David understood.

Why proper shampooing makes your hair beautiful

How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking

ANYONE can have beautiful hair, if it is cared for properly.

Shampooing is the most important thing.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh-looking and luxuriant.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances. These substances catch the dust and dirt, and the hair becomes coated with this.

This coating, when it becomes excessive, naturally dulls the hair and destroys its gloss and lustre. It covers up and prevents the natural color and beauty of the hair from showing. It also causes scales and dandruff.

How to prevent this coating

To have beautiful hair, you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo is not only especially adapted to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly, but it cannot possibly injure. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is all that is required.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

Mulsified

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

"Dear Husband—"
by John Rae

Words of Affection—*Give them Wings!*

LET them be *typed* words, uncramped and clear; easily written, easily read—done on the responsive keys of the Underwood Portable.

The Underwood Portable is a home convenience that lightens the tasks of *all* the family.

It facilitates the writing every woman must do—whether it be personal, social or business.

For the man, it provides the advantages of writing quickly and precisely in the quiet of his home, or while he is away on his travels.

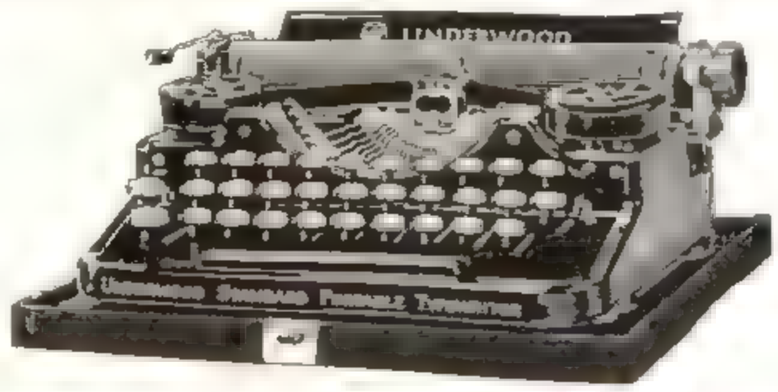
It gives the students' papers a neatness which is bound to win the instructors' favor; and develops the typewriting habit—a life-long asset.

Because it is built by the makers of the world's Standard Typewriter; because it embodies features that are exclusively Underwood, this Portable makes it possible for anyone to do *Underwood* typewriting anywhere.

PRICE, $50
in the United States

The Portable is obtainable at Underwood offices in all principal cities, or direct by mail.

Cased:
Weight 9⅛ lbs.
Height 4⅛ inches



Send for
"Giving Wings to Words"
an illustrated booklet fully describing the features of the Underwood Standard Portable

"The Machine You Will Eventually Carry."

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC., UNDERWOOD BUILDING, NEW YORK

UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

INSIDE THE DRESSMAKING LINES

(Continued from Page 38)

home late, the customer dashes into it, and goes with that uncomfortable feeling of not being perfectly at home in her new frock. Our gowns are combined these days of so many different fabrics that there is endless opportunity for something to go wrong with the first wearing. It is wise always to try out a costume first, in your own home; and wiser still, to have a really finished fitting before the costume is sent home. We always insist on this finished fitting for our own protection, as well as the satisfaction of the customer, but rarely get it. It seems to be growing harder and harder to get our customers willing to give time to be fitted. We race the clock to sell them, and are lucky if we get our fitting.

When we accomplish a perfect-fitting gown from measures, with no fittings, then we are considered clever; and we do do just this, more and more. Should we? I wonder. Is this spoiling our customers? Or being more efficient? The answer is: If we don't our rival firm will! And ladies will buy in the establishment where they can get the result with the least effort on their part.

If customers realized that each day our sales are listed and on the result of them our salaries are based; if we do not show by daily sales the per cent expected we are spoken to, and in time, if we continue not to make good, our services are discontinued. The customer who complains of lack of interest on the part of the saleswoman should put himself in her shoes for one day, and thus realize the strain to make every hour count. If the customer did this I think it would be an excellent lesson in understanding of both sides. The buyer has as much to do with being well served as the saleswoman.

Women have developed into a race of shoppers. Except in the height of the season we do not sell one woman in ten. Now comes the greatest test of salesmanship—not to let, by indifference, the nine failures show when the next customer comes off the elevator. Remember, she has the right to expect our greatest interest in her need; we are there to take as perfect care of her as it is in us to give. Patience surely is a virtue overstrained in shops. It is natural I should defend the saleswoman against the indifference we are so often accused of. Claim is made by customers of lack of interest from saleswomen unless they are smartly gowned or introduced.

I have made it a great study to wipe out that wrong. We are overeager, and fail more often from that cause. It is our policy to treat all equally well, whatever our first impression of the customer is. I consider we are more sinned against than sinning, if you ask me. The saleswoman who sells a new customer is given a long credit mark. It is five times easier to sell one who knows you and has faith in your merchandise; your sale is half made to start with. But that customer was a new one once, and the firm gives praise to the saleswoman who opened her account. The saleswoman who makes the largest number of new customers in a season gets a bonus, so you see how eagerly we welcome the stranger in our midst.

And now about people of wealth—do they spend money freely? Yes, they do, but not wildly extravagantly. In my thirty years' experience I have planned and executed costumes for thousands of our best families from all parts of the United States. I have had the thrilling experience of selling fifteen to twenty gowns to one customer at one sitting but twice in all that time. We often make for a customer that number, and many more, during the season, but the average selling to a customer at one time would be from two to five—rarely more. Our customers come to get suitably frocked, but they certainly do not plunge in. The most extravagant buyer uses careful thought to plan her costumes to fit her every social need—no reckless overbuying, no being carried away because it's so charming; if the need does not present itself the customer is not tempted.

There never was a relation so delicate, so easily disturbed, so quickly misunderstood, as the relation of saleswoman to customer. The saleswoman must never get personal; let the customer be so, but we must not return her friendly advance—we are sure to regret it—it is not business. I am speaking of the first meeting. If we win the customer and endear her to us by our skilled care of her clothes, a most delightful friendly relation often results; all depends on that fatal first impression. We must give, and give, and give; our interest must never abate; we must be full of suggestions to suit their needs; we must anticipate their wants, know them even before they do; but we must never be familiar, never show how we feel inside. No customer at first is in the least interested in our personal affairs—or anything to do with us as individuals. They want the smartest clothes our establishment can turn out, so it's up to us to produce the goods with the fewest words, the quietest manner.

Is dressmaking a man's or a woman's work? I should say, decidedly, it is a woman's work! Our greatest designers in Paris are women. During my thirty years' experience, more and more, men have gone into the costuming of women. When I began, it was the exception; now almost every establishment of any size has one or more men designers. If a man takes up dressmaking or millinery for his life work he is usually a great success from the artistic side, but he rarely combines a good business head with his other talent. He can turn out marvelous designs, but the cost he does not recall. That is not his make-up. It takes a well-equipped and rounded-out organization, one big enough to supply enough other practical brains to afford the luxury of men designers. They have the spark of great talent many times, stronger than women, and give prestige to establishments.

Men in the dressmaking business are always talked about, and by women; many women prefer men to design and make their clothes; there is still a novelty in it, something a bit exceptional about it that attracts. No novelty in a woman making you a smart frock, even if the smart frock is as good as the man's design. To sum it up—a man in this field of work is a genius or he isn't in it, and he is always surrounded by women who develop and make practical his ideas. On the other hand, a woman designer is everything in herself, and a practical business woman to boot.

I suppose you think I am prejudiced. I am; give me women to work with every time in a retail dressmaking business. I know nothing of wholesale designing. I have been put under great strain year in and out, for years, to meet the requirements of customers whose needs usually must be met on record time. Our women designers and fitters, our women cutters, our women drapers and sewers, will meet almost unheard-of demands if the order is taken with the understanding by them that it must be met. They do not fail; they will work, if necessary, through their lunch hour, they will take the work home, they will come an hour earlier in the morning; they have given their promise, and their word is their bond.

On the other hand, a man will promise, and quite calmly disappoint; he never would cut his lunch; he is sure to have a holiday or two just when you need him most.

Women you can count on, plan with them, and rest in the fact that the work will be done on schedule time; you can dismiss the matter, and go to other work. With a man you have to watch hourly to see if he is carrying out his part. I am no man hater; I am for men, first, last and always—except in the dressmaking business. I find them—shall I say, trials? I suppose we need them, but I have grave doubts on the subject, and I know and work with some of the very best ones, the very best ever.

As a last shot, it's the women behind them who ever get the work anywhere on time. Time is a hard taskmaster; in our work we race the clock; women work with a nervous force. You can race them, and they win. Men do beautiful work, but you can't force them; they must have time, and do it in their own way. Give me a woman every time, if you want anything done in a rush—and rushing is our daily life.

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

(Continued from Page 8)

Lemberg was the capital of that newly conquered province. Beyond was a man who in the war was a general commanding a brilliant division. Farther along sat an ancient marshal of the nobility in a neighboring province to ours, Prince ——, rich and powerful in old days. I stopped to ask news of his family. He had on a worn frock coat and a frayed shirt, his beard was long, he had grown very old looking, was bald and stooping, and he coughed. He kissed my hand, expressed pleasure at my appearance, and then he answered my questions.

"Sonia died of tuberculosis—fatigue, anxiety, exposure really. The eight children are in Russia still. I got separated from them. During the struggle the Bolshevik army got in between our white forces and Kieff, where the children were. I think from what I learned my eldest girl was carried to Moscow as a hostage. The others, when I last had news, were hoping to escape with my old mother-in-law. My father is in Petrograd still, and mother died."

There was agony in the man's expression as he talked, but he made no complaint in words. I passed on. Another man whom I also recognized as a well-known figure in old days, came in with a young chap. Clean as to face, the young fellow was dressed in an overcoat with the collar turned up and his trousers were frayed. Holes in the shoes showed bare toes. The older man came to speak to a woman at my table.

"Countess, I have a young relative with me; he has just come in from Constantinople—a forced evacuation is on there now. This boy is healthy, can soon get a job. I will have him in my attic till he does. He can sleep on the floor easily; it doesn't matter when one is young and husky. He is educated, speaking several tongues. He hasn't had a square meal for months; I have promised him one each day here. Look at his delight over the soup! What I want to beg is some underclothing for him—a shirt, a pair of socks and some drawers, so he can go out and ask for work. Now he can't take off that overcoat. Have you, upstairs, any donated cast-off clothing or any of those wonderful underclothes of material given by the American Red Cross? Ah, princess, your Americans are a wonder-working people. All over the East where I was we called the American Red Cross workers the White Angels, simply. No one confused them with other organizations when we used that name."

There are a number of other excellent charities of various types: Workshops, schools, a hospital, besides many admirable and highly successful noncharitable business ventures.

It struck me that few nations could show the qualities these men and women of Russia were giving proof of, and I was keen to learn more. I found on investigation that a certain percentage of the refugees have died or are dying; they are the old or the children or some men and women who, arrived in Paris after too great a strain had been put on their health, have fallen victims of tuberculosis in one form or another. There are pathetic war cripples, unable to take care of themselves. The majority, however, of the refugees give one a definite impression of useful activity, strength of character and rare nobility of spirit.

A lot of old friends were sitting about in a little apartment which two sisters and a woman friend of theirs managed to keep going by their united efforts. All who were there that evening had been very elegant in old St. Petersburg society. The same group had gathered about that same hostess' fire in the early days of the duma, in 1906 and 1907, to talk of the liberals' triumphs and the measures the newborn parliament was to vote. It was strange to see them so far from the great palace on the Sergniewskaia. But we talked in the same note as in those days; one of hope.

The hostess is greatly aged, is a pale, broken, gray-haired woman who makes her living now knitting sweaters on a machine.

The Sunday Shave

Have you ever noticed how much easier it is to shave on Sunday? The blade which tugged and skidded on Saturday seems to have acquired a new ambition. Its keen edge slips along your jaw bone like a just-sharpened lawn mower cutting the first Spring crop of grass. Your beard has lost all of its mid-week meanness. And your skin feels great, even though you shaved closer than usual.

The secret of the Sunday shave is that it isn't hurried. Unconsciously, you devote an extra minute to working up the lather. And the funny part of it is that the whole operation takes less time than usual—because your beard comes off so easily and comfortably.

Now I have always known that Mennen Shaving Cream softens a beard with amazing speed but I haven't said much about it because I didn't want to encourage men to hurrying the lathering process. I wanted them to enjoy the luxury of a Sunday shave seven days in the week. Furthermore, a few extra seconds of lathering gives your skin the full benefit of wonderful Boro-glycerine, a soothing emollient in Mennen's which softens and relaxes the tissues and provides a mildly antiseptic protection.

Mennen's is really a two-purpose Shaving Cream. It gives great shaves and also keeps the skin in a condition of glowing, radiant health. The Cream is so pure that it cannot irritate the dryest, thinnest or most sensitive skin. There is no smart or itching afterwards.

I wish you would try this experiment. Use a little less Cream than usual and a lot more water. You'll actually get a firmer, creamier lather which will not dry and which will soften the beard perfectly without rubbing in with fingers. Water is inexpensive. You can get from 200 to 300 shaves from a tube if you don't waste the Cream.

Use cold or hard water if you like—Mennen's works perfectly with any kind of water.

Here's a proposition. Buy a tube. Try a few shaves. If they aren't the finest you ever had, send tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

Of the two other hostesses, one goes out as a trained nurse and the other is saleswoman in a Rue de la Paix shop, where once she was a much-run-after client. I asked this group how it could be that they had all kept this mentality so typical of society in Russia. How it was that they weren't all insane. I should have been so, long since, if I had had their troubles, I added.

Countess B, one of the finest of my old friends and one who has a clever tongue, spoke up before the others: "We ought to be just that, insane, of course. We ought to have lain down and died; but I think we didn't do any of those things because we felt someone had to vindicate Russia's honor, show outsiders what our nation really stood for. Bolshevism wasn't a Russian development; it had been grafted on us and then called Russian by our enemy. We stood for the Allies, fought and bled for their cause, yet when we came to them as exiles they feared and suspected us. We couldn't prove anything by talking, so we had to win our way by acting well. We rose therefore above our troubles. Unconsciously, maybe, we felt we must live better than any ordinary people. Just as the French aristocrat had known better than others how to die and had shown pride on the steps of the guillotine, we must know better how to live. Don't you see that with our fortunes and positions gone, we had to prove more than ever that our morale, our mentality and our manners remained to us? We claim to be as good in our present surroundings as we were before. We stand for law and order and other right things. I believe we are unconscious of arguing these points, but I've watched our compatriots carefully, and on the whole their behavior seems to justify my theory. Of course a certain percentage has misbehaved. Some of the profiteers have made a disagreeable noise in well-known restaurants, a few among the younger members of the colony have got into trouble. Some have gone to the wall from ill health or discouragement. These make a negligible percentage though, and I think you will find the French are no longer sorry to have us among them."

French Attitude Toward Russia

One day I asked about the political parties among the Russian exiles, and I found the broad-minded and strongest at the colony in Paris let politics alone. There were some little groups of monarchists who talked rather loud at times, and made an effort at rallying others around one or another candidate for the throne; but as there was no throne, perforce when these fires had flared a moment they died down again. There are also a few followers who surround Kerensky; they are Social Revolutionaries. Then there are Cadets and other similar party names used occasionally, but there is no territory on which to establish these groups' various pretensions, and no money to spread their theories, so the attention of all denominations soon narrows down to practical matters, chief of which is making enough money to keep body and soul together under actual conditions.

The French have never recognized the Bolshevik government. Therefore their government logically continued to have relations with the anti-Bolshevist representatives of the Russian nation. The ancient embassy has remained the symbol of this. France's stand was somewhat complicated by the fact that a new ambassador appointed by the provisional government back in 1917 had arrived in Paris just before that government's fall, and had not yet delivered his credentials when the Bolshevik rule was established. The ambassador without a government, Maklakoff, and the Quai d'Orsay came to the conclusion that the former should defer assuming his functions officially till a later date, but that the embassy should continue to figure on Paris' diplomatic list. All duties connected with Russian interests were left in Maklakoff's hands, and he has had the full and friendly coöperation of the Foreign Ministry of France. This unusual arrangement was established after some correspondence. It has worked excellently. The Russian ambassador has shown both tact and dignity, and he evidently holds the esteem of the Quai d'Orsay. The Russian consulates in France remain unchanged in their powers and functions also, save in one respect: A Franco-Russian Convention of 1874 established that French property inherited by Russian subjects should be governed by Russian laws and administered by Russia's consuls. Luckily an article in this convention gave the French Government a right to denounce or amend it, and the French decided to use their right in order to change the functioning of inheritance administration and bring these matters under the jurisdiction of the French courts in the interest of possible Russian heirs whose home courts had become useless under the Reds.

Always France has aided the refugees from Bolshevik Russia in many ways, and has been categorical in her condemnation of red terrorism or economic destruction. She has been logical in backing the anti-Bolshevik real Russian cause. Through the poverty, turmoil and strain of the past five years such statements and such action command admiration and respect for France.

Germany on the Fence

I found the situation in Berlin with reference to the Russian question exceptionally interesting. It is the nearest point to Russia for observation, and the current from the East and the current of Western politics meet there. Having used Bolshevism as one of their destructive weapons of war, having been the first Westerners to make a treaty with the Bolsheviki, having at all times backed them and shown a willingness to enter into trade relations, it is curious to note the present attitude of the German Government toward their neighbors. Bolshevist representatives are received both officially and unofficially, yet their propaganda is apparently dreaded by the German authorities. Lenine's men are installed in the old Russian Embassy as the accepted representatives of modern Moscow, yet Mr. Bodkin, representative of the anti-Bolshevik groups, is also received at the Foreign Office, is allowed to issue passports to his refugee compatriots, and is given the opportunity unofficially to discuss any problems connected with the exiles. Refugees from Bolshevik terrorism, although at first they were unwelcome in Berlin, are now fairly well treated by the Germans. In a number of cases they have found employment and they are generally making good. Russian refugee students have been admitted to various universities. Sometimes they are even offered tuition free of charge. For several seasons past, resourceless refugees were established in camps and rationed by the German Government, but recently the rationing has been stopped, and the poor creatures have become dependent on accidental charity. A considerable amount of aid has gone to them from warm-hearted Americans.

There are three hundred thousand Russian refugees in Germany, and how most of them live seems a mystery. Some get employment among the Germans—in shops, restaurants, and so on. Some are in one or another of the refugee workshops managed by those of the Russians who had sufficient means and prestige to organize such associations or the special talents needed to handle crowds with resourcefulness in inventing occupations. A certain number of people, mainly among the nobles, had some funds left in London, Paris or Berlin banks dating from their prewar trips abroad. This money became now their only resource, and was useful especially when they could arrange to keep their deposits in sterling or francs, yet live on German currency. The exchange is an advantage not to be disdained. All the refugees, even the most sober-minded, were gambling on the mark to a considerable extent when I visited Berlin. The winners thus increased the small sums they earned or received from abroad. They all appeared strained, and sensational rumors were floated constantly as to what was happening in Russia or what Germany might do next. Anxiety made existence still more difficult for these poor souls.

I talked with a German whom I had known quite well for years, and who was a so-called expert on the Russian question. He was perfectly cynical in his theories, but gave me considerable information as to the Teuton's attitude. It was very curious and interesting. First, he told me Count Rantzau had just been named Ambassador to Moscow; then he added, "Rantzau is a friend of mine and I was surprised he accepted the appointment. It is such a difficult mission; and I admit, I think we had better cultivate the refugees rather than the Bolsheviki. Otherwise, when the present group falls, whoever follows them in power will remember our association with the Reds and will not allow us to become the allies of any reconstructionist's government. We should be the friends of law and order and the leaders of tomorrow for our own advantage."

I inferred from this that he realized the Russian refugees were not being well treated; so I attempted to make some further investigations; perforce superficially. Apparently the Russians were used to bad circumstances and, besides, they never complain, but those I saw in Berlin did not look well-cared-for or seem at all happy. They were working at any job that came their way; translating, painting, sewing, embroidering, dishwashing or any other kind of work was acceptable and drew from them warm expressions of gratitude. One or two had invented some occupation that paid for their coal and bread.

The political groupings of the Russians in Germany are rather curious. There are the official representatives of the Bolsheviki's criminal gang, who are now in possession of the old Russian Embassy. About them figure a number of their henchmen, who are generally agents of the Germans. Most of the Bolsheviki have two names—a German one and a Russian one; and so Finkelstein-Litvinioff, Zinovieff-Apfelbaum, Radek-Sobelsohn and Trotzky-Bronstein head a list that reminded me of a delightful story in an old book much read in my youth.

Having captured the villain of the tale the hero discovers the former had used several false names. "Sure, isn't that proof of his evil doings? Isn't one name enough to keep any decent man busy, looking after the honor of it, without taking on more?" remarked the hero to the judge.

Political Groups

There are in Germany a few ultra-pro-autocratic men from the old Russian court or of bureaucratic circles who, with certain adventurers, are working our exiles merely for their own personal prominence. Having tried to gather a following among the Russian refugees scattered over Europe, these succeed occasionally in causing a ripple of excitement. They gather a meeting and attract the attention of press reporters, hard up for a sensational press tale. They talk very loud, and say what the world should do to help them drive the Bolsheviki out of Russia and put themselves in power. They don't convince anyone really, and I didn't discover that they carried far with the majority of refugees, who more and more are giving up political planning and, leaving such activities to the future, are attending to the main business of keeping alive. Besides the above there is a semi-socialist or entirely socialist group of propagandists, who also talk, whenever they can get a hall or a reporter's ear. My impression was, however, that all these various speechmakers make about equally noisy efforts with about equally ineffective results. They seem at close range to amount to little or nothing, since there is neither money for organizing nor territory on which to try out their schemes. The vast majority of the refugees seemed to me to range themselves between these two extremes, and to be sensible in their attitude, which is that they, the real Russians, feel the Bolsheviki must fall, and when this shall have occurred and Russia shall belong to her own people, it will be time enough to see to the form of government under which they all must live.

Meanwhile, they begin to say "Why not present a united front of anti-Bolshevist Nationals—Russians, pure and simple—for foreign inspection?" Each Western European country draws to itself, of course, those among the Russian exiles who most sympathize with the form of government that country has. Thus in Germany are the two currents clearly marked, corresponding to the Junkers of the German extreme right and the radicals of the German extreme left. In Czecho-Slovakia, Masaryk and his colleagues have naturally attracted Kerensky and Breschkowskaia and their admirers, with a shading towards the Cadet parliamentary followers of the Miliukoff type. Hungary is showing sympathy to the refugees, and there the Russians seemed of opinion that a constitutional monarchistic form of government would follow Bolshevist terror and tyranny.

A lot of refugees are pouring into each country I visited, and it is the same with Rumania, Bulgaria and Jugo-Slavia. Constantinople and its environs send desperate crowds, who have lived in misery, moral

Continued on Page 48

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See these garments at your favorite dealer's today. He can get them for you. It has been a big job to keep dealers stocked up this Spring, but if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want, we shall be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering, please state size, and enclose remittance to our mill at Albany. Send for free catalog illustrating complete line of Hatchway No-Button Union Suits and Hatch One Button Union Suits photographed on live models.

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(Continued from Page 46)

and physical, for four years; they are often wounded, often ill, too young sometimes, or too old for hard physical labor, even were such to be found. Sometimes the overpopulated half-starved countries don't want them; sometimes they do pity them and take them in. Always there are individuals or groups who try to exploit or persecute them.

Without underscoring the tragedy further, let me quote one of my American friends who volunteered to help the Russians in Bulgaria, and who in a recent note draws aside a corner of the curtain of lies hung between the real facts and the American public.

The writer is a practical New England man, not given to romancing, who has driven many a good bargain in negotiations and is blessed with a keen sense of humor as well. I have known him twenty years or so without ever catching him in an exaggeration. Also he is not nervous, and he is neither ill nor underfed. I can vouch for his reliability.

My correspondent says:

"Another thousand dollars has come in for work out here among the Russian refugees. The money is most welcome, I assure you, for conditions grow worse constantly; and relief funds have almost ceased. This winter is the coldest for years, adding to the sufferings.

"Mr. —— and I discussed the situation, and work will be continued on the general lines laid down last year. Bourgas and Sofia continue to be the worst places. I don't know how long the relief in its present form can go on. Doctor Nansen secured the recognition of the Russian Bolshevik Red Cross by the International Red Cross at Geneva, and the Bolshevik Red Cross is replacing in Bulgaria the old Russian Red Cross, of which Mr. Feldman is the head. The latter therefore can now only work unofficially; and the Soviet-Bolshevik organization is trying to get hold of all funds and secure the expulsion of Feldman from Bulgaria. Two days ago, armed men entered the Feldman house and carried off some of his property, even some Russian typewriters. The Union of Russian Zemstvos is also threatened by this Bolshevik Red Cross organization. The Bolshevik Red Cross is merely a disguise for a military organization to secure recruits for the Bolshevik army from among the Russian refugees. It is having some success, and has sent several thousand men to Odessa—men of military age from among Wrangel's ex-soldiers. The Bolshevik Red Cross has great influence with the Bulgarian Government, and is now persuading the government to put an end to the mission of Mr. Petriaseff, who as a representative of non-Bolshevik Russia spoke for the unhappy refugees.

"The Bolshevik Red Cross is also trying to get hold of the Russian Legation building and all moneys. I am sorry to be leaving here. I wish a strong fight could be made to protect the refugees and their interests from such ghastly treatment."

A Talk With Doctor Nansen

By way of proving that the statements and prophecies of this letter are correct, I may add that Petriaseff's mission has been ended by the official action of the Bulgarian Government and that I sat in the assembly of the League of Nations last September and heard Doctor Nansen speak in favor of using certain funds, then in his keeping, for the "forwarding of Russian refugees from Bulgaria back to Russia." This idea was opposed by President Ador—president of the International Red Cross—in a speech in which the latter put a good many uncomfortable questions.

I personally then had a conversation with Doctor Nansen in the corridor of the assembly. He had stated that Hoover and the American Red Cross thought it an excellent idea to repatriate the refugees. President Ador was able to prove that this was incorrect. I contended merely that the funds of which he spoke as being in his possession had been contributed in large part from sources in the United States, and that I had exact knowledge of the appeals which had been made to get this money. Also the fact that this fund was donated for relief of the Russian refugees in Constantinople and their evacuation from there was well known to me. Therefore, putting aside all other aspects of the problem, I insisted it would be questionable whether anyone had a right to change the disposal of such money without the American contributors being consulted. Incidentally I stated that as I happened to be greatly interested in the refugees' situation, I would take up this matter, by cable if necessary, with several Americans.

Doctor Nansen was considerably surprised to find me so interested. He assured me the American Relief Administration originally proposed his plan, and that the American Red Cross was not opposed to it. I replied I had never asked the question, as it had not occurred to me, but that I had had considerable association with both organizations, and had recently heard no one connected with either suggest such a scheme. I added I was willing to wire both Mr. Hoover and Judge Payne to ask their official opinions. I gathered that Doctor Nansen thought this quite unnecessary, so I went on.

"If you remember, Doctor Nansen, the French tried repatriation as an experiment about two years ago, sending in some refugees, who consented to go back to Russia. I believe they were taken by a French ship to Odessa, and if my memory does not play me tricks a full half were immediately killed by the Bolsheviki; whether shot or butchered, I don't recall."

"Can one believe such things? The French lied about it!" Doctor Nansen almost shouted.

Mr. Hoover's Popularity

"Hardly that, I imagine. It would have been to French interest to have lied in the other direction, as their government was then rationing the groups of refugees from which this repatriated lot was drawn. You will admit that if they and every one of the Allies could have proved repatriation was not followed by wholesale massacre, it would have been a delightfully simple solution of the problem of ridding Constantinople of the congestion the Russians caused."

"That is the way you Russian refugees always talk. You do not like me, and you all love Hoover!" Doctor Nansen exclaimed.

"Why do you think that is, supposing it to be a fact?"

"Because Hoover has money and I have none," answered Doctor Nansen.

I ventured to disagree again, and replied: "To tell you the truth I don't think I ever heard comparison made. The Russians do admire Hoover's work, as they are grateful for the relief it has brought; and also for the wonderful help the American Red Cross has given them. But they are very eloquent about several quite small organizations, too, which dispose of only modest funds. I can't, therefore, guess the reason for your suffering at their hands, as you say you do, unless there is some misunderstanding. Couldn't you give me your version of the work you have done for our refugees? I will gladly give it equal prominence with any other material I gather for my articles, and I shall be glad to contradict any wrong impression that has gone out."

Doctor Nansen answered he must be off, as he was leaving for Bulgaria and Constantinople the next day; but he promised to send me his chief aide, Mr. de Watteville, to tell me all about the effort they were making with the League of Nations' charity funds, and how they were aiding the Russians. Then we said good-by.

I carefully made a memorandum of this talk afterwards and I was prepared to question De Watteville with interest when he appeared for luncheon on the following day. I had invited him with two or three other people, who were almost as keen as I was on the subject of refugees from Russia.

Modified Proposals

The following morning, before his departure, Doctor Nansen made a final speech in the assembly meeting, closing the discussion with President Ador, and saying that he had not meant repatriation of all refugees, but only of a few small groups which were made up of soldiers and Cossacks from certain tribes who were in Bulgaria and who wanted to return to their homes; that he did not mean to use the funds he now had in hand for this purpose, but wished to appeal for other funds; and finally that there was no definite plan prepared as to the repatriation of these refugees, so he merely had meant to say that he thought refugees who wanted to go home should be allowed to do so. He receded point by point from the position he had taken on the previous day.

As this statement was entirely reasonable, no one opposed it and Doctor Nansen departed for the Balkans in peace.

De Watteville is pleasant and entirely self-controlled, also a good conversationalist. He declared himself delighted to have been asked to lunch and pleased to answer any questions.

I told him I was in Geneva to write some articles for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and I repeated the main points in my conversation of the previous day with Nansen, his chief. Then my other guests—an Englishman, a Swiss and a Russian—came in, and we continued the conversation over our luncheon.

I began by asking De Watteville why it was that Nansen thought himself unpopular among the refugees, and I added that when he was named to head the relief groups his appointment had pleased the people in question immensely. De Watteville replied that Nansen was unpopular for several reasons; firstly, he did not control so much money as did Hoover, and therefore could not be so generous; secondly, he was criticized because he thought the only way to do was to treat the Bolsheviki like gentlemen, and consequently he had got on excellently with them. I inquired how in all this Nansen had aided or been useful to the refugees, and De Watteville replied that it was rather complicated to explain; but that in several countries where the government had a treaty with the Bolsheviki, Nansen's influence with the latter had been used to persuade them not to drive the Russian refugees away from that particular country. I asked what countries these were, and De Watteville replied: "Well, Germany among others." Then he went on to say that Nansen had had great success working at relief in Russia, and that was another reason why the refugees outside didn't like him.

I stopped him to say this seemed strange to me, as Hoover's popularity with the refugees had not been impaired by his enormous relief within the Russian frontiers. As lunch progressed De Watteville seemed to become less and less logical and clear in his statements as to why Nansen was unpopular with the Russian refugees; a fact he and Nansen both had asserted with such energy. So I finally made him a fair proposition at the end of our meal.

Struggling Refugees

I said: "Monsieur de Watteville, Doctor Nansen yesterday and you today have stated that he is unpopular among our Russians in exile, and for unjust reasons. I am not versed in the matter, but if this is so the situation should be cleared up; and Doctor Nansen and his aides, you among them, should be given the full praise and gratitude you deserve.

"I presume from Doctor Nansen's sending you here today he wants the tangle straightened out, so I venture to ask you to give me any reports or accounts or data which you have of your work, in Russia and out, saying what you have done among our refugees to aid them. I will gladly introduce your own presentation of the subject into my article."

De Watteville thought a minute. "It is difficult to give you any such exact descriptive accounts, as so much of Doctor Nansen's work has been negative; but I will make you a skeleton memorandum, and send it to you before your departure on Saturday, princess."

The memorandum never came—so I made a few inquiries about this charitable effort headed by Doctor Nansen. One of the Swiss in the permanent organization of the League told me he thought Nansen was a man anxious to do what could be done to relieve distress anywhere, but not very practical, and easily taken in by people who presented some rose-colored plan. Also he was apt to be exploited by his advisers or by others.

I can't see why in their desperate plight the refugees don't go mad. Everywhere they are struggling—to earn an honest living, to educate their young, to save their aged and their war cripples. These are their only aims in exile. Strong must their morality and faith be to carry them through the troubles that fate and the world have strewn upon their roads. Here and there a group is disappearing, dying out from hunger, disease and cold, or going to ruin from sheer despair. In the great centers of dissipation sometimes a man or woman or some youngsters disgrace their

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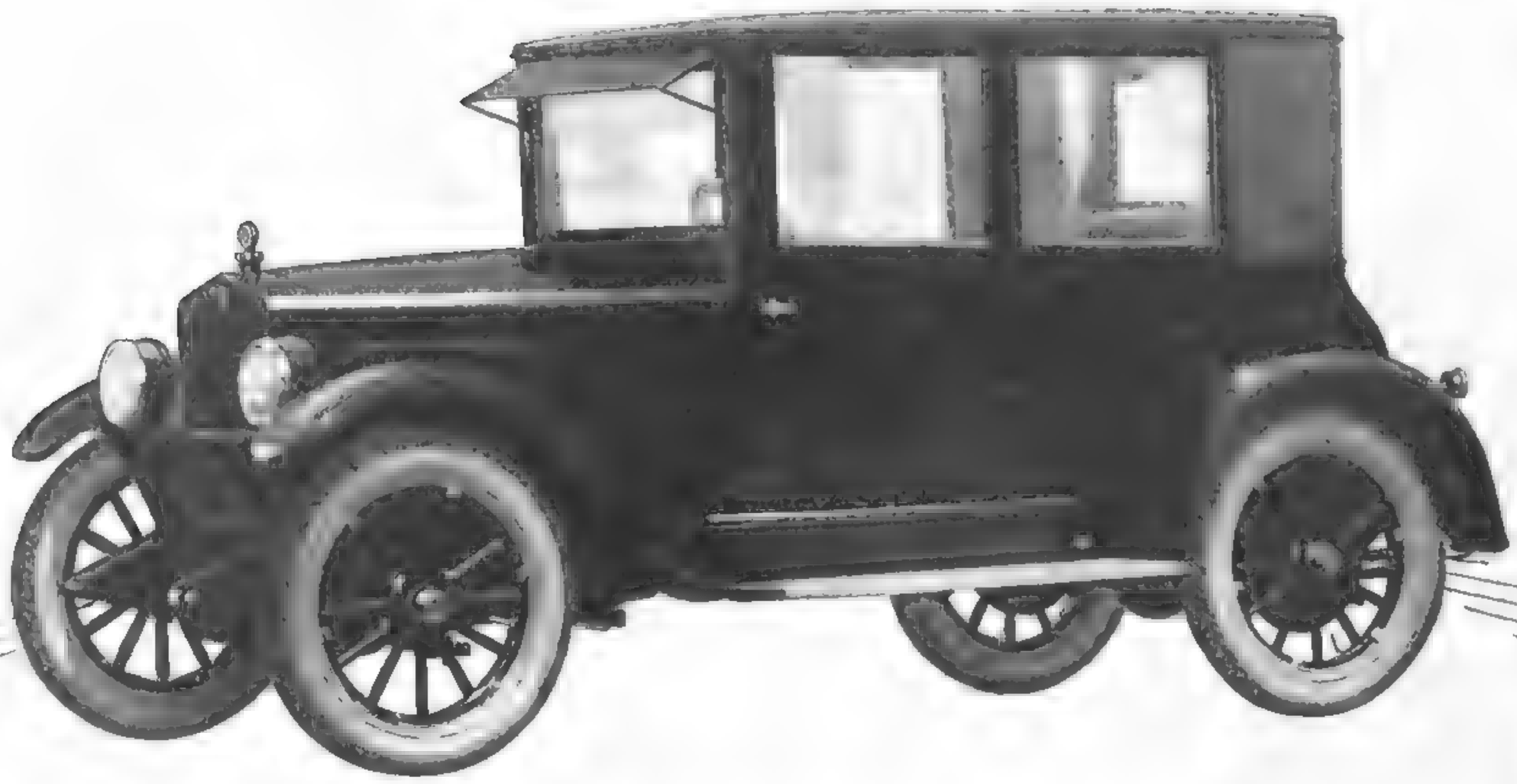

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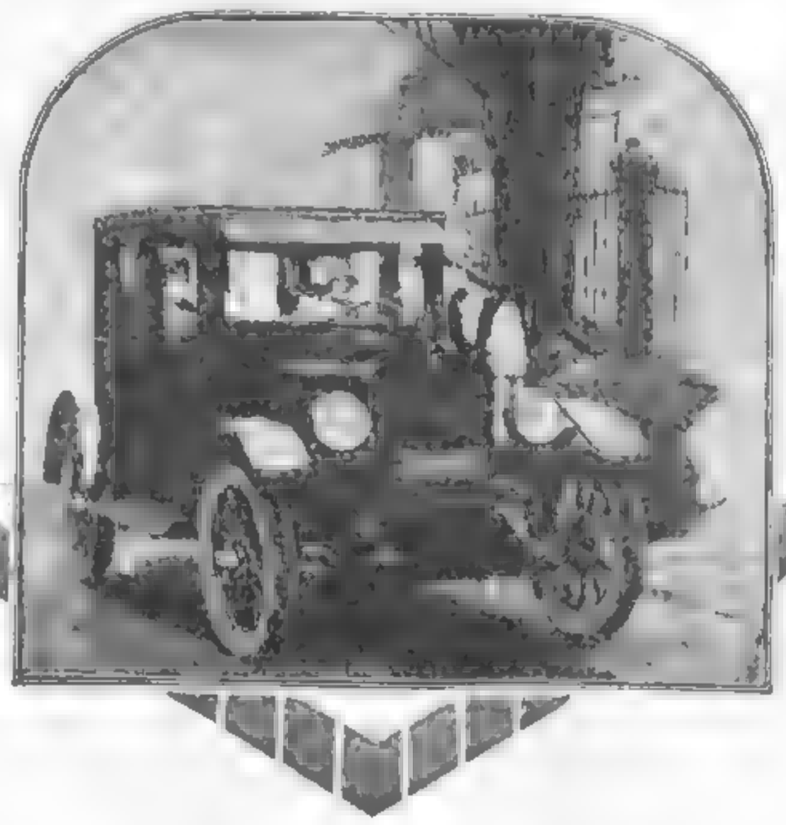

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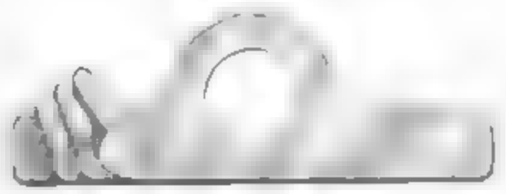

He will tell you that your bearings should be gone over at least once a year to take up the wear *before* it develops to the point of danger. He will explain to you how a necessary piece of metal called a "Laminated Shim" *peels off* in paper-thin layers, enabling him to close up the bearings with thousandth-of-an-inch accuracy.

Send for Booklet

If you are really interested in keeping your car always in proper shape, send for this little booklet. It contains some mighty interesting and valuable information on bearings and their adjustment

LAMINATED SHIM COMPANY, INC.
205 14th Street
LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y.
Detroit: Dime Bank Building
St. Louis: Mazura Mfg. Co

LAMINUM

(*Continued from Page 48*)

cause. In three million exiles there are bound to be some black sheep, and the few hundred who have shown themselves unworthy are a very small percentage of this throng of tragic martyrs. There are on the other hand many shining examples of the Russian people's lofty qualities to be found; and no single one is more impressive than the Grand Duke Nicholas, who was the hero of his land through all the years of war and tumult and the commander of the Russian armies during the early months of the Great War. He is still a figure of whom all refugees speak with deep devotion; yet he lives in complete seclusion and on the narrowest means, in a tiny villa on the Cape d'Antibes, near Cannes. I was told the grand duke and the grand duchess received no one at all; that it was useless to knock at the closed gate of their modest home; yet I was tempted to try my fate, tempted at least to show that the love Cantacuzène and I had for them had in no way grown cold.

From Geneva I wired to the faithful ex-master of their court, who had gone with them into retirement. I merely said: "If Their Imperial Highnesses can receive me I will go to Cannes on Sunday next."

Within a few hours I had received an answer: "Will be delighted to see you. Come at four o'clock Sunday."

I traveled to Cannes, and those out-of-season days of golden light and riotous blue coloring were Nature's recompense for the long uncomfortable night trip. I made no change of dress, knowing well the simplicity of the frame and of the life these two great souls had settled to. I had heard of their escape into the poverty of exile; of the grand duchess' selling her perfect pearls, and of the aid they gave to many pensioners and relatives. The little colony at Antibes consists of one house where live the Grand Duke Nicholas, his wife, their doctor and the old master of ceremonies, now manager of the entire group. In a smaller villa the grand duke's brother and the latter's wife live with their two children, while the aged Queen of Montenegro, mother of both grand duchesses, has a very tiny house near by; and each of these three little hearths is served by one or two old domestics, who would not be turned away.

Motoring from Cannes I had to ask my way, but once I reached Antibes everyone knew the grand duke. There were other grand dukes spoken of by name all up and down the Riviera; but this one was called just the grand duke, I found, and everyone smiled and said, "Oh, yes, we know; he often walks about; that way, madame, to the grand duke's villa."

It wasn't much of a house when I reached it, and I couldn't but be interested to see how the really great lived in their poverty. I felt no disillusion. The gate was opened by a smiling person, whom I recognized as he did me. In old days he was one of several hundred retainers in an enormous palace; now he was alone, but his welcome was quite as friendly and dignified. Apparently I reminded him of those times when life was good.

"How are you?"

"Thank God, well, Your Highness; and Your Highness and the prince?"

And I also said, "Well, thank God."

Old Friends in Adversity

I passed on my way up the neat road and remembered the grand duchess' love of gardening and all housekeeping cares. Those tastes now make even this shabby home attractive. The building is square, plain and not large; but it has a few acres of garden, one fair-sized room and a perfectly magnificent view of sky and sea and sunset, one that made me catch my breath with the thrill of its blue and mauve beauty. The furniture was shabby; but there were two tables with some photographs upon them, and three comfortable armchairs, well placed for quiet talk. The old master of ceremonies met me at the door. Evidently there was only one manservant and he was closing the gate, but my hand was kissed and my coat removed with the grace of old régime chivalry and the kind inquiries as to the health of my husband and myself were affectionately repeated. The door of the living room was opened and I passed in.

The master of ceremonies closed it behind me, and I found myself facing the Grand Duchess Anastasia-Nicolaievna, whom I had not seen for five years; and such years! All she had lived through had told on her, certainly. Her black hair was turned gray, and her figure was much thinner than of old, but her eyes had kept their Oriental splendor, and just now they were brimming with tears.

"Madame, how good of you to let me come!" and I moved forward to kiss her hand.

She put her arms around me, and holding me close she kissed me on both cheeks. "It is nice to see you, dear Princess Julia, and you are thoughtful to have come here to us," she said. I was going to cry, but the grand duchess said softly as the door again clicked: "There is the grand duke"; and I faced hurriedly about to meet His Imperial Highness.

He hadn't changed a bit, save that his curly thick hair was turned dead white, and that his wrinkles here and there were somewhat deepened. He was erect and utterly magnificent looking, and the shabby gray civilian suit he wore didn't matter in the least. Supple, slim and graceful as before, in all his rapid movements; and with eyes as clear and deep and keen, he still seemed to have the faculty of reading what is in one's mind. I still should be afraid to have him about if my conscience wasn't fairly clear. I was touched by his expression of pleasure, his words of welcome and appreciation.

"Come, let us sit down and talk a lot," he said.

He settled me in one of the big chairs while the grand duchess took the place opposite. The grand duke dropped into his own, crossed his legs and lighted a cigarette. Then we chatted for more than two hours without stopping; the grand duchess nodding and joining in frequently. After a little some tea, already poured into three cups, was brought in on a tray by my old friend of the gate, who evidently was butler as well as gatekeeper; and with the tea there was bread and some preserves or jam.

Dignity in Exile

"You must taste that; it is homemade and will please you. My maid and I made it ourselves," said the grand duchess.

The jam, like the neat road, proved her fine housewifely tastes; and the grand duke praised them and spoke gently of their quiet life.

"We do most things ourselves," he said.

And the grand duchess added: "The grand duke works too. He raises chickens and is making a real success of it. You remember how much he always enjoyed our poultry yards at home."

I recalled his many prizes taken at poultry shows, and that we had once offered him some American turkeys as a gift.

They asked the news of my family, and the history of each member in turn was told. Then they gave me theirs; and they asked about my trip and what my impressions of Europe had been, after five years away. We went on to the refugees' relief and my scribbling. I found that in their retreat the old chief and his wife spent most of their free time studying the press of several different lands; and that they were excellently informed as to various currents of opinion and the struggles of the world outside. His judgments were definite and clear, as simple as they used to be in olden days, based on a common sense that kept its perfect poise in adversity and chaos. No sentimental fog as to what was right or wrong, but always deep devotion and loyalty, with a gentle softness, when he spoke of the Russian people and their agony of martyrdom. "One can't understand that all this should be possible in our day."

He had seen much of the suffering, the heroism and the generous sacrifices among the refugees. He spoke of his own seclusion, and said: "If I saw people I should immediately be suspected of wanting to play a rôle, and I have no desire to do that, no love for politics or intrigue. But I have watched the world's doings in these last years with care; and I know, princess, what a great and wonderful nation you have across the sea. I admire and love the Americans for what they have done during these years; for fighting in the good cause and aiding all the unhappy peoples and for refusing to recognize the Bolsheviks' dastardly government. The Americans are standing for law and order as against tyranny and destruction. I wish I could tell them how well I think of them."

"They think as well of you, sir," I replied, "and if you will allow me to do so, I will repeat to at least the portion of our public who read my articles what you have said."

The grand duke gave me this permission, and we chatted on. I told him I had seen Marshal Joffre last year, who had recalled with pleasure his prewar visit to Russia, and who had spoken of Russia and the grand duke with enthusiasm and gratitude. Someone in my presence had complimented Joffre on his victory of the Marne, and the marshal had replied: "I would never have won it had it not been for the Russian invasion of East Prussia at the psychological moment, and the devotion of the grand duke and his armies of Russians."

The grand duke was moved at that, and said it was a generous speech of Joffre's, that the marshal was a fine man and soldier, whom he had always felt to be very great. Then he continued: "That was a wonderful dash into Prussia, but our people were and are a wonderful people; and they are no more Bolsheviki than I am. They have been frightfully cheated and are being martyred now. America has thoroughly understood the Russians and has aided them; and this means the foundation of a friendship that will last through time, I hope. I want to see our two nations work together, for in many of their finest traits they are alike."

I asked the grand duke whether he felt there was no doubt of the massacre of their majesties, and he said he had not been in the Far East and had no special qualifications for judging, but that he felt much as others did—there could be little or no hope of the terrible tale being false. Then he continued: "Yet, there has been no very careful or official investigation, and until that is held and a report published we can't absolutely announce whether the unhappy sovereigns really died or not."

As the sun was dipping, I made a move to go; and my kind hosts protested.

"Are you busy, that you must leave?" the grand duchess asked; and I answered no, that I had come from Geneva to Cannes to see them.

"Then stay on for a while; we are glad to see you and to talk," the old chief said.

I sat on, while the shadows lengthened, and we talked of old days and of the future. It was good to find their spirits so unbroken and their faith so unimpaired; and I kept wondering what changes fate may still weave into the lives of this grand duke and his companion on life's road. I asked for photographs of them, pleading the loss of all those that we had had. The chief went in person to fetch me one of himself, which the grand duchess owned, but said she was willing to let me have. She had none of her own, however. At last I took my leave. I had so enjoyed the visit that I said good-by very reluctantly. The old chief bent and kissed my hand.

A Fine Example

"Thank you for coming, and for what you have done to help your adopted compatriots. Thank your own people both over there and here for their wonder-working charity and sympathy," he said. "And au revoir. Come to us again!"

Theirs were voices and words of real affection, and as they had remained both great and simple through all their previous pomp and power, so now in poverty they were the same. It occurred to me as I drove home through the sapphire-colored evening that possibly, with the exception of Albert of Belgium, who made a good pair to him, this magnificent old chief of ours stood in his adversity head and shoulders above all the so-called great of Europe. One phrase of his had struck me: "I do nothing and see no one concerning politics. It will be time enough for Russians to act in those matters when they own their land again, and are at home. Meantime, the least to be expected of us is that we conduct ourselves with such dignity, quiet and discretion that we cause no embarrassment or inconvenience to those who have offered us hospitality in our distress!"

Raising chickens, making jam, as occupations, seem sane; shabby clothes and moral suffering have neither dimmed the beauty nor the power of such souls; and poverty, disappointments, sorrows and humiliations have served only as steps up which these people climb to higher spheres. An example to his compatriots which many of them follow and all of them admire, stands the commanding figure of their great leader, the grand duke. Now as in old days, he is the Russian Eagle, symbol of the best their nation could produce.

PIERCE

A very trim and smart model is this latest Pierce-Arrow Four-Passenger Touring Car—with a look of fleetness like a bird just on the point of taking wing. Especially strong is its appeal to the man or the woman who delights in controlling the power of an engine so perfect in its action as the Dual-Valve Six.

Passengers, too, find much to win approval. Center arm rests, for example, convert each seat into two individual, easy chairs, beautifully upholstered in dull black, hand-buffed leather and deeply cushioned.

The gracefully arched top is of the clear-vision type. No bows obstruct the vision. Too, it has the insulating air chamber for which you are thankful on hot summer days.

Throughout the car you will find that thoughtfulness for the comfort and convenience of driver and passenger alike that is so definitely a part of Pierce-Arrow practice.

This and other late creations in Pierce-Arrow open cars are now being exhibited by Pierce-Arrow dealers. It is always a pleasure to arrange for a visit of inspection and a demonstration. Only your request is needed.

Open Cars $5250 - Closed Cars $7000

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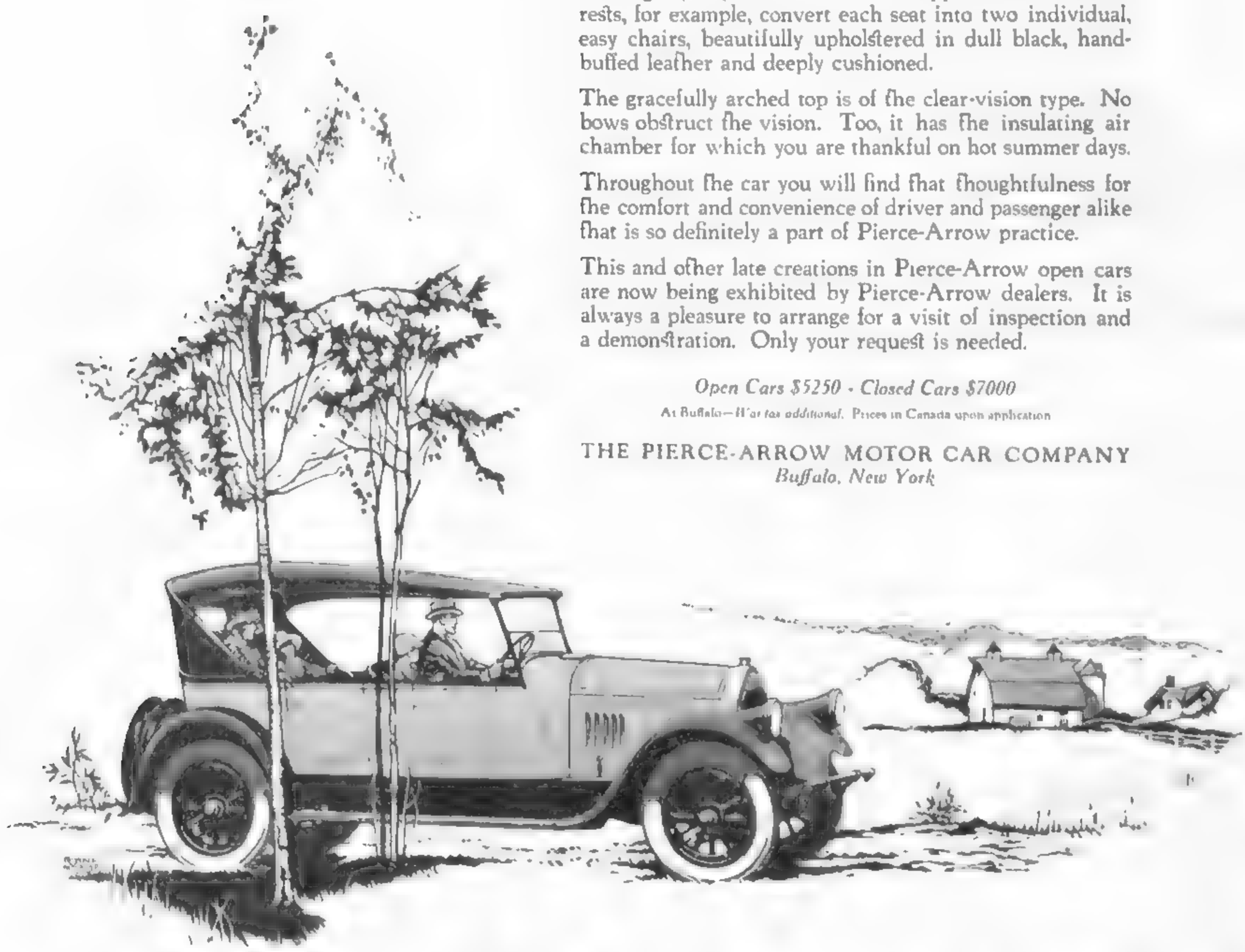


ARROW

Watch This Column

London's "The Abysmal Brute"

UNIVERSAL has produced in picture form Jack London's sensational novel "The Abysmal Brute," which created such a thrill when it was first published. The picture, in my estimation, with REGINALD DENNY in the title role, will pass as one of the year's best.

REGINALD DENNY in "THE ABYSMAL BRUTE"

I wish you would make it a point to see "The Abysmal Brute," then write me a personal letter and tell me what you think of the way UNIVERSAL has handled it—how the acting, groupings, settings and photography impress you. I am trying to please you all and that's why I ask for comment and opinion.

• • •

Associated with REGINALD DENNY are Mabel Julienne Scott, Hayden Stevenson and Buddie Messinger, who played the mischievous kid in "The Flirt." Hobart Henley, who made the last named picture and "The Flame of Life," also directed "The Abysmal Brute."

• • •

We are preparing many pictures at UNIVERSAL to entertain, amuse and thrill you and it will pay you, I think, to keep an eye open for UNIVERSAL offerings, and mention forthcoming pictures to the manager of your favorite theatre. Remember—that you *can't* see all that is good in pictures unless you see UNIVERSALS.

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

CONSTRUCTION

(Continued from Page 34)

A pin-connected bowstring truss is as much of a bridge with a gap in its lower chord as a dinner is a square meal without anything to eat.

Conway reached for the coal-oil lantern hanging against the center pole of the tent.

"Let's look around and size up our grief," he said quietly. "That bar is there or it isn't there. If it isn't there somebody eased it over the bank into the deep drink against the bluff."

"Bridge metal hasn't any airplane blood in it," Spike Westlaw interposed. "If 7-L isn't there, it's a cinch it didn't fly away."

In the night the trio detoured long enough to accumulate a third lantern and then up the ladder against the sheer face of the south abutment and over the swinging planks of the runway they trotted to confirm Mule Shannon's bad news.

In the storage yard, piled on skids in regular order, waiting for the moment when they might be incorporated into the fabric of the bridge, rested the steel members of the growing structure. In a space apart from the more bulky compression members, packed solidly on a level bed of timber skids, were the chord bars from which 7-L was missing.

It was the work of a moment to check the material. Conway completed his personal inventory and straightened up. He drew a deep breath and looked toward Westlaw.

"She's gone, Spike," he said.

"She's been kidnaped is what you mean. That hick surveyor is working heavy for your village blacksmith. I'm all for roping him with a handline and dropping him over the bluff after 7-L." In the lantern light he stooped down and inspected a curling sliver of graphite paint on the end of one of the skids. "This might happen any place. Come on over to the edge of the bluff and I'll show you something I found that's got a human crook behind it."

He led the way to a point on the rocky cliff from where, seventy feet below them, they saw the shadowed surface of the eddying pool, wide and deep, into which the diminished flow of Rock River rippled from its upstream source.

Westlaw stooped down on the weathered rock at the extreme edge of the rocky cliff.

"Graphite paint gets scraped off by timber skids all right, but what the hell business has it got over here?"

With a yellow lead pencil he pointed at two or three broken patches of black paint which might have been scraped from a sliding bar of metal. Conway, on hands and knees, looked closely at the evidence before him, and then, satisfied, he got to his feet.

"Something went over the bank, that's a cinch," he affirmed. "It's a million to one that 7-L is down there at the bottom of that eddy." After a moment's silence he turned to Mule Shannon. "I know what you're thinking, Mule," he said, "but it wouldn't do any good. We've got trouble enough without being caught with enemy scalps. The first thing to do is to play an ace, if we can find one in the deck. Seven-L is in the deep drink and it don't look like a grappling job to me."

"It's no grappling job. In that pile of drift you couldn't find 7-L with a diver's gran'dad," the foreman returned. "The only way I know we can swing the span is to get another chord bar or hold her with cable."

"No cable," Westlaw objected. "In the first place it's risky, and in the second place it wouldn't work, because your lower chord is packed too tight. In the third place, short of bribery, you'd never get an acceptance. Cap called the turn a minute ago when he spoke about playing an ace." He turned to Conway. "See if I'm right. Long-distance telephone to the Universal people at San Francisco for a standard eyebar, inch and a half by eight, bored for six-inch pins on twenty-foot centers. Cost you heavy to bring it up here with one of those San Francisco flyers, but if you don't get it sudden—delays and penalties. Roll your own!"

"You're right forty ways." Conway's decision followed quickly upon the recital of Westlaw's plan. "Get down there and begin jangling the telephone. See if you can get Joe Dillon at his residence in San Francisco. As long as he's president of the Universal Shipyard and a friend of mine he may as well be used. I'll be with you in fifteen minutes."

While Westlaw and Mule Shannon returned to headquarters tent, Conway walked a hundred yards in the opposite direction until, in the deep shadows of the woods at the north end of the bridge, he came upon a little cabin wherein, with half a dozen basket-weaving members of his family, lived the ancient Indian guardian of the local section of Rock River. In the open space before the doorway Conway kicked a half dozen yelping dogs out of his way and then to the tumult about him he added his own voice.

"Ho, Slow Wolf! Come out here! Bridge man talk you!"

A ragged canvas curtain hanging across the open door of the cabin was pulled aside and into the yellow lantern light old Slow Wolf thrust his head. His eyes blinked with each word of his reply to Conway's summons.

"What you want?"

"You come outside. I makum talk you. Tomorrow I tell bridge cook give you three pounds sugar, two pounds coffee."

The ancient denizen of the hill country came out and stood facing whatever inquisition might await him. Coffee and sugar were not everyday incidents with old Slow Wolf.

In the Indian's hand was the staff of a salmon spear, and the steel spearhead, sharpened and polished, gleamed in the lantern light. Conway got all the picture in a glance, and then, "I boss bridge," he said. "You know me, Slow Wolf. Long time bridge iron lay on river bank. By and by makum bridge. Need every piece iron. Tonight my chief man tell me one iron piece gone. Heavy piece. Three spears long. No fly like bird. Some man throw him into big eddy. No swim like fish. Sink. Now maybe spoil bridge. What you know?"

Slow Wolf shifted his salmon spear to his left hand to afford himself leeway for whatever impromptu gestures might be necessary to his oration.

"Long time old Injun live here. High water, low water. No man steal. This night I go down see how much water in river. I see lazy young man, no work for you, all time stand still where you work. He take iron bar, all same gun. Lift big piece iron for bridge little bit. Lift little bit more. Lift again little bit more. Ten minutes lift iron over high rock. Iron fall in river. Sound like big fish jump. Lazy young man go away."

To himself Conway interpreted Slow Wolf's story, confirming his suspicion of the manner in which the chord bar had been shifted to the depths of the big eddy. His lips tightened for a moment and the muscles of his jaw bunched hard beneath his tanned skin. Then his look softened with the passing of his wrath and he spoke evenly to the old Indian.

"Thank you, Slow Wolf. Tomorrow you tell camp cook give you sugar and coffee."

Slow Wolf grunted his appreciation.

"This winter eat big. Plenty sugar. Plenty coffee. Killum one bear. Killum five deer. Next week plenty salmon fish come in big flood."

Conway, who had turned away from the speaker, arrested his departure at the latter's concluding words.

"What you say—big flood?" he asked quickly.

"Big flood. Injun know. Black sky. Wind with night moon. Rain come maybe two days. Big water next week."

"Slow Wolf, tell me sure—you think flood?"

The earnestness of Conway's question impressed the Indian.

"Flood come sure. Long time live here. Slow Wolf old man now; he know."

Under this new burden of apprehension which had been added to his existing cargo of trouble, Conway walked heavily down the slope to the north approach of the bridge and crossed on the falsework to the south abutment. With the lantern swung in the crook of his left arm, he clambered down the long ladder and turned directly toward headquarters tent.

In the tent, swearing heartily at the telephone service, he found his companion. His entrance interrupted Westlaw's profane eloquence.

"More trouble," Conway announced. "The old Siwash up the bank there is getting his salmon spears rigged. From what he says we're due for a flood next week. I don't believe in homemade weather prophets; but these birds call the turn most of the time, because their grub depends on it. What's the dope on the long-distance stuff?"

"San Francisco is working on the call. Everybody along the line is jazzed up and we ought to get action in another ten minutes. That flood stuff sounds like plenty too much bitter woe."

"Plenty, plenty and double. If this blasted span was our first objective I'd be fed up now. It isn't. We're building the Rabble Engineers along with the bridge and we're getting away with it. A little more grief ——"

Conway's words were broken by the jangling of the telephone bell. Westlaw answered the call. He turned to Conway and handed him the instrument.

"Here's Dillon! Luck, I calls it!"

In less than a hundred words Conway communicated the pertinent elements of his problem.

"We're short one eyebar on the Rock River Bridge, inch and a half by eight, six-inch pins on twenty-foot centers. Rush one through the shop for me tomorrow and send it up here on an express plane. Straightaway landing in a triangular pasture a mile south of the bridge. There's a flood coming—can you hear me? Flood water due next week and I've got less than half the steel in the air."

Over the wire from San Francisco came the encouraging reply from the king of the Universal Shipyard.

"Cheer up! Inch and a half by eight, wid six-inch holes on twinty-foot centers. Got you! You've got right of way in the forge shop. Turn it out tomor-r-r. Watch f'r the highflyer tomor-r-r evenin'."

"Grand work, Joe! I'm leaning on you. Tell the airman there'll be a signal fire at each corner of the field. I owe you six quarts of blood. Good-by!"

Conway hung up the telephone receiver. He turned to Westlaw and Mule Shannon, who had resumed their normal breathing.

"You heard it all," he said. "Nothing succeeds like having a king for your friend." He addressed himself directly to his steel man. "Mule, spot the traveler over the two panels south of center tomorrow morning. Seven-L has a twin brother due in late tomorrow afternoon. Now get to hell to bed and let me do all the worrying."

Saving himself as best he could for whatever battle might be coming on the crest of the flooding waters, Conway confined his worrying to the business of seeing how quickly he could get to sleep.

While the temporary master of events was sleeping, far and away to the south, in the dim-vaulted forge shop of the Universal Shipyard, the midnight shadows were splashed by recurring cascades of incandescent sparks exploding from the battered bulk of parent metal shrieking its protest at the ordeal of fire. Routed ahead of all the marching work, still hot from the battering hammers when it was clamped on the bed of the boring mill, the eyebar for the Rock River Bridge enjoyed precedence bought with the golden coin of friendship.

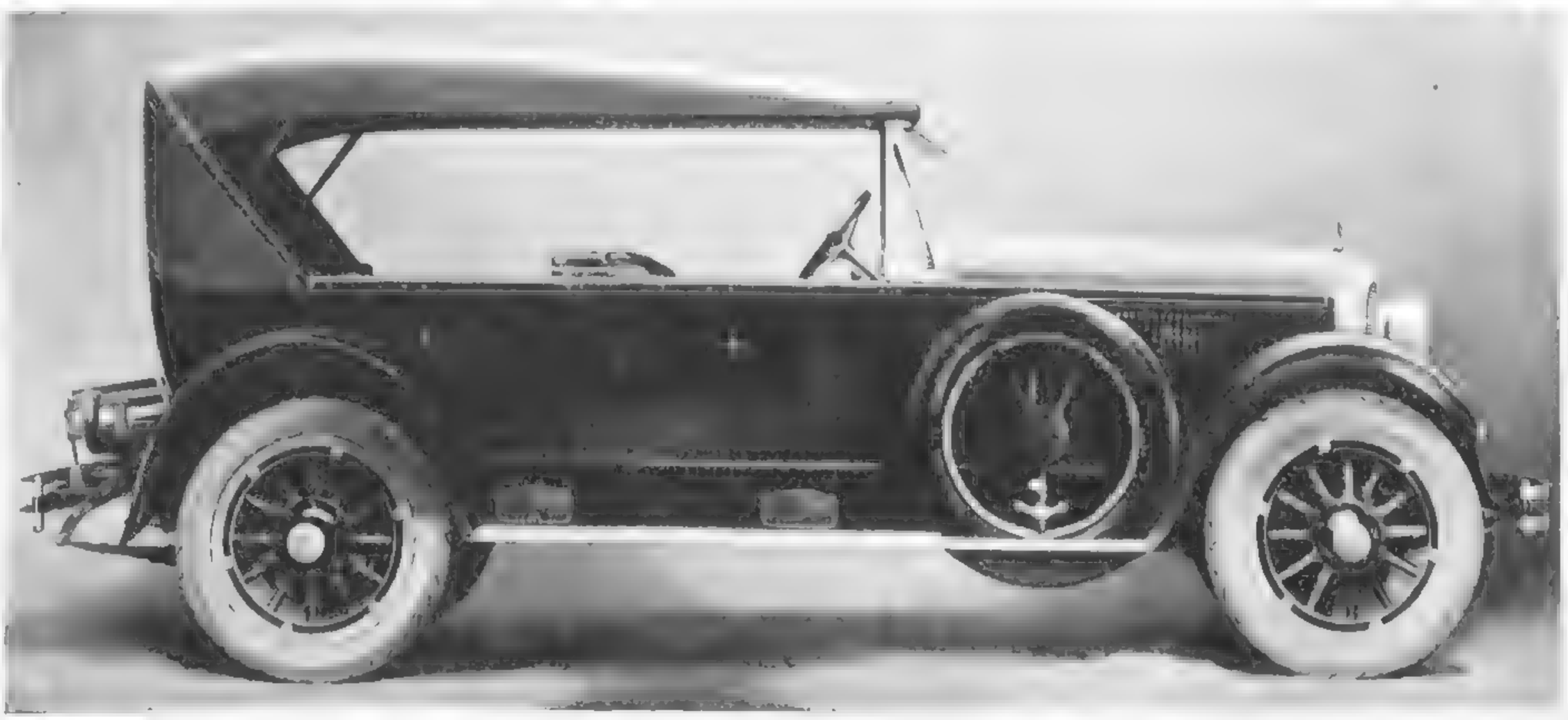
Late in the afternoon, after the eyebar had been hauled out of the annealing furnace, a bombing plane, rising from the Marina against San Francisco Bay, started north with 7-L.

Three hours later the roar of the plane, a half mile in the air, beat down through the evening sunlight flooding the territory about the Rock River Bridge. The flyer, circling in a wide spiral, came down to where he caught the signals of the waiting crew; and ten minutes later, bumping its way across the open pasture on the bench land south of the bridge, the plane, surrounded by an eager reception committee, rested from its journey.

Seven-L, cut from the lashings of its riding position, was slung from half a dozen timber hooks in the hands of a dozen marching members of the bridge crew, and while it was on the short leg of its journey to the job Conway handed the keys of Rabble City to the flyer.

"Boy, you sure saved our life! There's a flood coming and you can't build a bridge unless you have all the metal. Come on over to my tent and get yourself rested up for supper."

(Continued on Page 54)

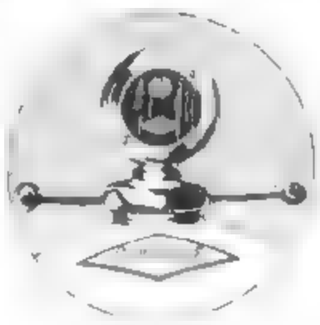


Our Ideal Paige Ideally Equipped

THE pictures tell the story of Paige equipment. Everything that could add to comfort, convenience and beauty is a part of the Paige 6-70. Costing far less than if bought separately, they give you harmonious completeness.

Matching this perfection of appointments, there is not a piece of imitation leather in the entire car; body construction is made squeak proof with strips of patent leather, keeping metal from touching wood or metal.

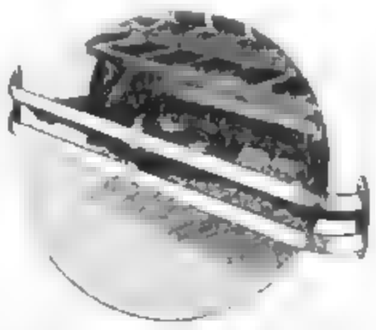
Ideally quiet power; the same famed performance as in the Paige past; handling ease delightful to the frailest woman; workmanship of closest practicable accuracy. All priced as only Paige could price a car of highest quality—because big volume on the Paige-built Jewett reduces overhead per car by hundreds of dollars.



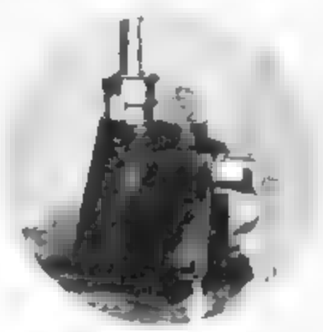
1 Deluxe motometer, nickel-plated, locks into radiator.

2 Automatic windshield wiper, rear view mirror and sun visor

3 Walnut steering wheel with walnut spokes, finger-type spark and throttle control



4 Double bar spring bumpers, front and rear, nickel-plated.



5 Lock built into transmission reduces insurance rate.

6 Automatic stop-light, mounted in combination with tail-light.

7 Walnut instrument board, with all dials beneath a single glass panel

8 Folding luggage rack and aluminum body-guard rails.

Other equipment not pictured: two extra cord tires, tubes, rims and covers mounted forward, one each side with lock. Snubbers front and rear. Power tire pump; electric cigar lighter; enclosed cars have heater and safety stop-lights.

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PAIGE

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Write for "The Night Is Short" It's FREE!

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
Dept. 41, Dubuque, Iowa

(Continued from Page 52)

The flyer, busy with the carbon on the terminals of a spark plug, smiled and shook his head.

"Thanks just the same; I've got to get back. There's a poker game in my quarters at the Presidio tonight and I don't want to miss the finish." He held out his hand to Conway. "And forget that freight-bill stuff. This is an Army plane—on an official test. I could have you pinched for offering money to an officer. Joe Dalton told me all about you, Cap, so we'll charge this to the unpaid obligations of the A. E. F. I'm broke glad if the old wagon has done you any good. Give us a ring when you hit town—Lieutenant Wallace, Presidio."

Five minutes thereafter, a thousand feet in the air, he waved his farewell to the Rabble crew.

Before the bugler blew work call next morning Mule Shannon orated briefly into the ears of the erection crew.

"Five panels to go," he said, "and a dirty lift with the batter posts before we can wreck the traveler. This ain't no hand-line job. Slips don't count. When flood water hits that gravel flat the falsework settles a mile. Unless we pin this span damn sudden pay day'll find the Rabble in hell with its back broke."

At noon that day, under new metal, the portable air compressor and its pompous reservoir moved back another forty feet along the line of the structure.

"All I ask is one more day, Cap." Mule Shannon renewed the pledge of his skill to his chief. "All I ask is one more dry day. I'll get the transverse stuff and the light diagonals spotted and tuned up tonight. Tomorrow afternoon, unless that falsework settles, we pins the son of a gun."

Conway shook his head savagely. The tension of the waiting game had begun to write its record in his eyes.

"Get a lot of blocking ready, Mule—blocking and wedges. It's raining in the hills. The flood water is less than twenty hours away. You'd better get a saw crew on the falsework sway bracing tonight. Cut all the longitudinals on the downstream side. Rig some slings on the downstream posts and bridle 'em in four or five places. It will be hard enough to get that falsework out without having it kick up and foul the span. No matter how we rig it, if there's any drift riding that flood we'll have to shoot it if it piles up, and you've got to be in the clear with your last lift. That's the hell of these gantry travelers riding the falsework. Get out and go to it! I'll relieve you at midnight."

Before the night had passed the dark skies above the upstream hills flooded the wide domain beneath them with the stored waters of their wrath. Rivulets in rock gulleys met in their journey toward the central channel, but for a while the dry ground drank the liquid contributions of the clouds. Then, saturated by an inch of rainfall, all the surface of the local earth shed the superfluous water; and presently the upper tributaries of Rock River began to echo the chatter of the gossip of rolling pebbles and the rumble of the deeper notes of the conflict between the battering currents and the reluctant bowlders in the river bed.

At noon, into the slow whirl of the eddying waters in the deep pool above the bridge, came the first leaf-stained currents that heralded the flood.

By one o'clock a bright redwood sliver which had been stuck in the gentle slope of a little sand bar at the edge of the rippled water was a foot from the margin of the stream, while on a temporary gauge notched in inches, a two-inch rise in the water level was recorded.

At three o'clock, with the gantry traveler spotted over the last two panels of the span, while the batter posts and portal bracing were being moved toward the dangling slings, the waters of Rock River, freighted with the hue of their suspended sediment, changed from brown to yellow, and in half an hour the first lift of the flood water was whirling above the mud sills of the falsework.

"Spike those bridles in place so they won't slip up the posts!" Conway called to the crew working up to their waists in water on the gravel flat below. "Take two turns and clamp 'em short!"

When the bridles, whose later function was to drag the falsework out from under the span, had been set in place, every man of the Rabble crew not sweating in the arduous emergency work about the towering traveler began his bit of destruction on the falsework bracing, to enable the complex trestle structure to collapse as an integral whole in obedience to Conway's program, instead of kicking up under the force of the current with the attendant danger of wrecking the steel structure which it had carried.

In the gathering darkness of five o'clock, from the little group about the connection between batter post and the lower chord bars of the upstream truss, a yell reached Conway where he nested high above in the intersection of two severed braces of the swaying traveler.

Mule Shannon, leaning out over the edge of the south abutment, lashed in the cradle of a half-inch hand line, had won his victory over the last stubborn pin connecting the packed chord bars and the batter post. He stepped to a position in the portal of the span and shook himself free of the mesh of safety lines about his waist. He looked aloft and called again to Conway.

"Safe home, Cap!" he exulted. "Wreck the old giraffe whenever you're ready!"

Conway, busy with an intricate emergency system of slipknots on the transverse ties of the traveler, waved a highball in reply; and five minutes later, with the confining timbers severed and the symmetrical halves of the traveler structure held only by the slip hitches he had fashioned, he made fast a hand line and climbed down to the deck of the bridge. Mule Shannon met him.

"Snatch block is rigged, Cap." The steel foreman turned to one of the Rabble standing beside him. "Bend on another hand line and reeve it through that snatch block." He raised his voice and called an order to the crew. "Get to hell back till the old giraffe takes her dive!" He spoke quietly to Conway, standing beside him. "Get in the clear, Cap. I'll pull the trigger on this traveler; no telling which way she'll buck."

And then, when Conway and the timber men and the erection crew were safely in the clear, Mule Shannon dragged heavily on the trigger line running through the snatch block and aloft to the lashings which had supplanted the transverse beams of the gantry traveler.

The slipknots on all three bents of the traveler, bridled to a common sling, loosened and it seemed to the watching crew that the towering structure poised in a long moment of farewell before the disintegrating movement of its diving flight could be observed. The arcs of destruction, followed by the two halves of the wrecked traveler, ended in the boiling eddies of the hungry river far below; and then, before the traveler's dive was fairly done, the swarming crew were back at the more difficult job of wrecking the falsework.

"Watch your step!" Conway called to his crew. "Everything's rotten loose underneath, and with that traveler drift on the upstream side she's apt to go sudden."

There followed a clatter of hammers and sledges and mauls falling on the blocking and wedges under the steel floor beams. In ten minutes the last blocking was out, and at Mule Shannon's signal from the deck of the bridge, trailing their steel cables to the bridges on the falsework posts, now deep under the surface of the flooding stream, five raftlike sea anchors of heavy timber were launched into the drag of the racing currents. One by one they bowed to the might of the flowing stream; and then, in a crash of splintering timbers and shrieking bolts, the Rock River span hung clear of the wrecked falsework which had borne it to these first moments of its life as a living bridge.

Now, with Westlaw and Mule Shannon beside him, trailed by the howling Rabble mob whose yells of exultation shook a cloudburst loose from the low-hanging clouds of late evening, Conway led a route-step march of triumph to the far end of the north approach. Midway of the span on the return journey he faced about and held up his hand. Into the resultant silence he lifted his voice.

"Rabble," he said, "all I know is dictionary words, and they're no good for what I want to say. You've won another fight. There's ten cases of dynamite under the bed in my tent. Open 'em up. She ought to be good dynamite, because she aged in the wood over twenty years. I'll be with you a million in a half hour. Try not to stay too damned sober. Dismissed!"

The Rock River Bridge got its first strenuous test in the battering rhythm of the stampede which followed Conway's words.

In an hour, high above the roar of the waters, there swelled an incoherent chorus whose members, with eyes tightly shut, threaded the old familiar trails of memory that drifted down from the first days of their companionship in the A. E. F.

Across the table from Conway in headquarters tent, Westlaw and his chief postponed their participation in the general celebration long enough to run off an estimate of the loose ends of the program that were yet to be tied up.

"They'll begin to get sober by noon tomorrow," Conway offered. "The riveting will keep three crews busy for another five days. You'd better double up the paint gang if you can do it without robbing the deck crew. Load your handrail paint with gasoline and you can follow close with your second coat. We ought to get out of here with an acceptance by the twenty-second at the latest."

"That's figuring mighty close," Westlaw returned.

"That's the way we figure. We outguessed the flood less than an hour. Let's take the old Indian prophet a sack of sugar and then do what we can to help the Rabble in their battle with that hundred-proof dynamite."

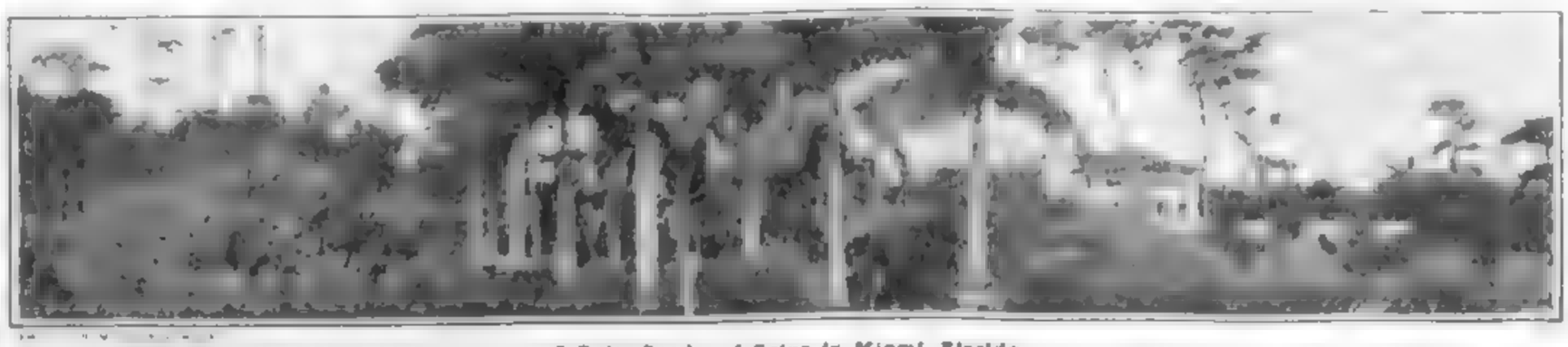
"Them's orders," Westlaw agreed. "Let's go!"

The engineer and the village blacksmith, judge of the county court, writhing in the steel clutch of cold facts, signed the acceptance of the finished work on the evening of the twenty-fifth. Two days later, addressing the Rabble, who had assembled under orders in the Cuckoo's Nest, Conway opened the gates to two roads stretching into the Rabble's future.

"You've been under orders for a long time and now I crave to do the listening. There's a bunch of bridges in the state that haven't all the grief you found in the Rock River job. There's lots of road work and it looks as if there would be plenty of construction money spent next season. You know the rewards and the penalties, the grief and the wages, both good and bad. Do you want me to figure some more work for us, or shall we call it a day with this one job? I want my orders."

Intense, spontaneous and in one voice the Rabble expressed their orders. Conway bowed his head in answer to the explosive statement of the Rabble's desires. He turned to Spike Westlaw, beside him.

"Spike," he yelled, "they're builders! They lifted the Rock River span out of the yellow flood and, damn me, they lifted themselves with it!"



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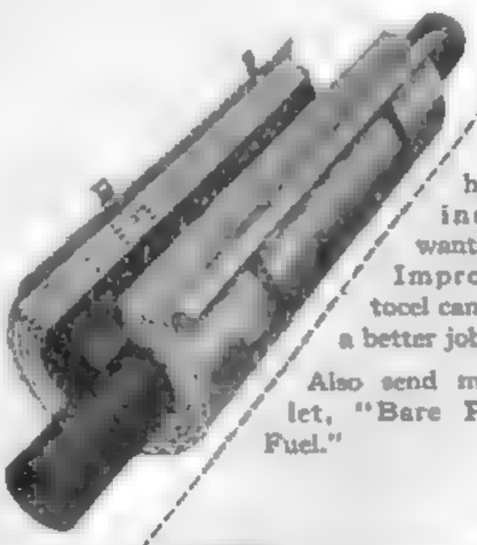

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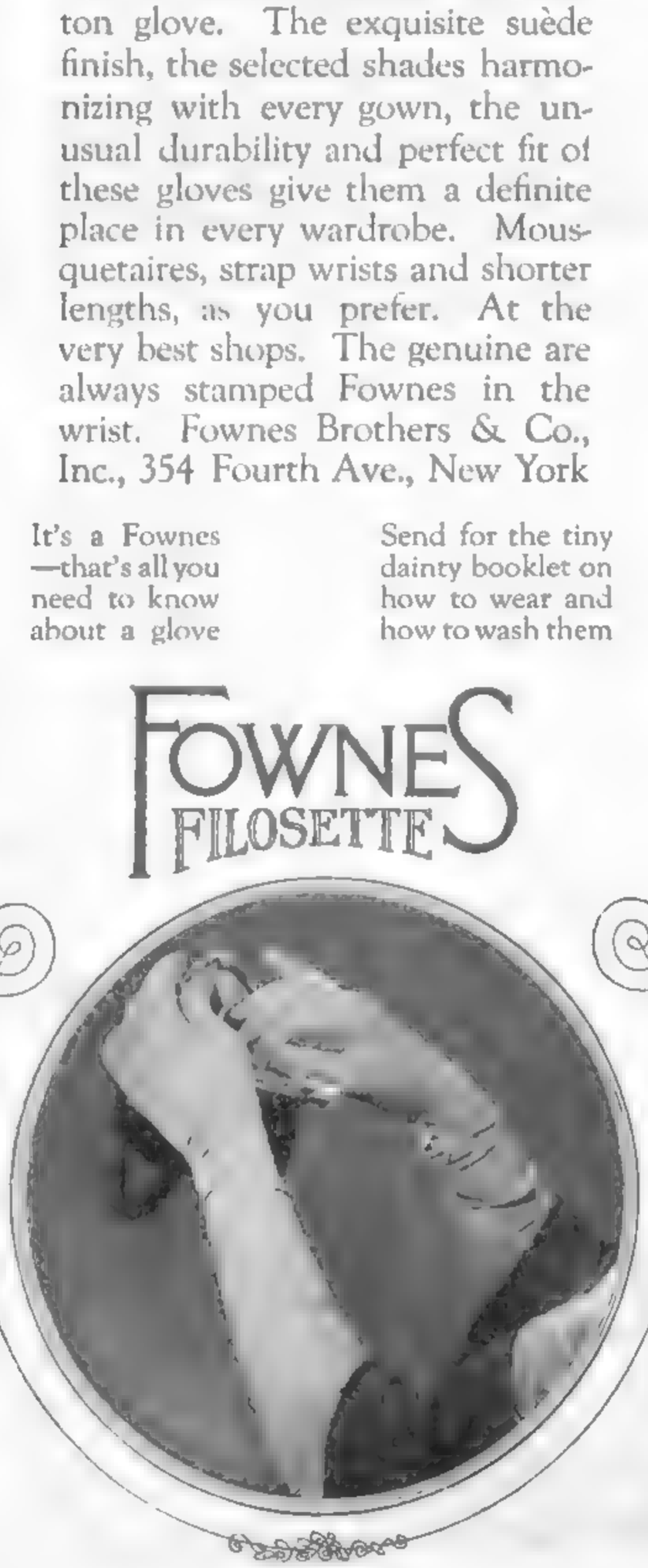

THE NURSERY GOVERNESS

(Continued from Page 16)

the point of madness. And then the lights went out. She stumbled forward and found her own bunk.

"Elsie!" she called. "Elsie! Mother's here!"

"Yes!" came Elsie's voice. "Is the ship going down?"

"I don't know," said the nursery governess. "But you're not, darling. Come to me."

The decks under her feet were changing their level; she stumbled and staggered, holding on to what she could reach. The door of a near-by cabin was jammed and its doomed occupants were screaming rendingly. She groped and hauled her way to the companion, carrying Elsie, and so came forth to the turmoil, noise and darkness of the deck. A slash of chill rain stung her and she held the child closer.

Men were laboring at the other end of the upward slope of the fore deck; men were fighting and screaming; and a shot sounded. Then words she could recognize: "The boats! Don't leave us! The boats!"

"Now, Elsie! Hold mother tight!"

With difficulty she trod her way up the slope of the deck plates, steepening as the old Brigida dug her nose down as if nuzzling for the sea floor. She came to the edge of the jam that boiled and frothed under a boat. She tottered as the ship moved on the swell and fell against a thrusting, gasping man. He swung an arm at her in maniac desperation and the blow took her on the neck and knocked her under the feet of another man, who kicked her aside. She slid down and came to a stop against the hatch. Pain and darkness swept over her.

"Elsie!" she breathed, and strove to rise.

There was no answer and her arms were empty. It was like the cut of the whip that stings a worn horse to the effort that breaks him. She all but sprang up, courageous, indomitable to the last. But her body failed her and it was on hands and knees that she crawled back to the battle.

"Elsie! Elsie! Mother's here!"

Her thin voice fought with the clamor. She paused and listened. The answer came—Elsie crying in the dark. A second later her arms were full and her heart was sending up its anthem to God for His unfailing and undeserved goodness to her. She could stand now; there are some burdens that lighten their bearer.

"Hold tight this time," she warned. "Tight, tight, baby!"

And the nursery governess went forward.

Perhaps there were less people about the rail now; perhaps the more dangerous ones had fought their way over. And then again, in all that shipload of nondescript there was at that moment assuredly no one more dangerous than she. Twice again she was struck, and then she was at the rail, and the heaped boat rose upon a surge to the level of the deck.

"Take her!" she screamed to it.

Hands came out and the child was lifted from her. She saw the shape of her drawn back into the mass of those that filled the craft. The boat shoved off and went plunging into the darkness. She left the rail and clawed her way to the ladder by which Elsie had been turned down from the promenade deck. And there, while the last boats went, she found herself a seat that was still firm upon the slope of the deck and fell asleep in the rain.

The dawn woke her, chilled to the bone, stiff and aching from her bruises. The old ship had ceased to up-end; the engine-room bulkhead had made up its mind to hold. Holding to the rail, she let herself down the planking to the break of the promenade deck and looked forward to where the water swelled to and fro across the scene of her last night's battle. Her eyes wandered; then fixed in a stare. Directly below her where she leaned a small shape was huddled in the space between the foot of the ladder and the bulwarks.

"Elsie!" she gasped. "I'm mad! I'm mad!"

Then Elsie turned her head and lifted a small face pinched with cold. The nursery governess fell down the last half of the ladder. She discovered afterwards that she had hurt her knee badly.

"Elsie! I put you in a boat! Who brought you back?"

"I wasn't in a boat," said Elsie feebly. "When you fell down a man pulled me over here and told me to keep quiet. I'm very cold."

"But I put you in a boat! Heavens! Whom did I put in a boat, then? It was dark. It was that other child!"

She stared at Elsie and the child began to whimper. The nursery governess pulled herself together.

"Come, baby, we'll go up here. We shan't annoy anybody now."

There were plenty of dry cabins along the promenade deck to dry and rub down Elsie. There was food, too, in abundance. And afterwards, wrapped in blankets, they went forth to the foot of the bridge ladder, Elsie to sleep, her mother to soliloquize and keep her vigil.

But it was not till noon that the big German liner, which had picked up some of the boats, came ramping over the horizon, stopped a hundred yards away and sent a lifeboat over. On the after thwart, the swaddled Elsie in her lap, Mrs. Willing looked up the towering side of the big ship to the rail with its ribbon of staring faces. A bearded officer was at the foot of the accommodation ladder to help her up; a tall quartermaster took Elsie, and thus they came to the deck where stewardesses and doctor awaited them. Kindly hands were ready to take them below, when there sounded a shriek.

"I will! I will! She saved my baby! She saved ——"

A small whirlwind of woman hurled itself at the nursery governess, hugging, weeping, babbling. A tall man came behind her and drew her away.

"Presently," he said gently. "They need rest and attention first." To the doctor he added, "Anything they need or would like, of course. Anything in the world!"

Elsie was going below in the arms of a stewardess. The nursery governess took one step to follow, and halted.

"I don't want anything, thanks," she said. "Except ——"

"Yes?"

"You—you won't be wanting a nursery governess to look after your little girl, I suppose? I—I can give excellent references."

He looked at her steadily for a pair of moments.

"It's a capital idea," he said. "But I don't need references to prove that you can look after little girls. We'll arrange that when you're rested."

Ten minutes later the nursery governess bent over Elsie and kissed her.

"Listen, baby! Listen! Mother's got a job again!"

Elsie nodded happily.

"Mother's got a job," she repeated.

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Many Glacier Hotel on McDermott Lake in Glacier National Park

Marmon on the job with the Gramm heavy-duty truck — *Painted by Felix Schmidt*

"I know automobiles — so I chose Marmon for my personal car"

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This enthusiasm is invariably expressed in superlatives, but based on facts. All Marmon owners, for instance, praise the achievement of lowered upkeep costs through the nationwide plan of Standardized Service.

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BACK TO THE LAND

(Continued from Page 21)

to death. In the Southern States groves of second-growth loblolly pine are found so often on abandoned farm land, with the rows of corn hills still discernible underfoot, that this tree is called old-field pine. Taking the country over, there are millions of acres—it is impossible to say just how many—which were cleared of their virgin forests, cultivated for a time and then abandoned to whatever wild growth the winds or birds or squirrels may have seeded. New Hampshire is one of the most striking examples. One acre out of every three in that state, at one time in cultivation, has been abandoned and is reverting to forest, brush land or blackberry patches.

In the ten years preceding 1920 the upturning of new plow lands in the South and West increased the total area under cultivation in the United States, but in nineteen states the acreage of improved farm land decreased and in six others it remained almost stationary. This shrinkage in cultivation occurred mostly in old and densely peopled states, where by all the laws of rime or reason the pressure for the productive use of land should be greatest. New England lost 32,000 farms between 1910 and 1920. Some of them doubtless were consolidated in larger holdings; but there was a net decrease during the same period of over 1,000,000 acres under tillage. New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey all lost ground, both in the number of farms and in the area under cultivation.

We have grown up more or less imbued with the pioneer point of view, that the growth of the United States from decade to decade means converting forests into farms; that the farm is the fixed point in land use, while the forest is either a barrier or a temporary encumbrance. On the contrary the process is one of conversion and reversion. Forests give way to farms and farms slip insensibly back into forests.

One of the most absorbing stories in the history of rural America is the ebb and flow of cultivation. The settlement of every new region as the population pushed westward brought new competition into the markets for agricultural products and sooner or later compelled a readjustment of farm boundaries in one or more of the older states.

Moving West

Millions of acres of farm lands in the older communities of the East have been abandoned because they could not compete with the richer soils or kindlier climates of the South and West. The lure of the city, the growth of the manufacturing town, the urge to seek adventure across the plains have all had their part in the abandonment of Eastern farms, where the making of a living at best was hard and close. Sheer accidents have influenced it. The growth rings of the forest trees in New England record the four cold summers following 1812, when a succession of crop failures started one of the early Yankee migrations westward. The passing of the chestnut from our Northeastern woodlands before the deadly blight seems to be the last straw in the struggle for livelihood on many hill farms.

The Civil War had a profound influence upon the shifting tides of American agriculture. Many farms abandoned by men entering the Union or Confederate Armies were never plowed again. And precisely as in the aftermath of the World War, restless men did not return to the old furrows of living, but sought something new and different; often, indeed, a raw homestead in the West. The gold rush of '49 to California, the rush of 1897 to the Yukon, any eventful movement which upset the settled order of humdrum life, has led to the reversion of farm land at some point to woods or scrub or barrens.

Overshadowing all other factors in the migrations of the American farmer has been the lure of new land—free land to be had under the Federal Homestead Law, cheap stump land offered by lumber companies, colonization schemes assuring prodigious returns. Men abandoned the old homestead and sought a new one. As the forests in each new region were leveled the settler crowded upon the heels of the lumberjack. His ranks were swelled by hundreds of thousands of European immigrants, land-hungry folk to whom the raw slashings left by the lumber camps seemed a priceless boon. On the better soils the settler won out. His log shack became a permanent home and the cleared and fruitful fields around it gradually widened. But invariably sheer pioneer energy drove the tiller on to doubtful soils, beyond the limits of successful cultivation, beyond the reach of a practicable market. Ill-considered or unscrupulous promotion schemes took a sad toll from the labor and home-building instinct of soil-bred men. Stump lands have been painfully cleared only to be abandoned after a few heartbreaking years. Other stump lands have waited—and are waiting still—for the markets and transportation essential to economic tillage.

Even in regions where extensive lumbering is comparatively recent, the boundaries of cultivation are dropping back. The lumbering of the Lake States was in its heyday but thirty years ago, and farming is now contracting on the inferior soils of their old pineries. Michigan lost 10,000 farms during the last decade. The Michigan National Forest was created, in no small part, from abandoned homesteads in the jack-pine plains, whose pitiful structures, now half buried in drifted sand, tell a sad story of home building that lost out.

And so, by trial and error, pushing forward from land hunger, giving way to experience, yielding to the distant pull of economic forces, the tide of cultivation ebbs and flows. More forests are bound to be cleared and cultivated, and more plow lands will revert to sod, brush or pine saplings. The tide is on the ebb in many regions. The last census shows that tillage is shrinking in the Eastern and Central States at the rate of 800,000 acres a year.

The Forest Census Today

American agriculture has had a terrific shaking down since the war. Certain of its old foreign markets are lost and others are threatened by South American rivals. Economists tell us that the farmer will settle down to more intensive cultivation of the most fertile and favorably situated land. The drive for scientific farming, the use of better machinery, the very putting of agriculture to a business test of profit and loss—all are tending to concentrate farm capital and labor upon the more productive soils, to throw the poorer and rougher lands into the discard. Acres close to the profit-and-loss line are dropping out. More land is threatened with unemployment, more rural communities with depopulation.

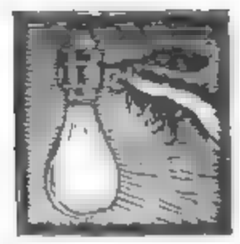
Back to the land! Let us take stock of our forests. What is there today, after three centuries of hewing, burning, and shifting cultivation? We started out with 822,000,000 acres of virgin forest. We have 138,000,000 acres left. We also have something over 113,000,000 acres of small second-growth pulp wood, box lumber, railroad ties and their like. And we muster over 217,000,000 acres of sapling land, stump land, clean burns, brush and abandoned fields, all on soil that once grew timber. If we throw all these sorts together—timber, young trees, stumps, abandoned clearings and everything—one-fourth of our soil may be classed as forest land—nearly an acre for every acre of improved farms.

The location of these forest lands, such as they are, is rather amazing to people who have come to think of the United States as a country of farms and factories. The forest lands are shown on a map on page 60, state by state—black squares showing the proportionate area still in woods or

(Continued on Page 60)

Planted White Pine in Rhode Island. Such Crops are Money-Makers on Inferior Soils

First running-water, then electric lights



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For years you have been able to turn a faucet and get hot water or cold water. You have been able to touch a switch and one or a dozen electric light bulbs responded instantly.

Now comes Hoffman "Controlled Heat" which makes it possible, at a touch of your finger on the radiator-control-valve, to have as much or as little heat, as you want in any room.

You can meet sudden changes in the weather. You can have the nursery 78 degrees, the living room 72 degrees, your bed room 60 degrees. The exact heat you want, where you want it and when you want it—at a touch of your finger.

"Controlled Heat" is vapor heat, which simply means steam operating under very low pressure. Low pressure is another way of saying coal-saving. But "Controlled Heat" is *more* than vapor-heat. It is vapor-heat without any mysteries or complications. It is vapor-heat reduced to perfect simplicity and reliability.

"Controlled Heat" only generates heat as it is needed; and because of the control feature, you never have *more* heat than you want—which means coal saving. Add to that the fact that it operates on low pressure and you can readily appreciate its great economy.

"Controlled Heat" is *clean* heat—no dust or dirt. It is *quick* heat—responds instantly. It is *flexible* heat—can be regulated accurately. It is *economical* heat—no waste or over-heat. It is *simple* heat—nothing to get out of order.

As you plan your new home, talk to your architect and heating contractor. They'll tell you that vapor-heat is the latest development in home-heating. And they'll tell you that Hoffman "Controlled Heat" is the best of all vapor-heats.

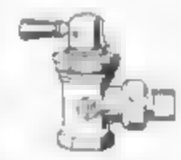
HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
In Canada, CRANE, LIMITED, *branches in principal cities*
NEW YORK LOS ANGELES CHICAGO BOSTON

HOFFMAN
CONTROLLED HEAT

What Controlled Heat is

In Controlled Heat the choice of a boiler, piping and radiators is left to you, your architect and your heating-contractor. There are several manufacturers quite as competent in those fields as we are in ours.

The Hoffman devices which transform what would be an ordinary heating system into "Controlled Heat" are four in number; two valves on each radiator and a valve and a safety device which go in the basement.



The Control Valve (No. 7 Hoffman Modulating Valve) goes on the inlet end of the radiator. A handle, with a pointer, indicates on a dial the amount of steam in the radiator. Working at a touch of the finger, it regulates positively and accurately, the steam in the radiator and therefore the heat in the room.

The Trap (No. 8 Hoffman Return Line Valve) is a Thermostatic valve on the outlet end of the radiator which accurately distinguishes between steam, air and water; keeping every bit of steam in the radiator and passing the air and water into the return pipe.

The Vent Valve (No. 11 Hoffman Vapor Vacuum Valve) goes in the basement on the end of the return line. It is a large valve which vents all the air from the entire system and *keeps* the air out.

The Hoffman Differential Loop is a safety device which goes in the basement. In many ways it is the biggest forward step in vapor-heating. Surely, accurately, and without affecting the rest of the system, it prevents the danger of water leaving the boiler, which means a burned out or cracked boiler. It is simple and never-failing in its faithfulness. Probably it has done more than any one invention to make vapor-heat the ideal heating system.

When offered substitutes for Hoffman equipment remember these two facts: first, the *cheaper* the substitute, the *more* you sacrifice of the comfort and operating economy that Hoffman equipment guarantees; second, no substitutes, *at any price*, can take the place of Hoffman devices.

All of the wonderful comfort, convenience and economy of "Controlled Heat" are dependent upon the *perfection* of Hoffman devices. They are *instruments of precision*, the painstaking work of years on the part of the leading *specialists* in *heat control*. They have made Hoffman "Controlled Heat" the choice of every thoughtful architect, heating-engineer and homebuilder.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc.
Waterbury, Conn.

Please send me the booklet "Controlled Heat."

_____

_____

ATWATER KENT

the World's Highest Grade Ignition, Starting and Lighting

FRANKLIN

ATWATER KENT EQUIPPED

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 58)

once in woods and now untilled. The amazing thing is that the black patches are the largest and thickest in old, well-populated states. On the South Atlantic and the Gulf the proportion of forest land ranges from 45 to 70 per cent. Nearly 40 per cent of the Empire State herself is forest land of all sorts. None of the New England States has less than 40 per cent of forest land, and practically three-fourths of Maine and New Hampshire is still in woods or idle land that was once wooded.

Most of our virgin forests have disappeared, but much of our forest land remains. There it is, right in the way, so to speak. And nearly three-fourths of it is—not in the Far West, not in the rugged Sierras or the Rockies or the green Cascades, but in the teeming Mississippi Valley and the populous states lying eastward to the sea.

While we are taking stock of our forest land a reckoning of our timber supply may not be amiss. The map on page 62 shows where it is, state by state, the virgin timber still uncut and such wood as has regrown itself on old slashings or deserted farms. Looking at the two maps together, there is a striking contrast between where one finds the feet of standing timber and the acres of forest land. The major quantities are reversed, east and west. The bulk of our forest land lies east of the Great Plains; the bulk of our usable wood is between the crest of the Rockies and the Pacific Ocean.

Side by side, these maps tell plainly enough the story of shrinking forests, of sawmills steadily moving westward like threshing machines through ripe wheat fields, of the stripped and unproductive land left behind them. Plainly enough they tell why the United States is facing a shortage of forest-grown materials. Idle land is the direct cause of scanty lumber piles and high-priced news paper. We look for wheat where there are wheat fields and for grapes where there are vineyards. But on much of our forest land we look in vain for timber. It is land without a crop.

The Trek of the Sawmill

Egypt's granaries were filled by seven bounteous harvests before the drought began. Our forest storehouses were filled by centuries of virgin growth before the colonists began to cut them down. For more than 200 years we have lived off these vast storehouses. It is small wonder that at last we are scraping the bottom of the bins. A very large part of the virgin forests of the United States is gone. Only a small part, and the least available part, of the timber wealth which Nature hoarded for the use of this nation is left.

Time was when in every region east of the Mississippi River sawmilling was a local or near-by industry. One hundred or two hundred miles marked the limit of ordinary lumber shipments from mill to user. Then, during the period of rapid expansion in mechanical appliances and large-scale production, the sawmill became the great nomad among American industries. One forest region after another was cleaned up. The sawmill pulled up its stakes and trekked out yonder, seeking fresh supplies of timber west or south. It moved from Maine and New York into the Pennsylvania Alleghanies, then into the pineries of the Great Lakes, then into the piny woods of the South. Now it is again on the march, on its last great migration into the coniferous forests of the Pacific Coast. Two-thirds of all the timber we have left lies west of the Great Plains.

But while the lumber industry is dropping beyond the Rocky Mountains, four-fifths of our population and agriculture and nine-tenths of our manufactures remain east of the Rocky Mountains. Every year the average 6000 feet of timber is manufactured farther away from the farmer or home builder who uses it, and the freight bill on lumber goes up. With every fresh inch of the sawmill lumber has become less a local and cheap commodity and more an imported and dear commodity. Our necessities are now driving us into the most distant stores of virgin timber within the confines of the land. Shortly the day of living upon Nature's hoarded plenty will pass altogether. We must grow what wood we need or go without.

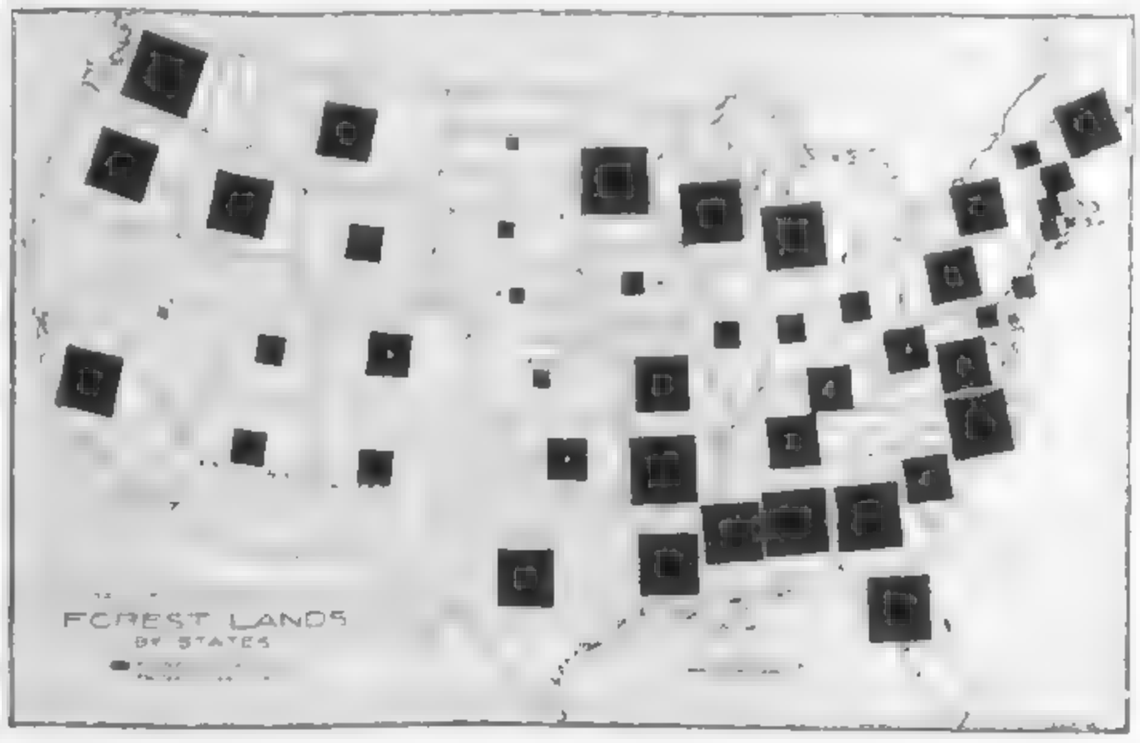
Our Lavish Use of Lumber

The availability of a bulky commodity like timber, in miles and routes of commerce, is more important than the quantity. The vast forests of Siberia will be available to the farmer in the Ohio Valley at famine prices. His complete dependence upon them would be only a degree or two worse than his complete dependence upon the more inaccessible forests of our Western States. In times when a few railroads are congested or a few logging regions have bad weather or labor troubles close down a few lumber camps, we have felt critically the depletion of our virgin forests. We have already felt in enormously increased freight costs the effect of making lumber a specialty product, obtainable in quantity only from a few states in the Far South and the Far West, instead of one freely produced in the thirty-nine or forty states which contain large areas of forest soil.

It takes from twenty-five to fifty years to grow pulp wood for the manufacture of paper. It takes from forty to 100 years to produce the different grades and qualities of lumber. Our timber supply is being replenished somewhat by the ragged and haphazard second growth which has followed logging in certain regions, but at a rate far behind the inroads made every year into our remaining forests. As long as we continue to use timber three or four times as fast as we grow it a shortage of lumber, paper, wooden boxes, barrels and everything else made from the tree is inevitable sooner or later. A timber famine is on the way, not because we have used our forests freely but because we have failed to use millions of acres of our forest-growing land.

Nor can our present use of timber be cut down materially without sacrifices that scarcely could be endured. We use 149 pounds of paper per capita every year; and the American people are not going to do without their magazines and newspapers, their books, or their commercial activities in which paper and other wood-fiber products are necessities. The average well-kept American farm uses 2000 feet of lumber every year, and the country can ill afford to permit its farms to suffer in efficiency and living standards from a restricted use of lumber in rural districts. Nor can the great mass of everyday home builders in the United States, who have had their fill of housing shortages, permit the

(Continued on Page 62)



Burns 400 Gallons of Air to One Gallon of Kerosene

Madam—here are three important reasons why you should insist that the oil stove you buy is equipped with Patented Kerogas Burners.—These burners are on the better brands of oil stoves everywhere.

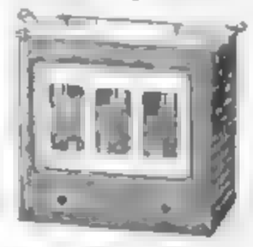
(1) No fuel you can buy is so cheap as kerosene.
(2) Nothing in the wide world is so cheap as air.
(3) No flame for cooking is so efficient as a *gas* flame.

This remarkable Kerogas Burner mixes one part kerosene with 400 parts of air, producing a clean, powerful *gas* flame—just like the flame of a gas range and at oil stove cost. No smoke, no soot, no odor, no waste.

Its convenience will surprise you. You strike a match, you turn a small control wheel, and instantly the Patented Kerogas Burner directs a double flame of gas just where you want it—squarely against the cooking vessel. The merest turn of the hand wheel gives the exact degree of heat you want—a quick fire—a slow fire—an intense or a "simmering" heat. Saves time, costs less, makes good cooking better.

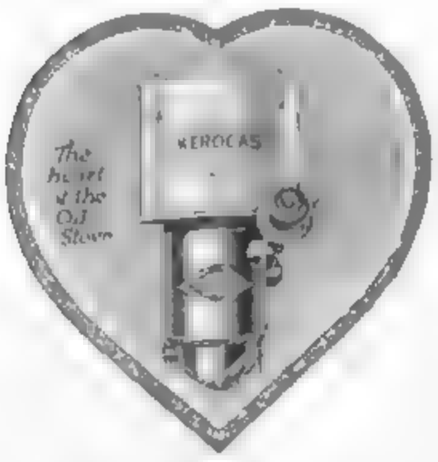
The Patented Kerogas Burner is built from one piece of brass—rust proof, tinker proof. Built to last and satisfy—as long as the stove itself.

The way to know that the stove you buy is a *good* stove: See that its burners bear the trademark KEROGAS.



The KEROGAS Oven for Baking and Roasting

Look for the name "Kerogas" on the oil stove burner



The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. The "Giant" is for use when you want an intense flame quickly. It can be turned down for ordinary use, but is capable of producing the most intense heat. Stoves with "Regular" Kerogas Burners only, also to be had

Manufactured by

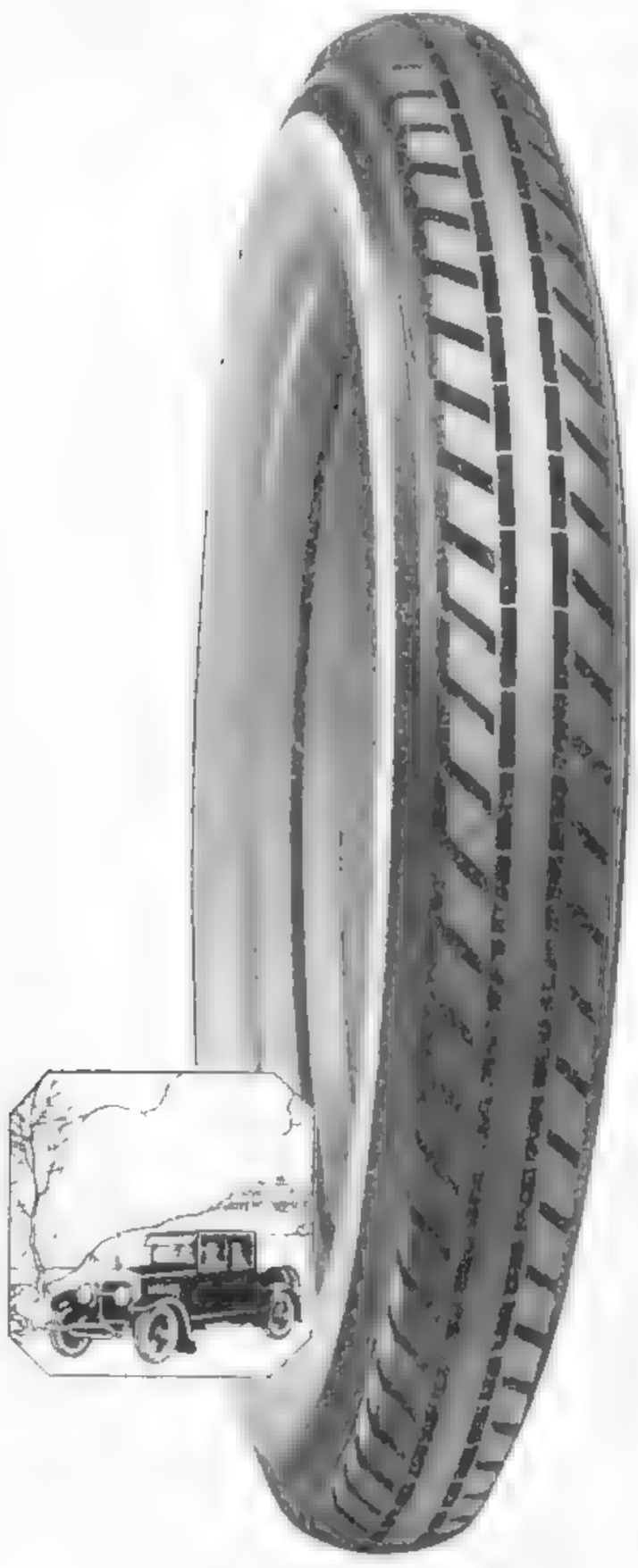
A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO., 1238 First Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges

Dealer's Note: The best jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with the *Kerogas* Burners

THE DIAMOND CORD

—one of the four types of Diamond Tires for passenger and commercial cars



Cord Tire Values

From a user's standpoint, no tire justifies a higher price than the Diamond Cord because no tire excels it in quality and service. Established quality always brings satisfaction, but why pay an unnecessary premium for it?

Sold by Selected Diamond Distributors in sizes 30 x 3½ and up

THE DIAMOND RUBBER COMPANY, INC., *Akron, Ohio*

FOR PASSENGER AND COMMERCIAL VEHICLES

Diamond TIRES

(Continued from Page 60)

most universal of building materials to become steadily scarcer and consequently higher in price.

We consume almost half the world's output of forest products. Liberal use of wood in its many varied forms is just as vital to wholesome living and successful industry in the United States of 1923 as it was in the days of the log cabin and open hearth. Wood is a necessity in mining our coal, in building and equipping our railroads, in constructing and furnishing our homes, in manufacturing many of our staple commodities, in transporting a vast part of our commerce; and it always will be.

We cannot solve the problem of depleted forests by reducing our use of wood down to the stagnant levels of the Old World. We must grow new forests for old, and the means for doing so are at hand. If the idle land of the United States that will grow trees and is not fit or not wanted for tillage is kept steadily at work producing wood, all the needs of the country for forest products can be supplied. Mother Earth will solve the problem for us.

Not only is the growing of timber crops Hobson's choice because there is no other way to supply our future needs for wood; not only will it establish rural industries and communities and hold a virile rural population where agriculture is deficient; but the user of lumber or paper can be supplied by this means at a cost little if any higher than is now being paid for similar products manufactured from the virgin forests.

This is entirely possible by cutting out the excessive costs of transportation, by putting the money which now pays lumber freight bills into growing trees at home.

The User Pays the Freight

Chicago is the greatest lumber market in the world. From 2,000,000,000 to 2,500,000,000 feet of lumber enter Chicago every year.

Thirty years ago this lumber was supplied by the abundant forests of the Central and Lake States, and three dollars a thousand board feet paid the freight on the average lumber shipment into the city. Today, with the great bulk of its lumber coming from the Far South or the Far West, at least thirteen dollars a thousand board feet would be required to pay the average freight bill.

In other words, making lumber an imported rather than a local commodity costs the builders and distributors of Chicago $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 a year, cold cash, in added traffic charges. In ten or fifteen years this sum of money would reforest every acre of idle land within 400 miles of the city.

The average carload of lumber marketed in the United States last year was hauled 485 miles.

Our annual freight bill on lumber has reached $250,000,000 and is climbing every year. The average user of lumber in the United States today pays more in freight charges than he paid thirty years ago on the boards delivered at his door. Many users of general construction lumber pay more for freight than the product is worth at the sawmill where it is manufactured. All the densely populated, industrial states of the East are paying for the importation of lumber from the Gulf Coast or the Far West sums sufficient to reforest all their idle lands within a decade or a decade and a half.

Glance again at the black areas on the map, at the enormous potential forest-growing resources of nearly all the Eastern states.

Once we can make timber culture a national instinct as it is with the French, once we form the habit of sticking in a tree where no other valuable plant will grow, the great bulk of the raw material for lumber, paper and other forest products will be grown right at home, and its cost will be little if any greater it may, indeed, be less—than what we are now paying for similar material shipped to us from sawmills 1000 miles away.

Several development organizations lately asked the Secretary of Agriculture to mobilize his forces upon the problem of how to use the ninety million-odd acres of logged-off lands in the South.

The Secretary has chosen a general staff to direct this campaign. It includes a farm economist, a soil expert, a livestock grower, an expert in the cultivated crops of the South, and a forester. These men must work out an all-round program of rural development based upon the hard facts of supply and demand as well as of soil and climate. They must fit the growing of livestock, the growing of farm crops and the growing of timber into a sane scheme of land use that will keep all the soil profitably employed.

Growing Interest in Forest Culture

One day in the French Landes I fell in with a peasant boy clacking along a smooth forest road in his wooden shoes. I asked this lad of twelve or fourteen all the questions my French could muster about the pine forest we were walking through; how it was seeded and grown and harvested; how its crop of resin was extracted; how its undergrowth of rank ferns was used in fertilizing the farms; how and when it was grazed by the shaggy-coated sheep that we passed.

This farmer's boy knew the forest culture around his home as an American farm-bred boy of the same age would know how to grow corn or potatoes.

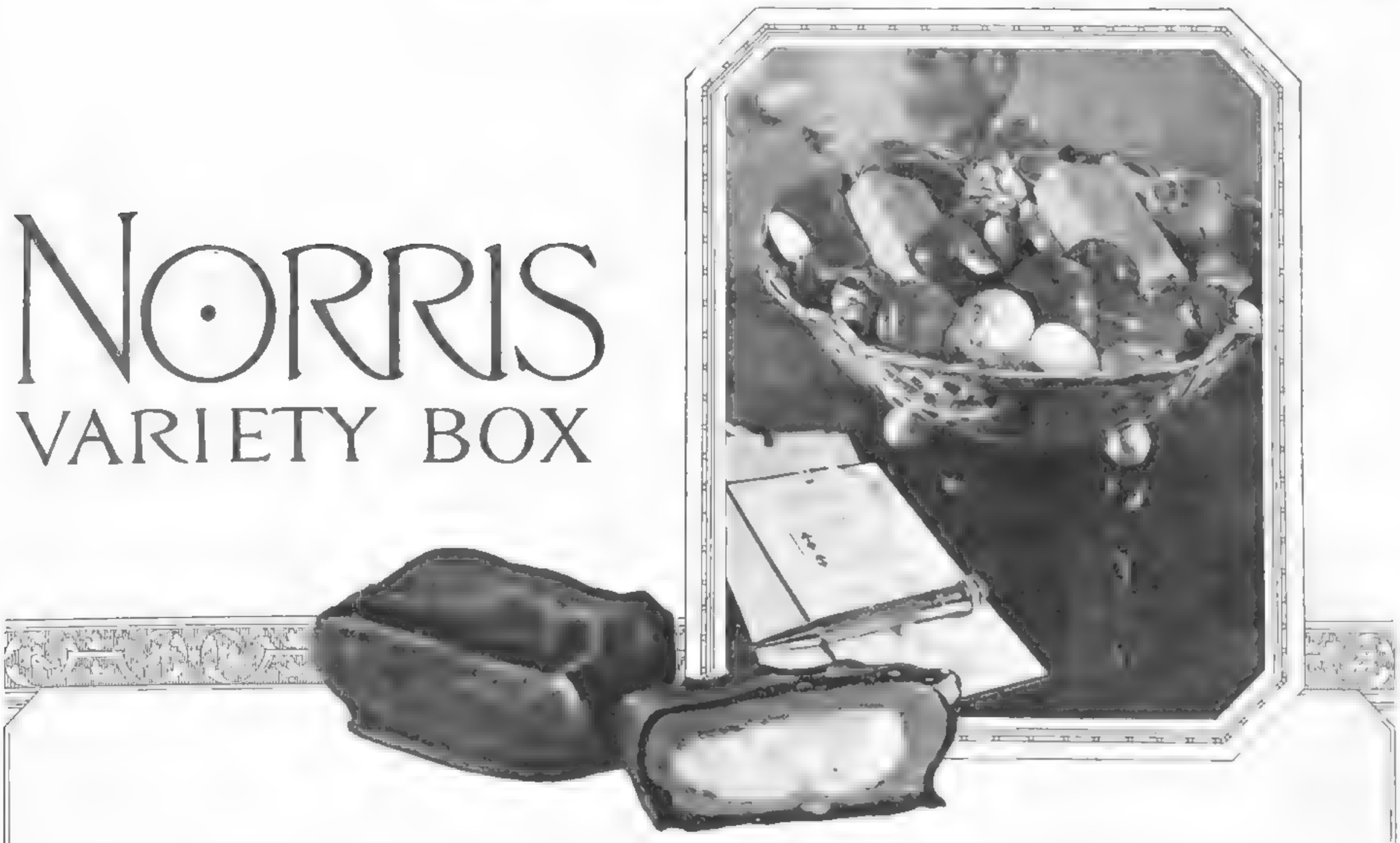
Forestry is part of the farm lore of France. It is part of the land sense of the French people.

These two incidents symbolize the forces which are changing our devil-may-care attitude toward our forest land. Some are working from the top, giving timber growing the same place in agricultural science and public policy as the growing of other crops from the soil. Other forces are working from the bottom, making forestry part of the land sense of the plain people as it is now part of the land sense of the French.

The old order of wasteful, haphazard land use is slowly passing in the United States. A new order of land use is coming about.

This will make a place for timber growing as a real crop, not a chance one. It will make forest culture part and parcel of our land science or land lore, whatever you wish to call it. It will put an end to the national menace of idle land. It will give one-fourth of the soil of the United States something permanent to do. And thereby it will confirm the words of Roosevelt, that the ultimate purpose of forestry is the making of happy homes.

NORRIS VARIETY BOX



Did you ever eat a Chocolate Sirron?

THE name "sirron" was created by Norris to identify a new confection, so original in its composition that no existing name is applicable to it. A chocolate sirron has, first, a cocoanut center; but this cocoanut is not the customary desiccated cocoanut, pressed and evaporated of its natural richness for commercial convenience. Instead, Norris brings whole cocoanuts from San Blas, in Central America, where the world's choicest nuts are grown. Then these rich, full-flavored nuts are hulled and grated in the good old-fashioned way, just for Norris Candies.

The cocoanut center is given a jacket of caramel. Then the whole is dipped in chocolate containing finely chopped pecans. The caramel is made of pure country butter and cream. The selected pecans are shelled in the Norris kitchens to insure freshness. The chocolate is Norris' own.

Thus you have an example of the lavish care that goes into every step in the making of Norris Candies. As someone has said, "trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." If Norris Candies are as perfect as candy connoisseurs affirm them to be, then their perfection is due to that infinite care with which every step in their making is studied to make them *better*.

The Norris Variety Box contains twenty-one different kinds of candies, including the *sirron*, many other original Norris creations, and old favorites made new by the superlative Norris quality.

This box provides a succession of delightful and delectable surprises that invariably elicit the comment, "Well, these *are* different, and better!" So, next time, take her a Norris Variety Box instead of just "a box of candy."

If your dealer hasn't Norris Candies yet, send us $1.50 for a full pound Variety Box, prepaid to all parts of the U.S. Be sure to give dealer's name.

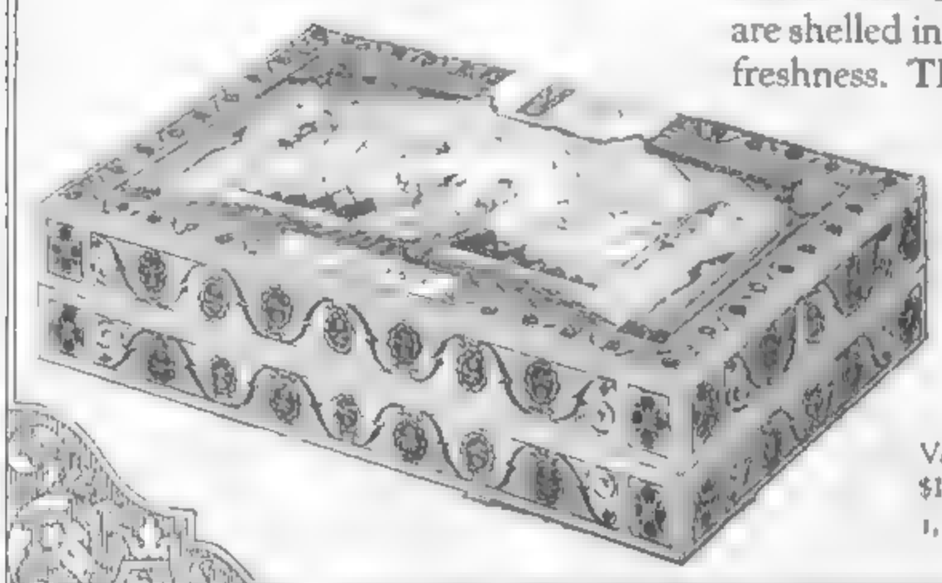
These candies are included in The Variety Box

Chocolate Covered Fruits
- Cherries
- Pineapples
- Raisins
- Coup de Fraise (block tin cup)

Chocolate-Covered Centers
- Almond
- Lemon Rol
- Almond Butter Brittle
- Sirrons
- Almond Truffles
- Marshmallows
- Cream Brazil Nuts
- Brazil Nut Truffles
- Peppermints
- Raspberry Creams
- Maple Walnuts
- Cream Pecans

Caramels
- Vanilla
- Chocolate
- Nut

- Pistachio Nougat
- Sugar Coated Almonds



THE VARIETY BOX
$1 50 per pound
1, 2, 3, and 5 lbs.

USE THIS CONVENIENT COUPON

NORRIS, Inc., ATLANTA, GA.
Enclosed find $1 50 for a 1-lb Variety Box

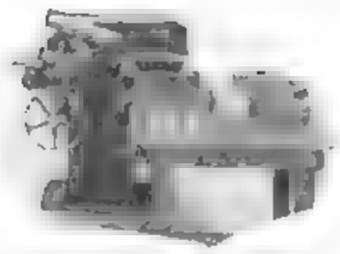
Name

Address

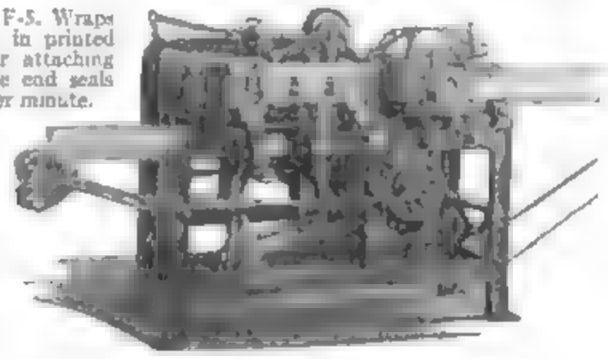
City State

Dealer's Name

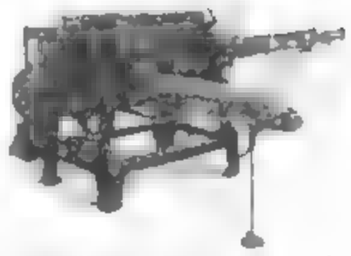
Model AF Cuts and wraps Fleischmann's Yeast in tin foil, applying yellow sticker at a speed of 80 per minute.



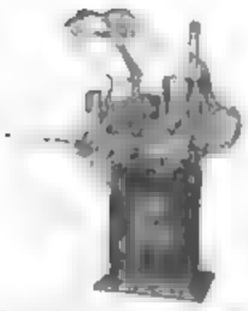
Model HV Wraps individual lumps of sugar in printed wrappers—80 per minute



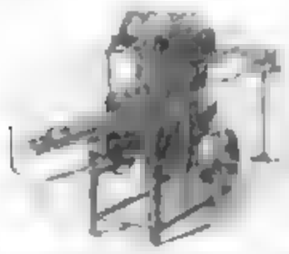
Model F-5. Wraps cartons in printed wrapper attaching separate end seals —65 per minute.



Model F-2 Wraps large and small cartons in printed or unprinted wrappers—40 per minute



Model AC. Wraps chewing gum complete—400 sticks per minute.

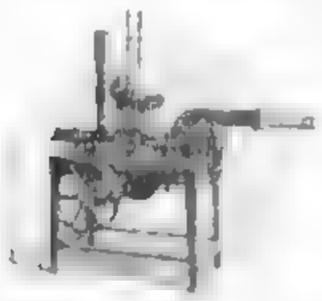


Model N. Wraps laundry soap in inner and outer wrapper—90 per minute.

The Package Goods of America
are wrapped on our machines
—one hundred million a day

Model G. Wraps hotel soap or chocolate bars—75 per minute

Model JJ. Wraps hotel soap and small cartons in printed or plain wrappers—60 per minute.



Model AA. Wraps cigarette and other small packages in transparent glassine paper—50 per minute

Many of the great businesses of today owe a large measure of their prosperity—some their very existence—to the machines made by the Package Machinery Company. The judgment, which built up these great concerns in other respects, also selected these machines to lower their costs, to protect their products, improve the appearance of their packages, and thus create selling advantages.

There is no longer any argument between bulk and package goods. The dealer and consumer were won over long ago. The goods are better protected; they keep better; they look better; they sell more freely. Time saved; turnover increased; customers better satisfied. Every progressive merchant, whether he be in Maine or California, wants on his counters and shelves bright and attractive packages. That makes sales. The most attractive and best selling packages are wrapped by our machines in decorative paper wrappers or in waxed or glassine paper.

Good wrapping means: 1-protection of goods, 2-appearance, 3-economy.

If you have the output equal to the wrapping capacity of one of our machines, your savings over hand wrapping will pay the cost of the machine once or more a year—that is, one hundred per cent per annum on your investment. If you have half the capacity of a machine, you can still save enough to make it one of your best investments. Install a wrapping machine. You will see your costs go down, your packages look better and sell better—and your selling advantages increase.

We are advertising to reach:

1-A few remaining manufacturers with large output who still wrap by hand;

2-Manufacturers with almost enough output;

3-Men who may see the advantage of going into a business of machine-wrapped products;

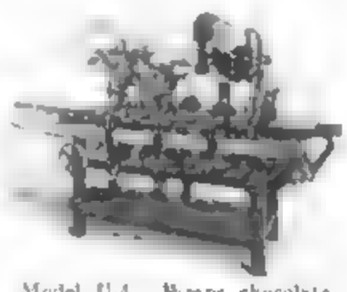
4-Manufacturers in foreign countries—we already have customers in Norway, Sweden, France, England, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, China, Brazil, and Argentina, from our advertising in The Saturday Evening Post.

Here are some wrapped packages and our machines that wrap them. Read what the machines will do.

Write us, sending your article and giving us some idea of your daily output. We can then tell you whether we can help you to a larger market and greater profit.

Below is a list of some of our customers:

Model K Shapes, cuts and wraps kisses or toffee, doing all three operations—150 per minute



Model U-4. Wraps chocolate bars in inner and outer wrapper —65 per minute.

American Chicle Co
American Sugar Refining Co.
American Tobacco Co
Armour & Co
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd
Beech-Nut Packing Co
Borden's Condensed Milk Co
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Co.
Cadbury-Neave Ltd
Corn Products Refining Co.
Cox's Gelatine Co
Fleischmann Co
Gillette Safety Razor Co
Huyler's
Andrew Jergens Co
Quaker Oats Co
Lever Bros. Co., Ltd
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co
Thomas J. Lipton, Inc
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co
P. Lorillard Co
Walter M. Lowney Co.
Mackintosh Toffee Co.
National Biscuit Co
National Candy Co
National Sugar Refining Co.
Pacific Coast Borax Co.
Palmolive Co
Peet Bros. Mfg. Co.
Peter's Chocolate Co
Postum Cereal Co.
Procter & Gamble Co.
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Swift & Co.
Imperial Tobacco Co
Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co

PACKAGE MACHINERY COMPANY
Springfield Mass.

NEW YORK
30 Church Street

CHICAGO
111 W. Washington Street

LONDON: Joseph Baker Sons & Perkins, Ltd.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28

Arming myself with an ax, a knife and some cyanide of potassium I fled to the table-lands of the Allgon. "Surely," I thought, "they will look for me here." I settled down in a far corner with a few others who were, like myself, seeking capture. They, also, were armed with axes, knives and poison, and thus we passed the long winter evenings. The few peasants we met—the place was practically uninhabited—were so occupied with the native industry of log-rolling that they paid us newcomers scant attention. Food was scarce, as it was controlled and consumed principally by the Iron-Men. The only thing that was plentiful in that terrible place was nuts, and they seemed to be everywhere about us—pickled, stewed, and just plain nuts. We grew very tired of them.

And still no Syndicates pursued us. At length we heard that they thought we had been dead for the last ten years. Goaded to desperation we packed our axes, knives and cyanide of potassium and resumed our wanderings. Starvation, humiliation, publication were ours—but never a sign of Syndication.

One by one my comrades fell away. Some were lost in Advertising, others perished miserably in Scenarios. One stormy night, well-nigh exhausted, I found myself before the Temple of The Triune Gods of Art—Mush, Slush and Push. As I sought to gain an entrance an old man barred my way.

"Who are you?" he demanded fiercely, knocking me down with a blow. "And what are you doing?"

"I am but a wanderer," I answered gently, "and I am wandering—that's all."

The old man's eyes glowed like living coals.

"How long have you been wandering?" he asked hoarsely.

"So long," I murmured weakly, "that I have forgotten how to do anything else."

He bent over and peered into my face.

"Could you wander," he said in fearful tones, "every day—for at least a column?"

Feebly I nodded assent. With a terrible cry of triumph he clapped his hands, and from the earth, it seemed, there sprang thousands of Iron-Men.

"*Kanpo-Gelong pogrom yurta!*"—Hey, boys, here's another!—he shouted, as they brought great contracts and tied me hand and foot. And then I recognized him. He was Vacuum, Grand Lama and Ruler of the Syndicates. Needless to say, I lived happily ever after. —*Katharine Dayton.*

Julius Cæsar

(As It Probably Happened)

A LARGE crowd is gathered in the Forum. They are in rather a holiday mood. There is a sudden silence as MARK ANTONY, *a thin, nervous young man, wearing tortoise-rimmed spectacles, ascends the rostrum. In his right hand he clutches a large roll of manuscript. The crowd sees it and groans.* OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *who is acting as chairman of the meeting, raps for order.*

OCTAVIUS: My friends, we are gathered here upon a very melancholy occasion: to pay a last tribute to our fellow townsman and brother lodge member, C. Julius Cæsar. *(Cheers.)* We have with us this afternoon one who is well known to you all, and who was intimately associated with the deceased. It gives me great pleasure to present to you that loyal Democrat, that faithful friend, that sterling Roman, the Vice President of The Better Rome Association, Marcus Antonius!

Loud cheers, whistles and catcalls. MARK ANTONY *bows, and proceeds to unroll his manuscript. He drinks a glass of water.*

ANTONY: Friends, Romans, countrymen

FIRST CITIZEN: Whaddye mean—countrymen?

SECOND CITIZEN: How d'y' get that way? D' y' think we're a bunch o' hicks?

ANTONY *(nervously):* I mean, friends and Roman citizens

FIRST CITIZEN: That's better. Let 'er shoot, kid.

ANTONY: Lend me your ——

THIRD CITIZEN *(disgustedly):* It's another one o' them drives.

FIRST CITIZEN *(to* SECOND CITIZEN*):* Come on. Let's beat it before he starts to pass the hat.

ANTONY: Lend me your ears.

SECOND CITIZEN: He don't want much.

Fourth Citizen: Won't a leg or an arm do?

FIRST CITIZEN: What's the matter with your own ears? They're big enough.

OCTAVIUS *(rapping for order):* Now wait a minute, fellers. Give him a chance.

THIRD CITIZEN: Oh you Octavius!

FIFTH CITIZEN: Give the lad a chance. He's a good kid. Go on, Tony, we're with you.

ANTONY: Friends, Romans

FIRST CITIZEN: You said that before.

ANTONY *(referring to his manuscript):* Lend me your ears. Oh, here it is. I come to bury Cæsar

SECOND CITIZEN: Whaddye expect to do with him? He's dead, ain't he?

THIRD CITIZEN: Maybe he'd like to frame him or have him stuffed.

ANTONY: I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

FOURTH CITIZEN: You said a mouthful, kid.

OCTAVIUS *(angrily):* Now look here! I know that you were sent here by that Brutus bunch to bust up this meeting. If these interruptions don't cease I'll call a hetor and have you put out!

Hoots and catcalls.

Wife—"It's Only Me, Dear, in My Hair Wavers and Beauty Clay"

The Twentieth Century Limited in the Highlands of the Hudson opposite West Point

The Passenger List of the *20th Century Limited*

IF the *Twentieth Century Limited* published passenger lists, in the manner of the ocean liners, a file of these lists would be a veritable "who's who" of the men and women who are making America, as well as distinguished travelers from foreign countries.

Over this natural highway—on the comfortable water level route of the New York Central—the *Century* carries in the course of a year as many passengers as are booked in the first cabins of all the steamships crossing the Atlantic.

Business executives, leaders in the professions, men and women of affairs—for whom an overnight journey a third of the way across the Continent is only an incident in the day's work—make up the daily passenger list of this famous train between Chicago and New York and Boston.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

20th Century Limited

Westbound

Lv. New York 2.45 p.m.*
Lv. Boston 12.30 p.m.*
Ar. Chicago 9.45 a.m.*

Eastbound

Lv. Chicago 12.40 p.m.*
Ar. Boston 12.00 noon*
Ar. New York 9.40 a.m.*

*Standard Time

The inauguration of the *Twentieth Century Limited* service marked a distinct advance in railroad operation, and for twenty years the record of the *Century* has been one of increasing prestige and public usefulness.

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AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

Tastes better out of the "Krinkly Bottle"

UNEXPECTED —*and Thirsty*

Someone's just sure to drop in. Fortunately there is plenty of Orange-Crush nestling against the ice. A pleasant tinkle, sounds like something good and cold; and it is—Orange-Crush. A drink bubbling over with welcome! Isn't that flavor delightful? A case of "Crush," Orange, Lemon, or Lime flavor, is fine for thirst. In ordering, always be sure the "Crushes" come in the "Krinkly Bottle."

ORANGE-CRUSH COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.
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Ward's
Orange-CRUSH

Try Ward's
LEMON-CRUSH
LIME-CRUSH
The two delicious companion drinks of Orange-Crush
—also delightful, Crush-flavored Ice Cream, Ices and Sherbets.
Ask any retail ice cream dealer for them.

CONSTITUENTS

Ward's "Crushes" owe their distinctive and delightful flavors to the natural fruit oils of oranges, lemons and limes. To these have been added pure cane sugar, citrus fruit juices, U. S. certified food color, fruit acid and carbonated water.
(7)

ANTONY *(resuming)*: The evil that men do lives after them:
The good is oft interred with their bones.
FIRST CITIZEN: Oh them bones!
SECOND CITIZEN: Shoot a sesterce. Baby needs a pair o' sandals!
FIFTH CITIZEN: They must be the same bones Cæsar used at the Rubicon.
ANTONY: So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
THIRD CITIZEN: Yea, Brutus!
FIRST CITIZEN: Who's all right?
THE CROWD: Brutus is all right!
ANTONY *(sticking his manuscript into his toga)*: Gentlemen, I thank you for your kind attention.
(Loud cheers as he sits down.

Newman Levy.

The Queen of the May, 1923

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
Tomorrow'll be the snappiest time of all the glad new year—
Be sure my lip stick's good and red, my powder puff is white;
See that my rouge, enameline and eye fard are all right.
I've plucked my eyebrows almost out, I've used my facial clay;
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May!

My under lids are smooched with black, my upper lids are blue,
My ears and nostrils touched with red like Theda Bara, too.
My face is lifted, and my nose the surgeon's whittled straight;
Reducing pills have brought me down to a hundred and fifty-eight.
Hand me my wrinkle plasters, please; chin strap, astringent spray—
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May!

It takes a lot of work to make one innocent and sweet,
But beauty-parlor tricks today are pretty hard to beat.
My permanent wave has been renewed, my transformation's in;
With belladonna in my eyes I know I'm sure to win.
So don't forget my cigarettes and pocket flask, I pray.
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May!

I'll sleep so sound tonight, mother, that I shall dread to wake;
And when I rise from bed, mother, oh, how my head will ache,
For I intend to dance all night in cabarets, you see,
And I suppose I'll look a fright when I get home, at three.
So call me in the afternoon, about 5:30, say
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May! —Gelett Burgess.

In the Beginning

THERE'S something in the favor of the prehistoric time
When prehistoric reptiles sloshed in prehistoric slime;
And lazy, loafing saurians serenely loiled in ooze
Nobody could lose time, because there was no time to lose.

I'm sure it was delightful when the cave men got around
And planted fossils of themselves in prehistoric ground;
Yet though they fought their battles and brave their foes they faced
They couldn't waste their time, because there was no time to waste.

Those queer Neanderthalers and those old Cro-Magnons, too,
They hadn't much to live on, yet they somehow struggled through;
They didn't do a thing but eat and sleep and fight—but still,
They didn't have to kill time, for there was no time to kill

And could I have been given a choice, I think that I should choose,
To live my span of living in that old primordial ooze;
Because my clocks will not keep time, whether I wake or sleep—
And that would not have mattered when there was no time to keep! —Carolyn Wells.

Exclusive

MRS. FREENEASY: The Noveau-Riches and their crowd go to road houses all the time.
MRS. STRAITLACE: Such low taste! They're liable to be raided and everything.
MRS. FREENEASY: They told me they have their own raiding party.

DRAWN BY LOUIS MARCUS
"Hey, Pop! Isn't it About Time I Got Some Clothes That Fit Me a Little Better?"

If you cannot secure a "Totally Different" package locally we will send one parcel post $1 50 per pound—one, two or five pound packages.

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They're different

AS AN EASTER PRESENT to the Apollo girl you give "Totally Different," an exquisite package in the pink and light green of first spring flowers. For those you want most to please you will always select Apollo Chocolates—you would never think of offering anything less. But for that one girl—dainty and delightful—who stands out above all others, a package of Apollo at Eastertide makes a most charming compliment.

F. H. ROBERTS CO., 126 CROSS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH PRODUCTS

75th Anniversary

NIGHT WORK

Continued from Page 13

were again acquainted. She had no choice but to sweep past him with head held high. He had merely startled and frightened her by his too sudden appearance. There is a time and there is a place; the present was neither.

The rebuff affected him much as his own rudenesses had affected others, years before. He turned from her, resentful, hurt, unforgiving.

I do not know why, after this experience, he should feel he must try the same experiment with Joe Burns. He may have argued that Edith Munson was a woman. More likely he acted purely from impulse. He met Burns by chance in the door of a hardware store, extended his hand, spoke, again had the pain of seeing his salutation ignored.

After that his actions proceeded along lines that were almost insanely straight. First, he decided to put to a test this elusive human friendship that was not friendship. Second, he set out forthwith to find Ned Elder.

The plumbing shop during the years had become enlarged, and a clerk met him. Mr. Elder was engaged, and would he say who was asking? The clerk disappeared behind a glass partition with his card. The next Carleton knew he was hearing the answer to his question, but in speech technically addressed to another.

"What does the slacker think I am?" he heard. "You tell that yellow skunk to take his trade elsewhere. Get him out of the store quick."

Odd to say, Carleton did not, following his first impulse, walk back and call the speaker a yellow skunk or a liar. Had he considered himself a slacker he would have done so. Instead a vast contempt surged up within him. He made his way to the street almost carelessly.

Then with quiet earnestness he repeated the garage man's terse sentiment uttered before the war: They could all go there and cook.

II

CARLETON'S first sight of the man from Chicago was had in his own office, five minutes after his return.

"I'd like to talk to you privately," the stranger announced.

The commercial beggar had left the Annex Building in a mood so calm it rang like hard ice. The occasion for this calmness was the visit on the morrow of Ravelin, French flying ace. He had called to inquire why his check for tickets had been returned, and had been told.

"Is that so?" he had muttered to himself. "You'd think Kinzie had won the war."

Then he had put the insults from mind.

"No one will disturb us here," said Carleton. "I'll snap on the lock. Shoot! What have you got?"

"A rush job of copying," said the stranger.

"Can't touch a plate for a week. Full up."

"Straight copying," continued the other.

"Can't touch it. Sorry."

"I came up from Chicago just for this."

"Chicago or St. Louis or Louvain—same idea."

"It will be night work."

"No use, I tell you. Full up. In a week, maybe, if you leave the order now so as to take its turn."

"This order won't wait," said the stranger.

"Then take it to Phillips or Ross."

"I looked them over, brother." Carleton glanced sharply at him, but could make nothing of offense in his manner. "They won't do. This is peculiar copying."

"Straight copying can't be so very peculiar."

"Phillips won't do. For one thing, he's too far away. Ross won't do—he's in politics. When I said straight I meant straight. The man who gets this job has to be close to market and straight."

"I have other customers. I'd like to run everybody's work ahead of everybody else's; but since I can't, I take it in order, just as a barber would."

"This work can be done in the dark."

Carleton touched his tongue to pepper and became a tone of voice. He told his visitor he was too busy and that was final.

"The night it has to be done is tonight," persisted the stranger, unheeding.

"I guess you didn't hear the gong. I'm too busy to do your work tonight or any other night, and I'm too busy this afternoon or any other afternoon to talk to you about it. Good-by."

For reply the stranger lifted back his coat to display a star.

"I'm secret service," he said, after a moment. "That shows I trust you. This work is night work because of its danger. The documents I want copied will be borrowed from a fat grafter's private file. Does that interest you?"

"It does not. You do, but not your job."

"School contracts—city coal—all sorts of graft."

"Let the owners clean their own stables. If the people of Kinzie want to put grafters in office, let them. All this is nothing to me."

"The grafter's name is Twidd," continued the stranger. "Now what do you say?"

Carleton drew back, stirred at last; then, as the name awoke remoter associations, he flushed deeply.

"Who are you? Who brought you here?"

"A secret committee of citizens brought me."

"They never would have sent you to me," said Carleton. "Never in ten thousand years."

"I sent myself to you."

"Might I ask why?"

"Because Twidd is the man who ruined your father; because you owe this town the service."

"I owe the town nothing."

"This job is like landing behind the German lines for information," the stranger went on. "I shall drop in sometime tonight with these borrowed papers. I suppose you have plenty of plates. Get all your holders loaded. You may need ten plates or fifty—no one can say. This will be one rush job, with no room for mistakes or rattles. One dangerous job, likewise. If those papers are what I think, it's state's prison for Twidd. Work it out for yourself. Twidd's gang includes sluggers and gunmen—they'd drop you in your tracks if they knew. You asked me why I sent myself to you. That's why."

"What thanks will I get?" asked Carleton.

"Not a thank. The people of this city will never know. Even the committee will not know. You'll know and I'll know, and maybe Twidd and his gangsters will know, if they run you down. Not a reward of any kind, unless it's a bullet in the back."

"You're an interesting devil," said Carleton. "When does this circus you speak of open?"

"Around ten o'clock, but you ought to be ready by nine. I may be later—eleven, twelve, one, two, three o'clock. Can't tell."

"I'll be here all right."

"Fine! The two of us, back to back! My name's O'Brien—Irish, a little—in luck to know you, and all that." He grinned cheerfully. "I probably won't be in town tomorrow, but if I should be, or you should meet me later, better forget you saw me. We're partners, but we're behind the lines, see?"

"You make me almost happy."

"One other matter. I happened on two tickets for tomorrow night—not the dinner, the lecture. Made the committee dig up; no questions asked. Thought you might like to hear Ravelin. Told you there'd be no reward. That goes too. If you want these tickets you can deduct the price from your bill."

"Do I want them?" He took the envelope, then added, "I applied and they turned me down. Won't that make it awkward for you?"

"No, no. . . . About nine or ten o'clock. Now, if you'll let me glance at your windows I'll trot along so you can get out your orders."

Carleton was working rapidly, with sure fingers. The time was indefinitely later—perhaps one hour, perhaps two—he had not looked at his watch. Yet, although he seemed absorbed in his task, in reality he was thinking about the tickets, and about young Curry's face when he presented them.

"He'll have a fit," he chuckled; "especially if I go dressed out a little. Maybe I won't, because of the mater. But then again, maybe I will."

He brought his mind back to his cut glass. At his left stood three doped jugs and two doped tumblers, dulled and dark, upon a spattered board. These were drying. At his right stood two bright jugs and

Carry it home in a

Sealright

Liquid Tight

Paper Container

"I got this for being good."

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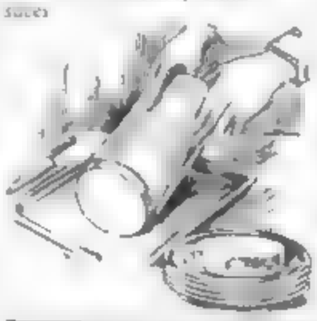

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two bright tumblers. These were waiting. In front of him stood a water bottle brilliant. This was in transition. The untreated pieces at his right shone like myriad-faceted jewels. His problem was to prepare each piece so that it would photograph to look like what it was.

Glassware is always hard to photograph, because of its false reflections and high lights. To cut down these reflections the glass is sometimes sprayed with condensed milk, or putty is rubbed over it, or blue dye mixed with gum is sprayed on, or it is painted white, or tripoli powder ground into lard oil is applied, or even more incongruous substances, according to the preference of the operator. Carleton used what he called French dope, consisting chiefly of thinned-out Indian red.

After a little he touched a careful finger to 1156 Jug 833, with which he had begun, to see if it was dry. Then he lifted it gently to look it over. He did the same to 1203 Tumbler 833 and to 1302 3 pt. Jug Brilliant. Leaving the rest where they stood, for the spray had dried almost instantly, he crossed to a cabinet, opened a warped drawer and took from it a dusting tuft, a polishing brush and a converted cigar box half filled with powdered graphite.

"Won't need steaming," he decided, feeling carefully of what might be called a jugular wishbone. "The touch of glycerin saved us from that horror."

Charging the tuft with graphite, he slapped it against lip, throat, body and handle of the first jug until the maroon had turned stove color. Then with the polishing brush he brought the graphite into a sheen. One jug was ready. It might look like gray iron, but it would photograph as cut glass. He did the same with the second and then with the third.

He had all but completed the set-up when his bell rang from the outer office. Laying down his brush, he rinsed his hands, strode across to the door and flung it open.

"Can't take it on," he expected to say to Burbage, or Clark, or whoever stood there. "All closed out. Can't touch a thing for a week."

But instead of a man he saw before him the silhouetted figure of a girl. A moment later she stepped from in front of the window and he recognized her.

He felt his eyes narrow and his features harden. Edith Munson! Only that afternoon she had changed her course to avoid passing him. He wished to have nothing to do with her. The Munson incident was closed. Had she not changed her course, had she passed him face to face, his resentment would have been the same; but this he failed to perceive.

She seemed to have expected his antagonism, for she at once began explaining her wants as to a stranger.

"I have a difficult negative I wish printed," she said.

"That would hardly be in my line," he replied coldly.

"I know; but I would gladly pay you for the trouble."

"Take it to Phillips," he told her.

"I tried Phillips; he can't print it"

"If he can't—neither can I."

"The man I talked with thought differently. He spoke especially of difficult prints you had saved."

"Out of my present line," he repeated.

"I should be so glad to take the risks, and I would pay whatever you asked."

He chafed under her persistence; but he had no intention of yielding.

"Quite impossible. Sorry, but I'm all sewed up. I've work ahead for a month."

"What if I left it for you to do as you could?" Seeing that he was displeased, she had the inspiration to add, "I'm Miss Munson, Judge Bright's secretary."

"Oh, yes," he said; and then, "What's the matter with it that Phillips couldn't print it?"

"He called it too thin and flat—a ghost negative—no silver in it to print from." Then, as Carleton seemed intending not to reply, "At least advise me where to send it."

The situation irritated him particularly because he could not see its purpose. The negative he believed to be mere pretext. He tried to think of a rude phrase that would dismiss her definitely—rude but not pompous.

"I neither ask nor give advice, madam," was the weak best he could do. He instantly wished the words unsaid.

"Nobody expected you to give anyone anything. I thought I had made that clear. Also, nobody is offering to give you anything; least of all, advice." She added the impudence: "I neglected to ask—you are Mr. Carleton himself, aren't you? I will pay your fee, of course."

"Let me see what you have," he astounded her by saying suddenly.

Whereupon she handed him the stiffened envelope she was carrying. The envelope contained a single carefully wrapped film negative such as an amateur might produce.

Carleton by this did not mean to abandon his posture. I think he had no clear intentions about anything at that moment, although he may have felt vaguely the advantage of advising her without charge. Edith Munson, young Curry, Ned Elder, Burns—they were all one. They could go there and cook. He had told young Curry so not two hours before. Since then he had not changed his mind that he knew of.

But we do not change our minds; they change of themselves. Carleton thought he was of the same mind as when he came in from the street. He was not. Since then he had undertaken to do night work for a stranger, and since then he had talked with Edith Munson.

The film she gave him subtly affected the direction of his thought, also. He held it against the window, then against the more mildly lighted wall, and after that against the dark background of the floor, so as to see its image by reflected light.

"Thin is right," he said after a little, but mechanically, as if interested in substance rather than in form.

He looked it over closely, then crossed to his desk for a glass and again examined it. He stood so long without speaking that the girl became embarrassed.

The picture was that of a young man in khaki, standing alone, with behind him a sharply marked sky line in silhouette.

"Picture of a soldier," he announced at last, as if to say something.

"My brother. It's a gold-star picture."

"I did not know," he said softly.

"It's the last one we have of him. It was taken in France."

"Yes. Did they tell you where?"

"In France," she repeated; "on the American Front."

Then, remembering Carleton's war record, she flushed crimson; but she did not attempt to soften the speech.

"He stood with the hills of the Aire for background," he told her. "That picture was taken at Grandpré."

"I do not know."

"The date must have been late in October. Grandpré fell on the fifteenth. I know the sky line of the Aire better than I do that of this city. Grandpré stands just beyond the Argonne, on the way to Sedan." He added a little bitterly, she thought, "I seem to have a good memory for pictures, if for nothing else."

"He died October eighteenth," she told him.

"We captured Talma Farm on the eighteenth."

She stole a swift glance at him, wondering at his strange knowledge of other men's sanctified deeds. A moment later he seemed to explain the matter, again as she thought a little bitterly.

"I have known a good many aviation men, but not many of the infantry. Gas masks and barbed wire are not seen very closely from a Nieuport. The hard fighting was in the trenches. Flyers live apart. They get into the habit of looking on war from high in the air. Dangerous work, of course; but removed. Even in camp a flyer is not treated as an ordinary soldier. The aviators in a flying squadron always mess with their officers."

"I see," she said.

He turned again to the negative.

"Your brother must have made a fine soldier. What was his rank? I can distinguish leggings, but not the loops. Is that a single bar?"

"He was a captain."

"Double. The collar device I can guess at. He may have been trained at Plattsburg."

"Yes."

"I don't wonder you value the negative. Shall I tell you about it, so that you will know what not to expect?"

"I will try and listen closely," she said.

"A mediocre print can be made in the ordinary way, using hard paper or P. O. P. That would not interest us. Let's see what else we can do.

"Where a negative is a mere shadow, too thin to affect paper, it can often be printed by reflected light instead of transmitted. I have often tacked thin negatives against a white background and then photographed them in weak light direct to paper. That would not work here, because this negative is also exceedingly flat. I will try it, however."

She gasped, wondering if she had misunderstood him. Her ear had caught chiefly the last sentence. When he continued evenly she saw that she had not. She had been puzzled by the change in his manner. Now, without quite seeing why, she found herself suddenly moved by it. He would try something, he had said; he himself. He had refused even his advice; now he was telling her how he meant to do the work.

"Then I shall copy the negative, using a slow film and weak light. Sometimes I expose for forty or fifty hours. That ought to improve the negative greatly, especially if I begin by rewashing the film and intensifying with mercury. You see, we can use both negatives to print through.

"There is another method, but it involves risk of staining. I could harden the film in formaldehyde and then deposit more silver on the silver traces we have build it up into a real negative with silver nitrate and sulphocyanide."

He might have gone on, lost in technical detail; but in trying to grasp what he was saying, and at the same time keep back her emotion, she had wrinkled her brows into an arch. At school they used to call it the Munson arch. Carleton saw the arch, recognized it, stopped, looked down at her for a moment in silence and then broke into chuckles. The laughter was directed at himself.

"Miles over your head! No matter. Leave it to me. I'll get you a good print somehow, and not spoil your negative for you, either."

"I can never ——"

She stopped abruptly. He had an uncomfortable feeling that she was about to cry, and tried to force himself to think back to his first manner. Instead, he found himself thinking of that Munson arch, and of her gold star.

"I'll begin it at once," he said hastily.

Then he turned away with a precipitancy not intended to be noticed and fled to his camera to resume the photographing of cut glass. He may have acted wisely, for his bell announcing Edith Munson's departure did not ring for almost two minutes.

III

THE street saw no great traffic at any hour of the day; at night it became a corridor of shadows. Carleton identified himself with these, stealing noiselessly down the dark inner edges of sidewalks, dodging street lamps or making detours round the two drug stores. His adventure lay wholly ahead; yet already it had snatched at his imagination.

He grinned at his impressibility. His fingers had unconsciously clenched themselves upon his automatic. Why? To protect hide and bones, or his two tickets?

Arriving at his own building he felt his way up the winding black stairway and unlocked his door. His pistol now lay disregarded; but before turning on the lights he made the round of the windows to see that all curtains were down. He knew that they were, but he wished to mark the fact.

As the switch clicked he looked at his watch. Half past eight. The secret-service man had said that ten was the hour. All was ready. He had filled every plate holder in the shop; his camera stood at attention above its horizontal easel; his lights were in place. In the dark room the fixing tank gave off the fumes of newly mixed hypo. On the water bench near it stood the largest tray he owned, a jar of fresh pyro and a demijohn of wood alcohol beside it.

Since he had the time, he turned to the gold-star negative. He had washed and bleached it before leaving for dinner, then thrust it once more into the trough to wash until his return. It looked clean. The shadows were clear, the image stood out faint but white. He therefore blackened it in ammonia water and hung it to dry.

He again glanced at his watch. Eight-forty. An hour and twenty minutes to wait; perhaps longer. He had work enough ahead — retouching, lettering, blocking out—but it required a steady hand. How could Daguerre himself have etched off a delicate plane with a gun dragging at his pocket? How could Niepce with a hot point have lettered in reverse while listening for Twidd's sluggers? That work must wait. Instead, he turned to a book.

(Continued on Page 73)

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

BI-SWING

A BELTED NORFOLK MODEL OF BRACING ENGLISH CHARACTER FOR SPORTS OR BUSINESS USAGE.

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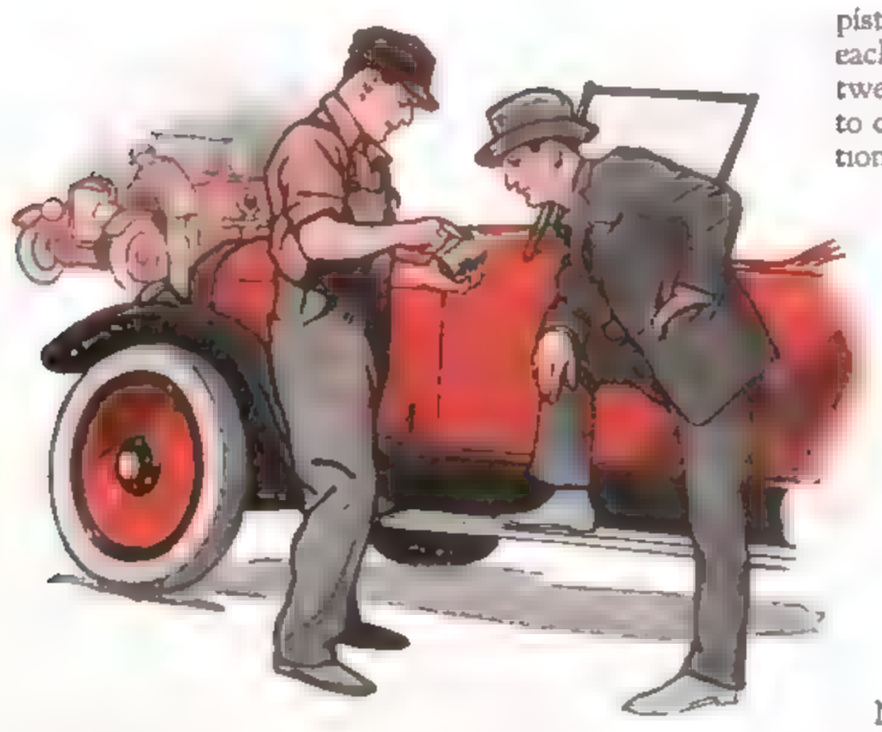
CUSTOM FINISH WITHOUT THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON READY-TO-PUT-ON

FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

When does a motor need overhauling?



AFTER all, there's only one thing a motor is designed to do—produce power. When it fails to deliver the proper power, it ought to be looked into. The sooner the cause is located and corrected, the cheaper it will be—not only in the cost of restoring the lost power, but in gas and oil bills, as well as satisfaction.

Power is produced through the exploding of gas within the cylinders. This drives the pistons down, and, through the connecting rods, transmits the power to the crank shaft. Movement means friction—friction means wear—wear causes changes in the relations of one moving part to another. The extent to which these changes have taken place measures how much power is lost.

Your repairman can tell you when power loss is due to worn parts. Perhaps you don't realize what added car life you will get by correcting these conditions.

Worn piston equipment is the most common cause of power loss—principally in the piston rings. These rings, which encircle each piston to take up the clearance between it and the cylinder wall, are subject to constant friction. The amount of friction and rate of wear is governed by the type, quality and fit of the rings. Insufficient or inferior lubricating oil will, of course, greatly aggravate this. Wear is also taken on by the pistons themselves, particularly when abrasive particles of road dust, entering through the carburetor, get into this movement. This results, furthermore, in cylinder wear.

As this wear develops the piston rings lose their close, accurate contact which is so essential to power control. This allows a part of the gas charge to escape. Not only is power thus lost directly, but such ring conditions interfere with the proper functioning of the whole motor. Lubricating oil works up past them into the combustion chamber. Here it forms carbon. This carbon collects and hardens around the valves and prevents close seating, which allows more gas to blow away. It also coats the spark plugs, short-circuiting the current and causing missing. Another serious result of leaky piston rings is the destruction of the lubricating qualities of the oil through gas escaping by the rings and condensing in the crank case.

McQuay-Norris Electric Furnace Pouring Electric Iron

These conditions call for replacement of the worn or inefficient piston equipment. If ring replacement only is needed, you can get McQuay-Norris Piston Rings for every type and model of motor or engine. These rings are scientifically designed and accurately made by an exclusive process from Electric Iron. There is a complete line for every purpose and price, nationally distributed and immediately available anywhere.

The best investment in the way of lasting satisfaction and economy is a combination of McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Rings for power and McQuay-Norris Supercyl Rings to control excess oil.

In some cases, as explained before, motor wear will have gone deeper than the piston rings. The cylinders may have become "scored" or badly "out of round"—a condition that piston rings alone cannot correct. These cylinders must first be refinished and restored to roundness. This, of course, slightly enlarges them, and then the motor also needs new pistons and piston pins. Here again, McQuay-Norris equipment will best answer all specifications. McQuay-Norris Pistons and Piston Pins are designed and made especially for these replacement purposes.

Your repairman either has the equipment for refinishing or "truing up" worn cylinders or can have this work done for you by one of the many competent shops specializing in this work. Repairmen everywhere have McQuay-Norris Piston Rings, Pistons and Piston Pins in the correct size for your motor. If not, they can get them promptly from their jobber or a McQuay-Norris Service Stock.

Ask us to send you our free booklet, "To Have and to Hold Power." It tells simply and plainly the whole story of power production in motors. Address Dept. B, St. Louis.

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McQUAY-NORRIS
PISTON RINGS
PISTONS
PINS

FOR AUTOMOBILES, MOTOR TRUCKS, TRACTORS, STATIONARY GAS, OIL AND STEAM ENGINES, MOTOR BOATS, MOTOR CYCLES, AIRPLANES, COMPRESSORS, PUMPS, LOCOMOTIVES, STEAMSHIPS, REFRIGERATING MACHINES.

McQuay-Norris *Wainwright* Pistons and Pins—gray iron pistons as light in weight as safety permits—specially designed for replacements—available in standard sizes and over sizes—also in semi-finished form. 75 thousandths over size. Pins of exceptional accuracy. Made of special heat-treated steel.

Pistons and Pins of quality

LEAK-PROOF—Its exclusive two-piece design means equal cylinder wall pressure at all points. Its greater flexibility means better performance in worn cylinders. Best for all grooves except top, which should have Supercyl. Made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.25

In Canada, $1.50

Supercyl—stops oil trouble. Keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.00

In Canada, $1.25

JIFFY-GRIP—the quick-seating ring with the non-butting joint. "Seats in a Jiffy." Can be fitted closer than the ordinary step-cut rings. Ends cannot butt when fitted tightly as quick-seating rings should be. Accurately made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in glassine envelope. Price per ring—

50c

In Canada, 50c

Snap Rings—of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay Norris manufacturing methods. Made of Electric Iron. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. Packed twelve to the carton and rolled in waxed paper. Price per ring—

25c

In Canada, 30c

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(Continued from Page 70)

O'Brien arrived, dancing, at ten minutes past ten.

"The goods!" he cried, dragging forth the contents of a portfolio.

"Tell me which," snapped Carleton tensely.

"Everything! Quicker to shoot them than to read them. Now let's have a little action. Tell me what!"

"You place each document on this chalked square under this glass plate. I'll run the machine. I'm focused and lighted in advance."

"Like this?"

Carleton's reply was to press the release. He held open the shutter for six seconds, withdrew his pressure and shot in the slide.

"Next!" he said, and exchanged the plate holder for a fresh.

"Right!" came the reply.

Their movements grew smoother, so that the changing of plates and copy required less time than the exposures. Soon they were turning out five and six plates a minute.

"Next!" Carleton would cry.

"Right!" he would hear.

Behind them the plate holders began to stack up like cordwood; in front the pile as rapidly dwindled away.

"Shade them a little," said O'Brien.

"Can't," Carleton told him. "Began by shading them all they'd bear."

After a while O'Brien announced the last three, then two, then one. Then he returned the last sheet into the portfolio and Carleton began gathering up the plate holders.

"These have to go back," said O'Brien. "Crowd through the plates. I shan't stay long."

"Crowd is right," Carleton grinned from the dark-room door. "And say! These are cut films, not plates."

"Films, then."

Carleton worked rapidly, without the waste of a motion; but he was still bending over the developing tray when his companion reëntered.

"Somebody's going round with a light over in the Annex," began O'Brien nervously. "Maybe my man can't get back to Twidd's file. If he can't ——"

"Tomorrow will be one busy day," said Carleton.

"How are they running?"

"Good, so far. Not a fancy job, because we had to use too much light; but they'll print fine."

"What's the soonest for the bunch?"

"The last eight are in the developer. "Four-five minutes in the tray and five-six in the hypo. We won't try to wash them clean—only enough to hold them. Wood alcohol will take out the water. Fifteen minutes for the negatives. If we print them ——"

"Don't dare! What I want now is to get these negatives out of this room and out of this state. That jumping light looked ugly to me."

"It might have been the janitor hunting a leaky pipe."

"I'm going out to snoop around."

O'Brien again withdrew to the street. This time he stayed longer, and when he returned he had with him the papers.

"What we need is a good cyclone cellar. The Annex is buzzing like a beehive in June. My operator threw up his hands. Nobody knows what's happened in there, but it's no place for a sick man."

"How can they have found out so soon?"

"Search me. And that's not the worst. Somebody picked up my man. I spotted him and we shook him off, but I don't like that taste at all."

"What do you suggest?"

"Speed! Speed!"

Carleton had already begun shifting the first films, by now safely fixed, to the washing trough. After a moment he filled a tray with wood alcohol and again transferred them.

"Have to watch this tray," he said. "The alcohol dissolves out the water; but if you leave them in too long it dissolves the celluloid backing also."

"I don't seem able to frighten you properly."

"I'm scared to death," Carleton chuckled. "What if I don't get to use those Ravelin tickets tomorrow night? I'm scared for six or seven reasons. I'm scared of Twidd."

"What's that?"

Both wheeled and looked toward the outer room. For as Carleton spoke of Twidd his bell suddenly started to ring, and then stopped.

"I wired my door so that when the handle turns it makes a contact," he explained hurriedly. "When you came in I switched on the battery again."

"Speed, boy! Speed!"

"You can begin to wrap them right now."

Carleton added the last eight films as the other had his package ready to tie. No further sound came from the bell—whoever had tried the handle had heard the alarm. O'Brien now roped package and portfolio together loosely like a pair of saddlebags.

"We can fight through them," said Carleton. "I have my automatic with me."

"Fight through a blockade of bulls? Think again, partner. That's what Twidd would like—to have us arrested. We'd be searched—see? These papers are Twidd's. Where would that leave us? No, partner; no pistol; no concealed weapons. I left my pistol behind on purpose. Too good a handle. My star too."

"They're at the door again, I think."

O'Brien's voice became exultant; but he took care not to raise it unduly.

"They are; on the other side of it."

The studio occupied a rear corner on the fourth floor. On the one side four windows looked out across vacant property toward the more modern Annex Building. To the rear two windows gave upon another vacant lot, beyond which ran a narrow alley with beyond it a shed and a closely boarded fence; and beyond the shed a one-story business block fronting on the next street. Attached upon the brickwork outside one of these rear windows was a telephone wire. This sloped sharply downward to the corner of the building beyond the shed. A passageway separated this building from its neighbor.

A knocking was heard at the door outside—cautious at first, then more insistent.

"Slip over to the light switch, will you, Carleton? When I reach the window snap her off."

O'Brien, still testing his knots and cords, now glided swiftly to this rear window. The room instantly went black. The knocking outside became peremptory in its mandate; but Carleton heard the curtain raised softly, then the sash; and a moment later heard the sash lowered, then the curtain.

"Turn her on," said O'Brien.

As the lights sprang up the bell pealed out its warning; not hesitantly now, or with furtive briefness, but clamorously and long. The next moment a voice was heard from the office outside demanding to know who was there.

"Our watchman," Carleton whispered. "I'll go out."

Then he boldly opened the door. As he had said, his watchman stood in the office; but with him he saw two other men whose faces he only vaguely remembered. These the watchman introduced as plain-clothes detectives.

"They traced a burglar they're after into this building," he explained, "so we're going through it."

"I'm in conference," said Carleton.

"We'd like to look through your rooms, if you don't mind," suggested one of the men.

"Oh, surely!"

He led them back through the light trap and told them to help themselves. Then, paying no further attention to them, he began telling O'Brien that he insisted upon a release for all cut glass that he photographed; which was only fair, since the prices he had quoted were for studio setups and included studio hazards.

The men passed out after a moment. They heard the door close, and then the sound of the bell as the outside door opened and closed. Carleton made sure they were gone before speaking of the packages.

"You hung that stuff over that telephone wire and let her slide," he said. "Then what?"

"Had a man hid behind that shed and a big car parked in front. I am to overtake him in another."

"Then you'll be wanting to start." He crossed and took down Edith Munson's film, now quite dry. "I'm ready any time," he said, placing it in its envelope and the envelope in his pocket.

As they felt out their footing down the black stairway he again began talking cut glass, set-ups, dope, lettering and extra charges. When they reached the street he saw the force of the suggestion about pistols. Two policemen in uniform stopped them. Carleton told them who he was; and when they ran through his pockets, anyhow, and then his companion's, in pretended disbelief, apologized for them. He accompanied O'Brien to his hotel, still talking prices; then he left him as he would have left any prospective customer, as publicly and as casually, and went home.

IV

BY SIX o'clock the wrecked rooms were looking brighter. That morning their woes had seemed hopeless; but Carleton had gathered everything broken into one pile, and since that included everything breakable, one could now walk about.

It included, to be exact, everything breakable belonging to Carleton. His two cameras lay there, his lenses, his printing box, his spotlights and reflectors, his opened boxes of plates. The cut-glass set-ups had not received a scratch.

"That pile of empty plate holders did it," he decided. "The film boxes may have helped. I doubt if they savvied the pyro. Anyhow, they got me."

For a man who had received such a blow he did not act especially downcast. Now and then he whistled fragments of tunes. Now and then he thought of Twidd and chuckled. Now and then he felt of his two Ravelin tickets. He did not yet know how he should use them, but he expected to be present.

Fishing out a battered tray, he filled one corner with water and stirred into it a stiff pinch of permanganate of potash crystals recovered from the drift. With this he scrubbed his fingers. When they had turned wholly purple he wriggled them in a broken beaker of recovered hypo until they turned white again. He looked at the result with distaste. The fingers were blood-and-bone relations, and were no credit to him.

"All chewed into glove leather," he thought. "But maybe I can fold them into my fist."

He meant at the lecture. Then he chuckled again, as he saw himself stalking up the aisle with clenched fists, under the noses of Ned Elder and Joe Burns and young Curry.

But if he intended going to hear Ravelin he would have to show a little speed. Closing his windows, he snapped the catch on his door and made for the street. Again he began whistling tunes. At noon he had noticed the new interest he aroused. People smiled when they passed him. He knew why they smiled. They had heard of his disaster and were glad. Yet neither then nor now did he resent their hostility. You might have said, meeting him, that he was glad too.

"Hello, slacker!" a small boy shouted. "How do you feel now, slacker?"

"Just for that I'm going to dress," he told himself. "I intended to, anyhow, but I wasn't sure."

His intention persisted after he reached home. Dinner stood waiting. His mother, too excited for speech, had already laid out his clothes. She was thinking of Ravelin. He had not told her at noon the full extent of his loss at the studio.

When he had dined he made a dash for his bedroom to dress. His clothes consisted of an army uniform that Kinzie did not know about.

"The old rag still fits me," he said, stepping forth for inspection. "Wonder what it thought of a pressing iron. Didn't it squeak?"

"You ought to have worn it before," his mother told him.

"You even polished up the gilding."

"Brushed out is all. It's an old suit," she said, "and stained badly. I couldn't do much with the cloth, so I had to brush up the metal instead."

"Some of these tin soldiers will sure let out a yell when they see my glitter."

The human mind seems to have its blind spot, like the human eye. His epithet would have expressed his thought thirty hours before; it did not now do so. He had not known then, but he knew now, that some of these tin soldiers had fought their way through Argonne Forest. He had not known then that he, too, was a citizen of Kinzie. The gold-star negative was shouting him down. Twidd's sluggers were shouting him down.

"Stand still, now, while I pin your medals in place," his mother was saying.

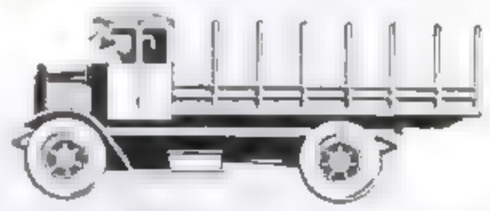
In that instant he saw himself.

"It won't do," he told her. "I can't wear them."

"Why not, Paul?"

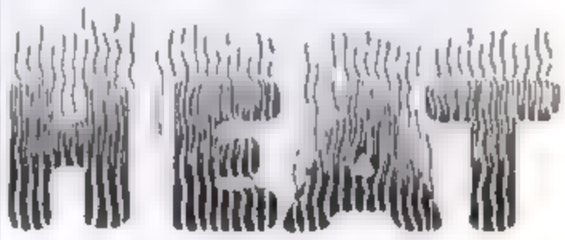
"Too theatrical whatever."

You would'nt use a ten-ton



to deliver a single

nor light all the lights in the house when you needed only one. You can save money by applying the same idea to the use of



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The landlord ties up no capital in coal, has no boiler to maintain or repair, and frees the basement of his building for rentable purposes.

If you have a building to heat—whatever its size or character—you will find it worth your while to familiarize yourself with Gasteam.

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Shurouts meet many emergencies—emergencies that come sooner or later to every motorist in touring and in every-day driving. Be ready to meet them—keep a set of Shurouts in your car. Here are a few of the many uses which make these handy chains a motoring necessity—

Tow-line—A set of Shurouts, buckled together, makes a perfect tow-line.

Tire Lock—A single Shurout, wound around your spare and the tire carrier, and secured with a padlock, makes a thief-proof guard.

Temporary Repair—Broken spring leaves can be held in place until permanently repaired by buckling a Shurout around the broken part.

Lock for Car—You can safeguard your car by padlocking a Shurout around a wheel and spring.

Emergency Chains—Shurouts make effective emergency chains for trucks on wet or icy pavements.

No matter how they're used, or when, Shurouts go on without tools and without trouble. To apply them is as easy as buckling your belt.

Shurouts are sold four in a set, in the easily-recognized McKay Red Band Bag. Keep a set in your car, always. They'll pay for themselves many times over in time and trouble and money saved. Sizes for all cars and trucks.

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McKAY SHUROUT CHAINS

McK

"No more so than the uniform."

It was true. He had left his uniform too long on its hanger. If he had wished to stage a theatrical scene he must have acted about as he had done. His reasons did not enter. Possibly, in the light of Kinzie's reception of him, he could not have proclaimed himself a hero from the housetops. Yet that was what he now proposed to do. This public marching up an aisle in full uniform between banks of soldiers who had taunted him with draft dodging, this posing under the spotlight like a piece of doped glass, somehow seemed unworthy of Belleau Wood, St.-Mihiel and the greater glories.

"You have the right," said his mother.

"I'm not so sure. If it weren't for Ravelin ——"

"Is he really the greatest, Paul?"

"The greatest living flyer. The French would rather lose a field marshal than lose him. I want you to see him, mother."

"You want to see him yourself. And if he knows you he'll expect you to wear your medals."

"He won't care. Why, I taught him half his English! He's a little man about the size of a sparrow, with a limp in his left leg and a funny grin. They say he has hollow bones. What does he care about medals?"

"He'll ask questions."

"If he does I'll talk French to him and explain. Maybe he'll be too busy to see me."

"Wear one or two," she said.

"I don't like them. I can't wear them. Not here in Kinzie. Too much grand-stand play—too much whatever. The uniform, either. Why, they may hoot me—and then find out! I can make them all feel like the dickens, but somehow suddenly I don't want to. It isn't fair. Don't know what I was thinking of."

"You'll have to wear Kinzie clothes."

"Why, I was a major, a commissioned officer! Most of them were privates. It was my business to correct their misunderstanding. Now to strut up to them in uniform and medals—it just won't do, mother. We'll drift in quietly and catch Ravvy coming out, after it's all over."

"Did you hear that?" asked his mother.

"What?"

"A car stopped outside."

"I'll make a quick switch," he said, wondering what the call could mean.

As his mother answered the bell he threw off his officer's coat with its badges and replaced it with a civilian.

A moment later he heard a girl's voice, and a man's. They seemed to have asked to see him, for his mother knocked at his door.

"Miss Munson and Lieutenant Elder," she announced.

As Carleton entered the room he saw that both were badly flustered. Elder's face had flushed crimson; but he saluted and began speaking in clear tones.

"Major Carleton," he said, pronouncing the title distinctly, "we are ambassadors from the king. Major Ravelin tells us he knew a Carleton in France. He insists his Carleton lived in Kinzie. We thought he meant another man, but he gave us this street number, and the citations published by the War Department of this country give the same address for Major John Carleton, and your mother as his nearest of kin, so that you must be the Carleton he meant. He spoke of you as John Carleton."

"I enlisted under my father's name," said Carleton.

"He has been telling us some of your experiences together. He scared us stiff, I can tell you. He told us of your first fight over Verdun, and just how you sent down two Fokkers in flames, and how he thought he also sent down two; but because you were not yet a commissioned officer, and he was, they awarded you the Médaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre, but him only the latter."

"The Médaille Militaire is not awarded to officers," Carleton explained; "only to enlisted men."

"So he said; and for that reason he could not show us a sample of it. He told us also of the fight for which the entire escadrille was awarded the Fourragères. You and he were together, he said; but you disappeared and he got cut off. Then by some miracle you dropped out of the sun above him and shot down one Albatross monoplane and wounded the pilot of another just as he thought they had him. You were given another palm for your Croix de Guerre ribbon for that, and made a lieutenant."

"Others did more," said Carleton. "We thought we were gone—all of us. We had to fight."

"He told us then how you won the white cross of the Legion of Honor by attacking a group of two battle planes and four monoplanes single-handed. They were after pictures—had to be stopped. He explained the exact technic of that fight, just to show that you were not a fool, but knew what you were doing. We had never known that such things could be done with a plane. He saw the whole action; you shot down one of the monoplanes and dispersed the others. The technical reasons had us going, I can tell you."

"I was doing ceiling work in a fast machine that day. They ran away because they knew help was near."

"He told us that nobody knew you were an expert photographer until you volunteered for some low shots over the Hindenburg Line. He said you could rock your plane in an arc over your subject so as to help out your lens. You could use deeper filters that way, he told us, because you could give more time to the exposure. He told us that those pictures won a battle."

"Deeper filters cut through the haze and smoke better," Carleton explained.

"He told us also that you came back from that visit so weak you could hardly land, and they awarded you not only another palm but a Médaille de Réforme for being wounded in action."

"A plain bar. It wasn't a hospital wound. A shell fragment laid open my scalp for an inch or two."

"You also served in the American Flying Corps; first as captain, then as major. He told us you were cited for a miracle fight over Grandpré, and were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. It's listed in the book of citations. Some of us saw that fight. I saw it. I was with Edith's brother. We hadn't any idea we were watching a Kinzie man do that tail spin out from under."

"When America entered the war I was transferred."

"We're no end sorry we didn't know about it; but we're proud you live near us. They slipped us out to see if we couldn't fetch you back with us. We'd like it if you'd wear your uniform and medals. Your Congressional Medal of Honor—it's mentioned in the citations—we've never seen one."

"Major Ravelin especially spoke of your mother," said the girl. "She must come too."

"We shall feel honored," replied Carleton humbly.

"We're all no end sorry about the studio," added Elder.

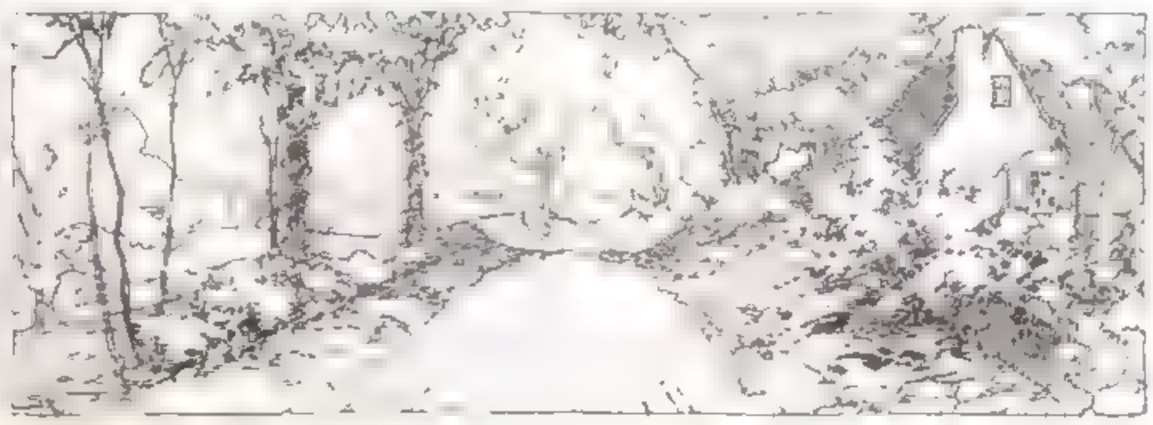
"No loss that can't be replaced. I brought Edith's film home with me—it is safe."

"I forgot to ask you. Didn't someone furnish you with tickets for tonight?"

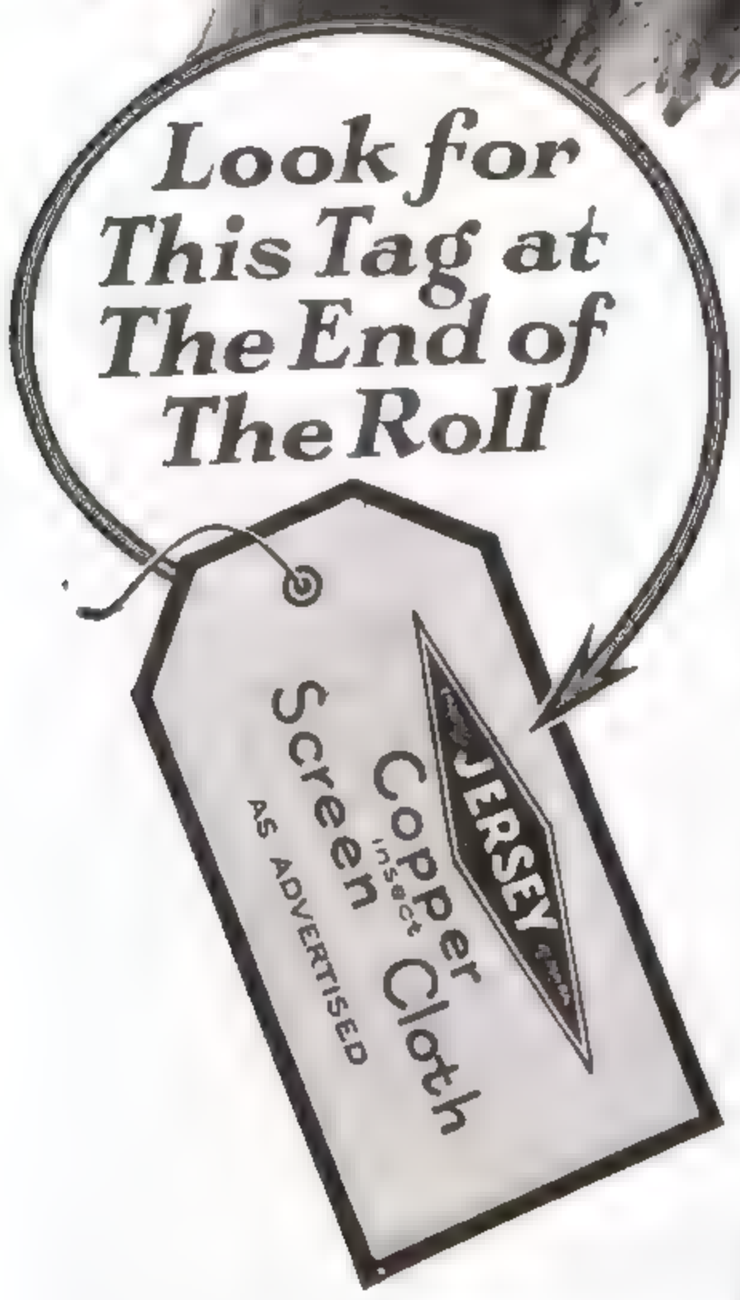
"Yes; I bought two from a stranger."

"I thought so. A man will call in the morning to estimate damages. There's no connection, but Judge Bright told me just now that George B. Twidd was indicted late today for grand larceny on twelve counts. The evidence arrived on the noon train."

"Let's go!" cried Carleton.



Screen with JERSEY This Year



Many people regard frequent replacement of screen cloth as a necessary evil. Such is not the case.

By the use of Jersey Copper Screen Cloth for windows, porches and doors you can eliminate for years to come this source of expense and annoyance. Even under the severe climatic conditions found along the coast and in the tropics Jersey Copper Cloth ought to give you many years of satisfactory service.

The unusual wearing quality of Jersey Copper Insect Screen Cloth is due to this fact—it is made of copper 99.8% pure, which, by a special Roebling process is given a strength and stiffness comparable to that of steel. Because of the pure copper the cloth cannot rust out. Because of the Roebling process it will not sag or bulge. Screen with Jersey Copper this year. Use 16 mesh (coarser will admit mosquitoes) and the dark finish which is almost invisible.

Manufacturers of custom-made screens universally recognize the virtues of Jersey Copper Screen Cloth and use it extensively. Many hardware merchants throughout the country carry it in stock. If you cannot obtain it in your locality, write us.

A booklet, "A Matter of Health and Comfort" will be sent you on request. It gives a lot of interesting facts regarding screen cloth.

THE NEW JERSEY WIRE CLOTH COMPANY

626 South Broad Street — Trenton, New Jersey

TRADE JERSEY MARK

Copper Screen Cloth

Made of Copper 99.8% Pure

QUESTIONS THAT SCIENCE WILL ANSWER

Continued from Page 20

We have become so accustomed to big numbers and big facts that it takes something fairly gigantic to astonish the average American any longer. Our railroads this year will spend $750,000,000 for new equipment and improvements. The people will eat 500,000,000 gallons of ice cream, for which they will spend $1,000,000,000. Another $1,000,000,000 will go to defray the expenses of our citizens traveling to Europe, Florida, the Rocky Mountains and American coast resorts. Our total wealth is $290,000,000,000, and our annual income $66,000,000,000. Of our entire population, 41,000,000 people earn wages, and the yearly savings of these workers amounts to $15,000,000,000. Our investment in the public utilities that supply us with gas, electricity, street transportation, water and telephone and telegraph services totals more than $17,000,000,000.

The Ban on Bathtubs

Our consumption of raw materials is going on at such an enormous rate that even a brief survey of the situation uncovers astounding truths. We have used up more coal in the last thirteen years than in the century before, more iron in a decade than in the previous 100 years, and more copper and zinc in ten years than in all the years before that, since copper and zinc mining commenced. Even more startling than all else is the fact that the consumption of oil throughout the world since 1914 has totaled more than in all the previous years since oil was first discovered. Our petroleum reserves will be well on the road to depletion in a dozen years, and Parke Channing, the eminent copper expert, says that "unless new deposits of the red metal are found we shall be threatened in fifteen years with a shortage of copper." The world's resources of this vitally important element are less than of any other base metal.

The power of a nation lies chiefly in its natural reserves of essential raw materials, and not in its manpower strength. In a few years any person in the United States who has need of power during the day or night, indoors or outside, will be able to get it in the form of electric current as easily as one now draws water from a faucet. Since it costs an American two or three times as much to live as a foreigner, he must turn out twice the goods that the overseas worker produces; and to do this it is necessary to harness Nature's energy resources and substitute more and more machines for manual effort.

This means the present era of profligate waste must end. Here in the United States the hydroelectric power going to waste daily equals the labor of 400,000,000 men.

The tendency to underestimate the growth of consumptive capacity is a national trait of Americans. When the electric light was perfected, people prophesied a rapid decline in the manufacture of gas; but since then the annual output of gas has increased tenfold. Steel ships supplanted those of wood, and yet today the consumption of wood in shipbuilding is greater than ever before. The advent of the motorcar was supposed to signalize the early extinction of the horse in America; however, instead of being banished from our lives, a recent survey shows an increase in the number of horses in use, and word has gone out that more draft animals must be raised or a shortage will soon result. Just as the gasoline vehicle raised the horse to a higher plane and increased his usefulness, so have labor-saving machines lightened the burden and elevated the station of American workmen, besides making jobs more plentiful.

All the worth-while advances that have been made in the United States have been misunderstood and opposed. Everyone has heard how people condemned gas and made fun of the telephone; but it may be news to know that even the bathtub was denounced by the press as a luxurious, undemocratic vanity. Medical men declared it a menace to health. In 1843 one city tried to prohibit bathing between November first and March fifteenth. Two years later a New England community made bathing in one of the newfangled tubs unlawful except when prescribed by a physician. One state taxed bathtubs thirty dollars a year.

A Pole Hole Digger on a Motor Truck

The Part Played by the Motor Truck in Placing Telephone Poles

This same opposition to progress has always existed, and continues today. The world is full of skeptics. That is why so many men wear both a belt and suspenders. We are slaves of precedent and do not want to be jarred out of the even tenor of our ways. One of the earliest automobiles built was equipped with a dashboard and whip socket. The first steam-propelled ship to cross the ocean carried a copy of a new book explaining why transoceanic travel with steam as the motive power was impossible.

In the matter of efficiency the viewpoint of many Americans is quite like that of the South American manager who, on being told that the substitution of a set of machines for manual labor would reduce the time consumed on a certain job from five days to three, wanted to know what they would do with the other two days.

Some years ago, when Theodore N. Vail had decided to give up his position in the railway mail service in order to become manager of the new Bell Telephone Company, his friends tried hard to dissuade him from relinquishing a good job to take up the development of a device that would never be more than a useless fad.

One of his friends in Congress, who later became speaker of the House, on hearing the news, said, "It's too bad about Vail. They tried to sell me some of that telephone stock. I'm sorry these promoters got hold of such a nice fellow as Vail."

In the light of the success of the telephone such an attitude appears ridiculous. But we are not much more receptive to new ideas today. Although the progress of civilization in recent times may well be measured by the development that has taken place in the art of lighting, it has only been in the last five or six years that factory executives have commenced to get away from the idea that artificial illumination is a matter that concerns only the janitor.

An efficient system of lighting increases production, saves materials and reduces the number of accidents; but these economic benefits to industry from good illumination were always possible of attainment since the introduction of electric lighting, and their tardy recognition has resulted from the hampering influence of unprogressive habits.

We still hear a lot of folks sighing for the good old times. Though the idea of slipping back to the customs of yesterday may be attractive in a sentimental way, the practical side of such a relapse would not be so amusing. When we subtract from modern life the electric light, vacuum sweepers, instantaneous hot water, telephones, motion pictures, running water, phonographs, automobiles, refrigeration, electric fans and steam and hot-water heating systems, we have conditions quite similar to the good old times; and let no one doubt that the average American of today would soon find the return to the drudgery of handwork, the inconvenience of slow transit, limited communication, meager recreational facilities and an insanitary environment an unromantic and joyless transition.

As compared with the good old times, the present era is a golden age. Of course, we chew so much gum that the Pennsylvania Railroad is obliged to employ two men continually in its big terminal in New York City to remove wads of chewing gum that travelers have thrown on the floor. Our production of cigarettes has increased from 2,000,000,000 in 1913 to 12,000,000,000 annually at present. We have been so wasteful of our timber that soon we shall have to devote great areas to the cultivation of wood, as we now grow corn, and in the meantime we shall have to use substitutes or get our supplies elsewhere.

In the search for oil we are more persistent than geologically well informed, for in a recent two years our prospectors drilled 5814 dry holes here in the United States, at an average cost of $10,000 a hole. A mass of dirt sufficient to cover a city block to a height of fifteen stories must be moved each year to supply us luxury-loving Americans with six quarts of new diamonds annually. And according to the domestic-science experts the average American housewife takes 260 steps to make an apple pie and 330 to bake a batch of bread, whereas it has been computed that only fifty-four steps are necessary to complete both jobs.

The Wrong Road

Socially and politically we are also a bit deficient. Some of our wage earners have clearly demonstrated their belief that the road to prosperity lies through less work and poorer work. A lot of our socialists insist that it is unwise to act upon the basis of accumulated experience. It has been a little more than ten years since Congress passed the Valuation Act, and although tens of thousands of dollars have been expended by the Government and the railroads since then in investigating, analyzing and fighting valuations, there has not been one decision reached as to the final valuation of a single important railroad system. Our politicians refuse to pass laws to protect anybody that is not already born. A lot of our lawmakers are both conscientious and capable, but many have proved their ability to strut sitting down, and recently one Solon, in a burst of oratory, thundered to his audience, "Be proud of the land of your nativity, whether you were born there or not!"

But there is a saying that "the work praises the workman," and if that is true, taking the United States as a whole, surely things are not altogether bad. Many of our practices are ill advised and wasteful, and bad customs are like good cakes—better broken than kept. However, it is easier to construct flawless machines than to develop a race of perfect human beings, which explains why our progress along mechanical lines has been so much more rapid than

(Continued on Page 81)

① *The strength of a one-inch Manila rope, as given in Kent's Mechanical Engineer's Pocket Book, "the result of tests of full-sized specimens of Manila rope purchased in the open market," is 7,100 lbs. The tensile strength of one-inch H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope will average far in excess of this*

② *The U. S. Government standard of strength for a one-inch Manila rope is 8,200 pounds. H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope of the same size is guaranteed to be even stronger than the high-strength standards of the U. S. Government Bureau*

An *extra* margin of safety in a *guaranteed* rope

YOU should allow for a certain margin of safety when you put a rope under strain.

Sometimes human lives are entrusted to this margin.

When you use H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope, you get an *extra* margin of safety from its excess strength.

This extra margin of safety which protects you is graphically shown in the chart above.

Excess strength guaranteed

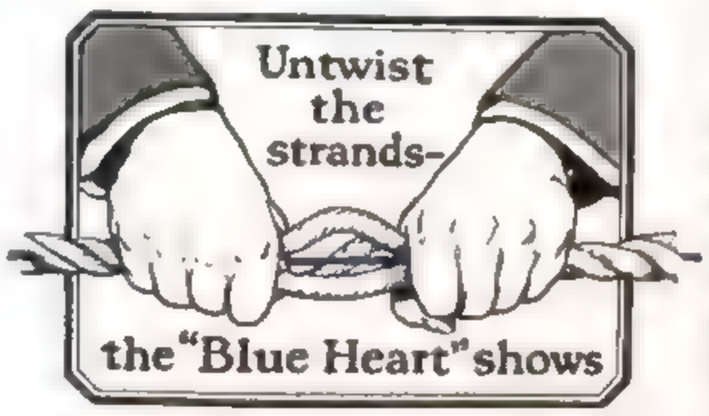
H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope is guaranteed to exceed in every size the breaking strength specified for that size by the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards.

Running lengthwise through the center of every foot of H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope is a small blue cotton thread—the "Blue Heart".

Grasp any rope and untwist the strands. If you find in the center the "Blue Heart" trade mark, you will know that you have genuine H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope —a *safe* rope, guaranteed to exceed the U. S. Government Standard. (See guarantee.)

And longer wear

And with that, a rope that will outwear ordinary ropes. One that, throughout its long term of service, will resist water and weather, remain flexible, smooth-surfaced and easy to handle.



GUARANTEE!

H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope is guaranteed to equal in yardage and to exceed in tensile strength the specifications of the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards. Any H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope found to be not as represented will be replaced

When you buy rope untwist the strands and look for the "Blue Heart" trade mark that guarantees long wear and definitely assures you of excess strength over the government standard for sturdiness.

For other tasks where a high grade sisal rope is wanted, use the best—H. & A. "Red Heart" Sisal Rope, carefully spun from selected sisal fibre by the same skilled rope makers.

Rope for every purpose

Whatever may be your use for rope, or other cordage, you will find that we make the brand which will meet your requirements. Ask for it at Hardware stores, Farm Implement stores, Builders' Supply dealers', and Mill and Mine Supply concerns. Our full line of Oil Well Cordage is distributed through our regular representatives.

And other kinds of cordage

We also manufacture a complete line of the following items:

Fine and coarse commercial twines of jute and hemp; hard and soft fibre balings; clothes lines; lath yarn; tarred twines; packing and oakum; "H. & A. Star Brand" Binder Twine.

THE HOOVEN & ALLISON COMPANY
"Spinners of fine cordage since 1869"
XENIA, OHIO

H&A

H&A "Blue Heart" Manila Rope

Copyrighted by The Hooven & Allison Co., 1923

PALM

Face to Face

—as if you were another girl

What do the eyes of others see? This is a question every girl should be able to answer. Do the glances which rest upon your face express admiration, or turn away with indifference?

Meet yourself face to face in your mirror and pass judgment upon what you see as critically as if you were some other girl. Don't condone complexion defects. Don't console yourself by hoping they won't be noticed. Don't excuse sallowness and blemishes by blaming the light. Instead, take note of every fault and learn the remedy.

The First Step

Whether your problem is the improvement of a poor complexion or to keep a good one, this first step is the same. The network of tiny pores which compose the surface of the skin must, every day, be cleansed from clogging accumulations. The natural oil of the skin which nature has provided as a beautifier, is often secreted in excess. In combination with dirt, powder and perspiration, it quickly fills up these minute pores unless carefully washed away.

Soap and water is the only effective means of cleansing yet discovered. Cold creams alone are insufficient, while other remedies are often unnecessarily harsh. The selection of the soap you use is the only problem and this is easily solved. Facial soap must be pure, mild and soothing in its action. Thus you should select Palmolive.

Once a day, and the best time is bedtime, wash your face thoroughly with the profuse, creamy Palmolive lather. Massage it thoroughly into the skin, using your two hands. Then rinse thoroughly, still using your hands, and dry with a fine, soft towel.

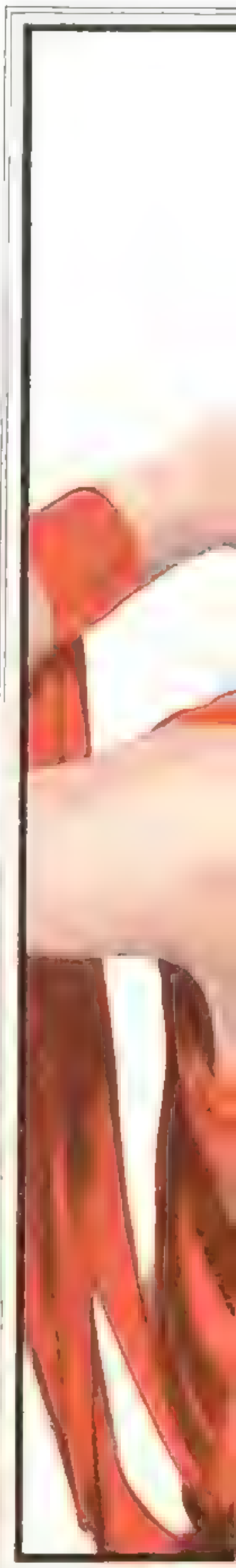
If your skin is very dry, this is the time to use cold cream, but not too much. Remove all that does not quickly absorb. Naturally oily skins won't need any cold cream at all. Palmolive never dries the skin by robbing it of its natural beautifying oil. A week of this simple cleansing treatment will work wonders in the condition of your skin. Blackheads will disappear and an attractive natural color replace that dull, sallow look. Pores which have become enlarged, making your complexion seem coarse, will contract to normal size, restoring the beauty of a smooth, fine skin.

Blended from Beautifying Oils

Women who fear that the use of soap ages their skin have made the mistake of using harsh soap. They will change their minds once they use Palmolive. The blend of palm and olive oils has produced the mildest cleanser science can produce. The lather of Palmolive is actually lotion-like in its action.

These two rare Oriental oils are historic beautifiers, and have been valued for their cosmetic qualities since the days of ancient Egypt. These rare Oriental oils impart their rich, green color to the attractive Palmolive cake. Palmolive green is as natural as the color of grass and leaves.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Canada
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo



D L I V E

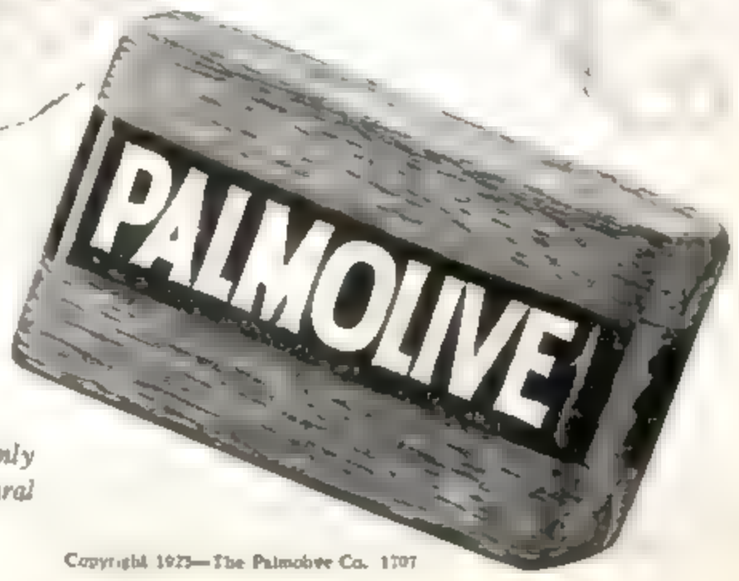
A 10c Soap

If Palmolive Soap cost many times this modest price it would be considered worth it by the millions of users who find it the only satisfactory soap. But it is these millions who make it possible for us to offer Palmolive at a popular price. The gigantic demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and allows manufacturing economies which make the 10c price possible.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

10c

Palm and olive oils—these only—produce the attractive natural color of Palmolive Soap.



Copyright 1925—The Palmolive Co. 1707

The Promise *of* Happy Days

SOME day in June, when happy hours abound, a wonderful girl and a wonderful boy will leave their friends in a shower of rice—and start to roam.

Then life will surely slip its tether and youth will be full of the promise of happy days to come.

Give them a Jordan Blue Boy, the bright sky overhead, the green turf flying by—and just beyond the hill a thousand miles of open road—then a quiet inn for dinner.

This rare car of personality and charm is a great companion of our freer hours.

It carries a thrill, even through the busy traffic down the avenue. It leaps light-footed to the throttle in the park.

It is balanced, as a fine piece of mechanism should be—economical as your good judgment requires—powerful beyond the need of hill or speedway.

There is a pride of ownership in the Jordan that reveals a love for things that really count. It's like old money—old treasures—good taste without display, and judgment that is rare.

Jordan cars are chosen by those who, being imitated much, must ever display cautious judgment.

JORDAN

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 76)

our advances socially and politically. Wherever we go we meet an awful lot of human nature every day; and notwithstanding the marvelous achievements of science, a great many more things are advertised lost than found in the morning papers.

Notwithstanding the newness of our American civilization, we have built a city so large that one child is born in it every four minutes and a couple married every three and three-quarters minutes. This same city has nine times as many telephones as the whole continent of Africa, and more motorcars than are reported for all Asia. It has two subway lines that carry more than 1,000,000,000 passengers a year; and if the surface and elevated traffic is included, the number of passengers carried annually reaches a total greater than the population of the entire world. One recent survey showed that 274,000 motorcars pass seventeen of New York City's busiest corners every twelve hours.

An American aviator recently attained a speed of 224 miles an hour over a straightaway course, which feat established a new world's record. More than 500 civilians in this country last year learned to pilot their own machines.

Twenty new types of airplanes were completed. Instruments have been perfected which register airplane tests or performance while flying, making it unnecessary to depend on the pilot's individual opinion. The United States Air Mail traversed more than 1,500,000 miles in twelve months, without a fatality, and carried nearly 50,000,000 letters. One improvement, the aëromarine wing, adds hundreds of pounds to the carrying capacity of mail planes. A landing skid has been perfected that makes it possible to alight in a small space. Aërial life preservers in the form of parachutes have become dependable, night-flying equipment has been successfully developed, a catapult for launching planes from the decks of battleships has been perfected, and a naval flying squadron has proved the worth of the airplane in combat by attaining a maximum of 145 direct hits with machine guns in twenty-seven seconds. Aviation has passed the merely romantic stage and become a practical art. Just as soon as this infant industry applies itself to selling the public more thoroughly on the safety and usefulness of commercial aviation, the business of flying will go forward literally by leaps and bounds.

Only a decade ago the art of flying was confined to a few enthusiasts who were watched by gaping crowds. Now our American aircraft industry alone gives employment to 5000 persons. Orville Wright, in his first successful flight, stayed in the air twelve seconds and traveled at a rate of thirty miles an hour. Recently in California a pilot remained in the air for thirty-five hours, and it is easily possible to attain a speed seven times as great as was made by Wright nineteen years ago. Airplanes are now used in city planning, road construction, fire and police zoning, park improvement, surveying, aërial photography, advertising and publicity, freight and passenger transportation, and the collection and dissemination of news.

Hazards of Night Flying

In the future the now remote lands of the Arctic will be traversed by air lines, one likely route being from London to Tokio, which would reduce the present 10,000-mile journey by water and land to approximately 6000 miles. The grouping of airplane engines into power units, and the giving to the pilot or mechanic complete control over his engines for adjustment or repair, means that there is practically no limit to the size of the airplane of the near future. In transcontinental flights there is no doubt but that divisions will be established such as are now found on railroads. At each division terminal of 300 or 400 miles airplanes will be enabled to change their power-plant units and proceed without transferring their cargoes.

The dangers and hazards of night flying are largely being circumvented. The air mail service, after months of work with the research engineers of large lighting corporations, has devised a system of illumination that assures a safe night route from coast to coast, with the pilot at no time out of sight of two powerful beacons, each casting a beam forty miles in length. The illumination of the landing fields follows as closely as possible daylight perspective. The buildings are flood-lighted, the fields are outlined with illuminated markers, and red lights indicate the exact spot where the wheels of the night planes are to touch the ground.

The chief thing that is lacking in aviation today is a practical helicopter device that will make it possible for airplanes to rise and alight anywhere in a vertical position. Ninety per cent of all accidents in flying occur in starting and landing, and the chief hope of eliminating these dangers lies in the development of some means of hoisting and lowering airplanes vertically under their own power. The idea of the helicopter is as old as the airplane itself, and about all we have learned is that a spinning propeller falls more slowly than a still body, because the energy developed by the fall is divided into two kinds—rotational and kinetic. The kinetic energy minus the rotational energy equals the extent to which the fall of a body is broken. The helicopter problem consists in discovering how to develop more rotational energy in a falling body than kinetic energy.

The same type of research that is going on in the field of aëronautics is also being carried forward effectively in every other important line of industrial and commercial effort. Labor troubles have given us a lot of worry with respect to fuel, and as a result much attention has been directed to finding new substitute fuels and to improving present combustion practices. So far as the United States is concerned most of the recent fuel discoveries are more interesting than useful. In a country having such abundant supplies of coal and oil, manufactured substitutes will be marketed only with difficulty.

The Fuel of the Future

In Sweden they are making a satisfactory fuel by impregnating powdered peat with 10 per cent by weight of shale oil and then briquetting the mixture. British interests also have a new fuel produced from coal slack, lignite, peat, or other combustible material, with a binder of pitch. The mixture is made in the form of blocks of any desired size, and consists of a number of layers, which have the same effect in promoting combustion as the laminations in natural coal. The heating value of the fuel can be made to suit any reasonable requirement by merely varying the types or quantities of the ingredients employed. The whole idea is to make a reconstructed coal from material heretofore regarded as waste. In regions lacking coal beds, but having extensive lignite deposits, such a process might prove commercially valuable.

Dozens of other briquetting schemes might be mentioned, but the same principle underlies practically all of them. Furthermore, the advocates of these processes are pursuing the fallacy that the fuel to be used in the future in direct firing will be a solid, whereas it will certainly be a liquid or gas. Whatever we burn will be carried through pipes and not in cars or trucks, except perhaps to the big central treating plants. Therefore, when we turn from the manufacture of solid fuels to the production of liquid and gaseous ones, the problem becomes filled with unlimited possibilities and the whole subject takes on added interest and romance.

Fuel energy is the foundation of life, and the never-ending search of science is for new sources of power supply that may be profitably utilized. Countries that are without native supplies of oil are exerting every effort to develop substitutes for petroleum. The French are seeking to obtain a liquid fuel from raw materials grown in their colonies. The most promising result so far is a greenish artificial petroleum resembling crude oil and made from a mixture of colza and rapeseed oils.

Another proposal made by a French professor is that we utilize the hundreds of varieties of common weeds that grow everywhere in the manufacture of motor fuel. Experiments have shown that this waste vegetation will yield a petrol fairly high in benzine and toluene. Practically the same process has been employed to produce a gas of satisfactory heating value from the weeds, in addition to the liquid fuel. The wartime experiments of the Germans succeeded in developing a process for the distillation of lignite at high temperatures, the result being a yield of liquid coal tar containing ingredients suitable as a substitute not only for gasoline and kerosene but for lubricating oils. The distillation of lignite at lower temperatures produces a coal tar that yields benzine and kerosene. There is no doubt but that when conditions become normal in Germany the Teutons will go in extensively for the production of coal tar from lignite, so as to secure synthetic products to supply their lack of natural products. There has been more or less of a continuous shortage of fat in Central Europe in recent years, and it is interesting to note that the Germans are producing various articles, such as a liquid-tar soap containing a percentage of alcohol, which was formerly made chiefly of fat, but is now manufactured largely from a tar by-product.

In South Africa, for many years, the people have been using an alcohol fuel called natalite, which is derived from the refining of sugar. But natalite is high in price, and the supply of molasses from the sugar refineries is not sufficient to yield liquid fuel to satisfy the demand. In order to make up the deficit an effort was made to get an alcohol fuel from maize; but this adventure proved a fizzle, because maize has a higher value as food than as a raw material in a fuel process. Now the problem appears to be on the way to solution through the utilization of the prickly pear. Here is a waste product that grows wild and has ruined tens of thousands of acres of valuable land in South Africa. This plant of the cactus species requires no cultivation, and produces an abundant crop of a heretofore useless fruit.

The idea of using the prickly pear to produce liquid fuel is not new, for even here in America we have realized for a long time that our cactus plant might be made to yield large quantities of alcohol. However, it has been left for an enterprising group in South Africa to make this dream materialize. The farmers there have spent tens of thousands of dollars in trying to rid their land of this plant pest. Now, through the aid of science, each acre of land that has been rendered valueless by the prickly pear will be made to yield ten tons of fruit, and each ton will produce thirteen gallons of alcohol. Since there are 2,000,000 acres of this waste land, the ultimate yield would be about 260,000,000 gallons of alcohol, to which is added a denaturant and a chemical constituent to render the alcohol usable in present types of engines. The big thought in all this is the necessity that must soon arise in many parts of the world for a specially designed alcohol engine. Much of our fuel in the future will be grown from the ground—not mined or drilled for.

A New Use for Ether

The increase in the price of gasoline in recent years has turned the attention of chemists and engineers to the development of substitute fuels. One investigator has concluded interesting experiments in producing an engine fuel by mixing from 70 to 90 per cent of benzol with from 10 to 30 per cent of dekalin. Right here in the United States more alcohol is being made from molasses than our present markets continuously require. There is also an oversupply of benzol, and this surplus will be increased enormously the moment the shale-oil industry becomes a going business.

Now, one product of the alcohol manufacturers is ether, and here again the supply is greater than the demand. But though ether alone and alcohol alone are sometimes drugs on the market, this unsatisfactory situation will likely be remedied by mixing the ether with the benzol and producing a motor fuel that will easily equal if not surpass the best gasoline. All that is needed is another material boost in the prices of gasoline to prove that this is a fact.

The only redeeming feature of our recurrent fuel troubles here in the United States is the added impetus they give to research in the vitally important field of mechanical energy. Recently an inventor announced the discovery of a process for making a solid fuel from kerosene. The new fuel can be produced in portable form, and can be burned like wood, coal or solidified alcohol. Federal chemists have called attention to the possibility of manufacturing a fuel gas from straw, cotton stalks, cornstalks and even dried leaves and lawn rakings.

Nearly all these plans are based on fact, and make good reading. But the truth remains that when we consider the nation's fuel problem as a whole, practically all of these interesting developments are of little more than passing interest, in view of the country's enormous requirements for mechanical energy. Before long it will be possible for the farmer to take his waste vegetation and make gas or fuel alcohol from

HERE is a BRAIN CONTEST

We have answered the first 4 questions. Can you answer the remaining 12?

Question	Answer
Who buy eggs from a Grocer in Lynn, Mass.?	Housewives of Lynn, Mass
Who buy Lathes?	Factory Purchasing Agents
Who buy Auto Tires?	Automobile Owners
Who buy Baby Carriages?	Parents of newborn Babies
Who buy Cosmetics?	
Who buy Cigars?	
Who buy Bonds?	
Who buy Seeds?	
Who buy Snow Shoes?	
Who buy Bathing Suits?	
Who buy Daylight Insurance?	
Who buy Adding Machines?	
Who buy Building Materials?	
Who buy Cream Separators?	
Who buy Auto Trucks?	
Who buy Soda Fountains?	

YOU can't sell ear-muffs to people in Southern Florida; but the foregoing questions and answers prove that it IS possible to select a list of the "should-be" buyers of *any* product.

The same reasoning power that enables anyone to do this should prompt you—NOW—to stencil a list of YOUR possible customers into ELLIOTT INDEX-ADDRESS CARDS. These cards, when run through an Elliott Addressing Machine, would thenceforth aim every penny of your advertising appropriation direct at concerns or individuals you know *can use* what you have to sell—in any given territory, large or small.

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Cleveland, N. O. Nicholas Bldg.
Dallas, 1309 Main St.
Denver, Gas & Electric Bldg.
Detroit, 1316 Dime Bank Bldg.
Fort Worth, Texas, Burk-Burnett Bldg.
Houston, Texas, Dulaney & Van Alstyne
Kansas City, Mo., 924 Main St.
Los Angeles, 416 Pacific Electric Bldg.
Minneapolis, 1200 Plymouth Bldg.
New Orleans, Whitney Central Bldg.
New York, 120 Broadway
Pittsburgh, Carnegie Office Annex
Portland, Ore., Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Providence, 1130 Industrial Trust Bldg.
Rochester, 413 Granite Bldg.
St. Louis, 1004 Arcade Bldg.
Salt Lake City, Utah, 30 Commercial Club Bldg.
San Francisco, 114 Sansome St.
Seattle, Commerce Co.
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Toronto, A. R. Hunnett Co.
Winnipeg, Man., Modern Office App. Co.
London, Eng., Hayward Co.

Uniting the desirable features of both open and closed cars—at an open car price.

The New Westcott

CLOSURE

PRICE $1795—SPECIAL CLOSURE $1995

Today, only three months after the first announcement, Westcott Closures are running on the streets of nearly every important city and town in the country.

Rare beauty in lines, finish and equipment—with comfort and ease of handling which makes driving a delight—with a warm, roomy, weather-tight interior, and the finest of wood and steel coachwork, it satisfies even the most partial closed car advocate.

Then, for good measure, are added the several marked advantages which have heretofore been the exclusive property of the open car—low price, light weight, small operating expense, absence of rumbling, adaptability for business use. The windows disappear when desired, giving unobstructed enjoyment of fine weather driving.

It will pay you to see it before you buy.

The following models comprise the Westcott line: The Closure, $1795; Special Closure, $1995; Brougham (including trunk) $2490; Sedan, $2490; Special Sedan, $2690.

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

WESTCOTT

The Car with a Longer Life

it, and use this fuel as a supply of power for his tractors and other farm machinery; but even such an accomplishment would not be of great consequence in a national sense.

Of more immediate and vital interest as a fuel safeguard are the potentialities that lie in our undeveloped reserves of oil shale. This enormous virgin supply of locked-up energy hangs like a great sword of Damocles over the heads of profiteering coal and oil operators. Though there has been a great deal of talk during the past few years about oil-shale developments, most of the alluring visions have been created by fake promoters who have given their attention solely to selling stock and not to producing oil. Actually, there is no considerable shale-oil industry here in the United States, and there will not be until coal or oil prices advance materially above present levels. There is no great supply of fuel in this country except oil shale that can be made available immediately to circumvent avaricious coal and oil dealers who may undertake a campaign of fuel oppression.

The oil-shale rock found in practically unlimited quantities in many parts of the United States will yield approximately one barrel—forty-two gallons—of oil a ton. We now produce here in the United States over 400,000,000 barrels of oil annually, so to replace this enormous quantity of petroleum with shale oil would require more than 1100 shale retorting plants, each consuming 1000 tons of shale daily. In other words, for each decrease of 1,000,000 barrels in our domestic production of petroleum we shall need to mine and treat 1,000,000 tons of shale. Last year the production of soft coal in this country was a little more than 400,000,000 tons, and that is approximately the amount of shale we would have to mine to furnish sufficient oil to take the place of our present output of petroleum from American wells. An oil-shale plant with a capacity of 1000 barrels a day would cost $3,000,000, so it is evident that a huge sum of money will have to be invested before our proposed oil-shale industry becomes a realized fact. But great are the potentialities, for when this new business does get going it will employ as many men as are now engaged in mining coal. Let no one lose sight of the fact that our oil-shale reserves are the only solid guaranty of permanence for our great automotive industry, in view of the certainty of an early decline in our output of petroleum.

Needless Coal Waste

Our enormous supplies of fuel have made us a nation of energy wasters. Enough gasoline to run 1,000,000 medium-weight motor cars 1400 miles is lost each year in America through preventable evaporation in storage tanks alone. A ton of coal leaves the mine with approximately 30,000,000 heat units locked in it, and less than 2,000,000 of these units are actually converted into mechanical energy—the rest is wasted.

There is nothing man ever touched so wonderful as coal and yet that was valued so lightly. Among other things it contains the extract of vanilla, cures for headaches, fertilizer for the farmer, naphtha for cleaning fluids and soaps, camphor for moth balls, acids, dyes, explosives, preservatives, perfumes, roofing and road-surfacing materials and flavoring compounds little less satisfactory than the essences obtained from the finest fruits. Yet three-quarters of our coal is fired directly without first being refined, and most of these valuable constituents are poured forth from our chimneys to destroy health and property rather than to be utilized in supplying the pressing needs of humanity.

In the near future, when gaseous fuel alone is used in our homes, the cellar, instead of being a dusty, dirty, wasted space, will be as clean as the living room above, and will be furnished and used for billiards or even some more profitable purpose. This is not a dream, for I saw such a home the other day. The abolition of the inexcusable practice of burning raw coal will result in adding another room to most of our dwellings.

But though fuel is important it certainly is not occupying all our attention. The flood of new discoveries, novel devices, unusual materials and improved methods that is being showered on us is probably the most encouraging sign of the times. It has been found that valuable edible oils can be obtained from the seeds of sunflowers, while the seeds from okra, tomatoes and a number of other plants will yield oils that are suitable either for fuel purposes or for use in the manufacture of soap and other similar products. One investigator in a Southern state where there are a great number of persimmon trees recently concluded experiments which showed that it is now possible to remove the astringent ingredient in the persimmon and use this element successfully in the manufacture of candy that has a new and unusual flavor. The British are reported to be getting formaldehyde by exposing water that is colored with a dye, and carries a certain percentage of carbon-dioxide gas, to the action of ultra-violet rays. The Italians have developed a method that nets a substantial yield of potash from the practically inexhaustible supply of lava that has been poured out of the Italian volcanoes. Synthetic hydrochloric acid is said to serve as a reagent in the process.

Rubber in the Milk

German scientists who have made a deep study of dyes assert that it is now possible to dye the wood of living trees without having to wait until the tree is cut down and sawed into lumber. This method of coloring wood as it grows is based on the use of an aniline dye, 100 grams of which are mixed with about 100 gallons of water. This quantity of solution is sufficient to color one tree from its roots to its topmost leaf; and as the report reads, the coloring operation is practically completed within forty-eight hours. However, the investigators suggest that the dyestuff be allowed to go on permeating the cells of the wood until the tree dies, which happens in about four or five weeks. Then the tree may be cut down and sawed up into the desired lengths of an attractive-colored lumber from which furniture and other wooden articles can be made.

This dyeing process imparts a uniform color to the entire wood fiber. The standard method is to inject the coloring solution into the roots of the tree through a tube connected to a tank attached to the trunk of the tree at a height of a dozen or more feet. Not every dyestuff can be used in this method.

A recent development of great importance is the perfection of new processes of rubber manufacture that promise to revolutionize the rubber industry. As a result of years of research a method has been devised for extracting rubber directly from the latex, or milk of the tree. In this scheme the particles of rubber in the latex are coagulated by the introduction of chemicals into the milk just after it has been taken from the tree. The resulting rubber has increased tensile strength and greater resistance to abrasion. But this is not all.

In past years American manufacturers have been accustomed to receiving their crude rubber in the form of slabs and sheets that had to be masticated and converted to a soft mass by methods that were harmful to the rubber. For some purposes the rubber was dissolved in benzine. In these earlier methods it was the custom to force the rubber into the body of the cotton goods that were used to give strength to the article, and generally the strands received only a superficial covering. Now the fabric threads are immersed in the latex and the rubber penetrates to the very center of the strand, the result being a much stronger product.

Rubber will now be shipped and handled in liquid form. It will be hauled in tank wagons as oil is now transported. Not only does the discovery mean longer life for automobile tires but the outcome will be a great increase in the uses to which rubber may be put.

Surely no one will deny that all such scientific work means a better, bigger and more prosperous United States.

Editor's Note—This is the second of several articles by Mr. Parsons dealing with the application of science to everyday life

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Announces the SPORT TWIN

Light, compact, quiet-running, easy-starting—a "twin"—and an Evinrude!

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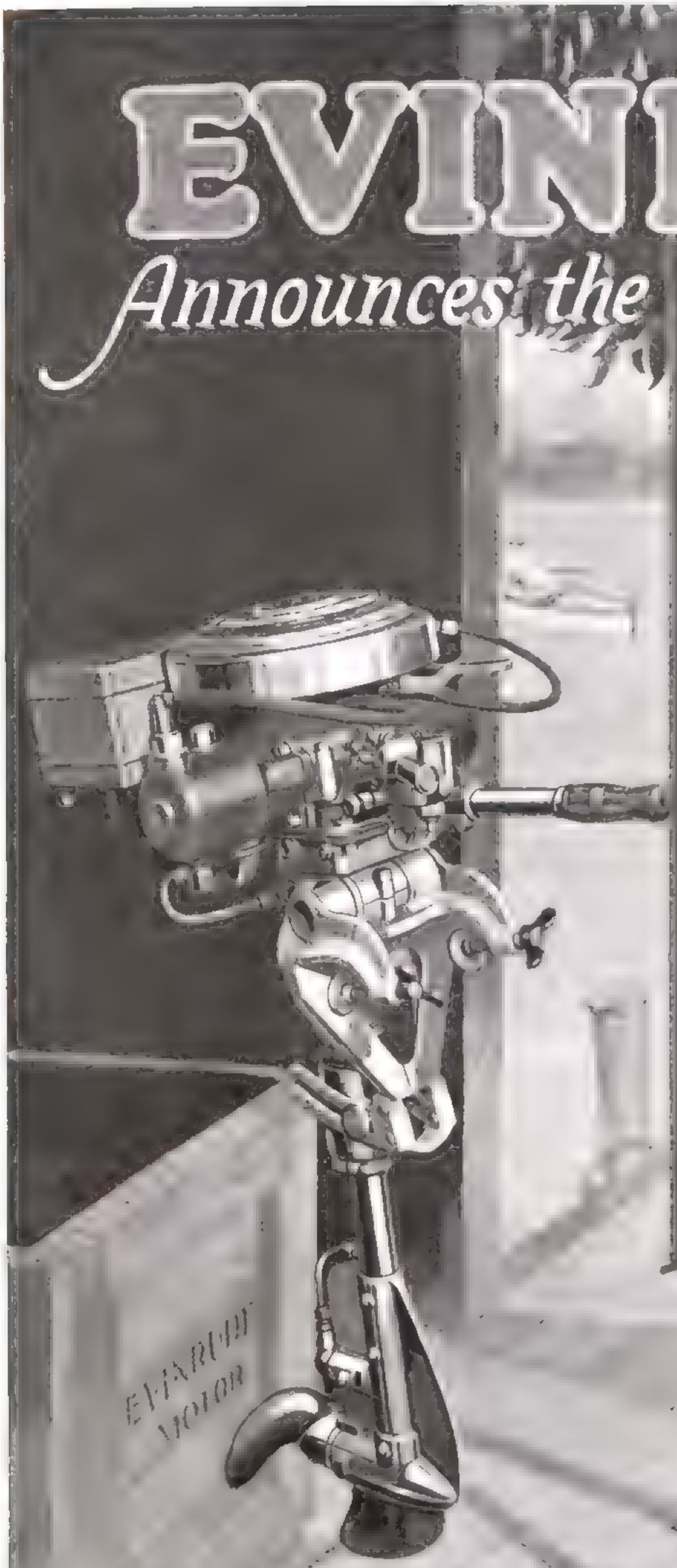

The Complete Line

Sport Twin *Detachable* | Standard *Detachable* | Big Twin *Detachable* | 1 Cylinder *Built-in* | 2 Cylinder *Built-in*

TRIUMPH

(Continued from Page 23)

Marie came in, deposited the teapot and made a graceful exit again.

"Everyone will laugh at me," said Lucia very quietly, answering herself. She began to pour the tea.

"Why should they laugh?" asked Anna. "They must be fools."

"Perhaps they are," said Lucia. "But the laughter of fools isn't a thing I can bear very easily. Still all that kind of thing can be staved off a while yet, can't it? Ten years, Anna? Another ten years, of sorts, I give myself."

Anna thought carefully over a reply.

"I've seen women of fifty and fifty-two who looked wonderful," said Lucia quickly. "Perfectly wonderful."

"You won't look at any other side of life, then, Lucia?"

"There is no other side."

"Work," said Anna; "children; love—real love, not only an affair of pearl necklaces."

"Love is all the same. Wait; wait and see."

"It is what I am going to do, Lucia."

Lucia passed the cigarette box.

"Not another one for me, Lucia. I am going to sing."

"You are too indomitable, Anna."

Below them the doorbell sounded. Lucia sat forward, listening. Anna saw a faint flush creep into her sister's face. The front door had opened and closed.

"I wonder if anyone came in," said Lucia.

"You said you were not at home."

"I know, I know. Not at home except to—there's always someone to whom one is always at home somehow. It might be ——"

Her voice trailed off. Marie entered.

"Mr. Bobby is downstairs, madame."

"Send him up," said Lucia, "in two minutes."

Marie left suavely. Lucia rose quickly.

"I didn't expect him," she said in a light, pleased, embarrassed voice. "I thought he was rehearsing all day. I suppose he's just managed to slip out. He never keeps away from me for long."

She was at the dressing table, powdering her face swiftly. She took a phial of strong Eastern perfume and put a tiny drop of it behind each ear and in the palms of her hands.

"Is he coming up here, Lucia?"

"Why, yes, my dear. I always see my friends anywhere."

She put a touch of red on her lips.

"I shall let you off to your practicing, my child, now that I have someone else to bore."

She draped her *peignoir* deftly round her. She had suddenly taken on an evanescent sparkle, a lightness and happiness. Anna rose, put on her coat, snatched her gloves just as the door opened again.

"Mr. Bobby," uttered Marie, like velvet.

Anna heard Lucia cry "Paul!" She just saw a tallish, very slim youth with oiled hair swept back from his sallow, dark face, large dark eyes, and a smile of experienced ingenuousness as she slipped by him and went out. She passed down a softly carpeted stairway, through a dim, warm, flower-scented hall, and yet somehow was glad to leave it all for the cold street.

Her childish envy of Lucia had long passed; her admiration given place to tenderest pity. She who stood at the break of the morning was sorrowful for the sister whose autumn came so early and so frostily.

When she reached home a heavier scent than the odor of last night's roses assailed her. The air was languid with lilies. Again there was a big washbowl on the round table, and the lilies filled it. She ran forward eagerly, in spite of all her cautionary tactics with herself, just to see—but there was no word; not one.

She put the lilies on the top of the piano. She sat down to the piano presently, with the happy feeling of a woman soft among darling luxuries. The insidious happiness was in her eyes and heart and brain, even in the finger tips. She began to finger delicately the Barcarolle of Hoffmann. Those were the words in which she could best love the roses and the lilies. The song was one suited to her voice, her temperament; even to her transient mood of tonight.

Night of stars and night of love ——

The oblivious girl did not know that her weary landlady stood dreaming on the stairs outside to hear the song; nor of the small poor crowd who collected slowly beneath her half-open window and waited there.

V

KING GARNET waited in his car outside the printing works. He had not taken his chauffeur, and he was not using his big touring car. He had taken his mother's little coupé and he was driving it himself. It was inconspicuous and small among the big vans that still at closing time lumbered in and out of the yard; and the bicycles of messengers and the tricycle carriers and the handcarts. He had sent no word to Anna Land; he was just, as he said to himself, chancing it. But there was one thing which with his impish sense of humor he had done. He had invented a pretext by which some third person should keep Silver behind in the office for a few minutes after official closing time. The third person knew nothing of the game; Silver knew nothing; only King Garnet knew and laughed to himself in the darkness of the little coupé.

He was not going to vex Anna Land with any kind of wordy duel with Silver about the business of escorting her. He hoped lazily, and yet with a relish that rather surprised himself, to catch her in a propitious temper; and he would speak her fair, very fair.

King Garnet knew what was a propitious temper for a working girl; when she was tired at the end of the day; when all the early morning spirits of her sheer youth had been worked off; when the anticipation of a good dinner looked even better than the dinner itself would taste; when she didn't much care. If there could be added to this raw weather darkness, frost or drizzle; no matter which, so long as it was cold; a touch of fog, so that the usual journey home by omnibus or tramcar would seem wearingly prolonged—so much the better.

Yet, withal, he was a kind young man; and, so far, all his light-hearted prowlings had not yet made of him a cad or a beast. He hunted girls with the same joyful zest with which he hunted deer or fished for salmon; and he was always tender, and tried to be fair, and struggled—so long as the struggle did not involve any acute form of sacrifice—not to make his already broad code of morals any broader.

"The finest girl—absolutely the finest I've ever run across," he was thinking to himself of Anna Land. And as the thought formulated he was watching the big door of exit for the workers; she emerged at the tail of a stream of rapidly dispersing girls.

"Different from any of 'em; so different!" he said to himself, bounding from the car.

There was still a light shining through the wire half-blind of the office window where Silver and an innocent third person held converse.

Garnet intercepted Anna without loss of time.

"Miss Land!"

"Mr. Garnet!"

"Yes, I. Good evening. I was just—that is to say, I have a car here. It's beastly foggy. I hope you'll let me drive you home."

"Thank you; but I take the tramcar along the Embankment."

"The foggiest stretch in London, of course. Please don't be ungracious, Miss Land, but let me drive you home."

"It's kind of you, of course ——"

"I already know where you live."

"I know you do," she replied slowly.

The light in Silver's office was suddenly switched out. Garnet glanced swiftly at the dark window, but no more swiftly than did Anna. He knew that she wished to escape Silver tonight. She knew that Garnet knew. It established an ethereal friendliness of conspiracy between them.

"Quick!" he cried, with a shining smile; and it was so much a boy's smile of delighted achievement that when he took her arm she suddenly quickened her steps and ran beside him to the little car waiting on the other side of the yard. They were in the car and out of the yard before Silver emerged from the works, cursing at his delay.

Garnet drove for a short way, and then pulled up beside the curb, took his hands off the wheel and turned to her. Sounds and shapes of traffic were so dim in the fog that it was almost as if they were alone.

"We're all right here for a second or two," he said. "My tail light's an extra good one. I've stopped to tell you something: I'm not taking you straight home."

She looked at him. He had heard in similar circumstances hornified giggles concealing excitement, or incoherent dithers of easily turned protest; but Anna Land gave neither exhibition. She was tired; she merely looked at him. He looked back quite earnestly; and to his own amazement his look was no criterion of the earnestness he felt. He had an honest anxiety to do right in her eyes—for the evening anyway.

"Listen!" he said. "I do want to talk to you. You think we haven't run through sufficient preliminaries of ordinary acquaintanceship. Well, but how can we ever run through them if we don't start?"

"Why should we ever run through them?" she demanded, but regretfully.

"Because—I want to know you. I want to be friends. Listen! We mustn't stand here by the curb for long, or somebody bigger than we are will come along to bust us up." As he spoke a great car crawled by so near them that their mud guards nearly grated together. "I'm taking you out for some dinner and a talk. You would have refused if I'd asked you. I've abducted you! So far so good. Be kind and make it good all the way," he said very persuasively. "I know you don't want to dine in town, because you would say you hadn't been given time to change your frock." He smiled his smile of habitual tender understanding; and then seeing her quick and correct assimilation of this smile, he erased it with a little guilty dismay in his mind. She knew him!

"So I thought we'd just run down to Richmond," he said. "Will you?"

Anna looked out into the fog.

"Of course you will," he murmured persuasively, watching her.

"It is no use taking me for granted," she said firmly.

"I'm not! I'm not! May we, please, shake hands on the good intention, and shall we go on?"

Anna found her cold and somewhat grubby hand in King Garnet's warm and clean one. She smiled thoughtfully.

"Men are a nuisance," she said.

"I won't be a nuisance. I just long for a talk with you; and, as I say, we must start sometime, somehow, somewhere." He slipped on his furred driving gauntlet again and felt for the gear lever. "Why not like this?"

He started the car.

"Brought off the first bit all right," he thought jubilantly.

But he knew she was tired and that her hands were cold, and he felt protectively and gently towards her. He really wanted to give this poor and charming thing the very best that mere money could buy.

"She's damned proud though," he thought. But he liked her all the better for it. Somehow her pride exhilarated him like trumpet music or some gallant spectacle.

So they ran on through the curious silence of the fog, rather slowly and cautiously; but smoothly, comfortably, luxuriously, Anna felt to herself, leaning back against the padded cushion that was more habituated to Mrs. Garnet's scented and furred shoulders than anything like this girl's shabby overcoat. She did not talk, but she thought; and the thoughts were long, seeking, uncertain. No sooner did they stumble upon convictions than the convictions broke and melted away.

Over the river the fog was whiter and very dense; but after they left the bridge behind it cleared a little, and King Garnet relaxed his vigilance. He glanced at her.

"Tired?" He laid a hand momentarily over hers. "Are you cold?"

"I am not tired," said Anna; "just—jaded. Give me food and I shall be quite a decent companion. It's a long day, you know," she added.

"At the works? I know. Nine till six? What a shame!" His voice was infused with regrets. "But I must try to make it up to you."

He pressed her hands softly and drove on.

They stopped at the very famous hotel overlooking the hidden river and passed out of the mist-blanketed gravel drive up the steps and into the redness of the warm glow beyond. Anna went straightway to the dressing room to look into the mirror. The need for that mirror had been the only sure conviction with her on the way down. She washed her face because it was young enough to stand hot or cold water at any hour of the day. She looked long into the glass and rubbed her lips.

"Try a lip stick, miss," said the attendant confidentially, proffering one.

She tried it, and the effect was what made King Garnet check a brief and joyful smile when she came into the vestibule again. Austerity had gone—the austerity of her quietness and pallor which had silenced a lot of things on his lips on the drive down. The red lip stick had given her a buoyant note; and she had left her overcoat in the cloakroom and pulled her worn frock into shape with the marvelous resource of women with no resources; and she had given her hat a rake. When she came out of the works it had been just jammed down anyhow, level. Now it poised subtly a little to one side. It was different. She was different. It was a very pleased and anticipatory young man who established her tenderly at their table.

"Cocktail?" he said. "You positively must. Of course, it's a terrible habit for girls; but then you haven't the habit, I know. And you must get up an appetite for food somehow."

So when something came, soft as velvet and cold as snow and hot as fire, she drank it. A comfortable barrier rose between her and all the difficulties of the outside world. The orchestra began to play. It was different from Paolo's and Silver.

Anna had been very firm and austere with herself. Always she had feared the weakening. She had kept aloof with a high and faithful resolution from even such few rich things of life as came her way.

"Anna Land," she had always adjured herself, "it will be a great life if you don't weaken."

But while she imposed upon herself this stern strength all the female softnesses in her cried out under it all the while, and urged her towards just the sort of pleasure that she was enjoying tonight.

"Tell me more about yourself," King Garnet was saying.

She answered: "Well, Mr. Garnet, I don't know that I will. It's an insidious vice, thinking about oneself and talking about oneself. It makes the wrong things seem too important."

"What are the wrong things, Miss Land?"

"Too much self-pity," she answered: "too much self-esteem; too much introspection. I've seen such a lot of girls flattered into thinking they were the most important and attractive things on earth, just by kind men offering a little more sympathy than was good for them."

She smiled at him.

"And just how much sympathy is too much for any woman?" he demanded. "Tell me that. Tell me if a girl can have too much care and petting. Eh?"

"She can never have too much for her body," said Anna, suddenly realizing this with a sigh. "But oh, she can easily have too much for the good of her soul!"

"I believe you were brought up in a stern school, Miss Land."

"Perhaps I was, Mr. Garnet; my own school. I brought myself up since about the age of ten anyway."

"You've been too harsh a teacher for yourself then. Why not let me take the class for a bit? I'll learn you. And I should enjoy making lessons of pleasure—the lessons of life."

"The lessons of what you call life."

"Try 'em. I'll guarantee to have you soon writing under my copy heads."

"Don't be too sure of that."

"Try it out then. Let me endeavor, and fail. Let me give you a lesson," he invited.

She shook her head.

After a while, his eyes on her now glowing face and warm eyes and vital body, he asked, "Why were you so annoyed the other day simply because I called you a pretty and amazing girl?"

"Employer and employe ——"

"Oh, but hang that! There's reason in everything. We're still employer and employe if you like to say so; but ——"

He smiled around and back at her triumphantly.

"Here we are."

"Yes, and I love it," cried Anna.

(Continued on Page 88)

Where Westinghouse Serves

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- Lighting Brackets
- Meters
- Motors for
  - Buffers
  - Grinders
  - Ice Cream Freezers
  - Ir[illegible]
  - Motors for
    - Sewing Machines
    - Vacuum Cleaners
    - Washing Machines, etc.
- Newel Posts
- Percolators
- Radio Equipment
- Rectigon for Charging Automobile and Radio Batteries
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- Turnover Toasters
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- Bread-baking Ovens
- Chocolate Warmers
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- Lamps
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    - Duplicating Devices
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- Insulating Materials
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- Power House Apparatus
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- Stokers
- Switches
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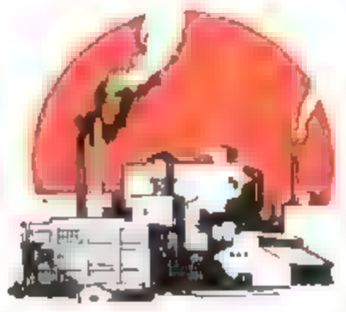
- Arc Welding Equipment
- Automatic Starters and Controllers
- Automatic Substations
- Battery Charging Equipment
- Gears and Pinions
- Insulating Materials
- Lamps
- Line Material
- Locomotives
- Motors for Hoists, Pumps and Tipples or Breakers
- Motor Generators
- Portable Substations
- Switchboards
- Synchronous Converters
- Transformers
- Ventilating Outfits



In Mills and Factories

- Arc Welding Equipment
- Automatic Starters and Controllers
- Circuit-breakers
- Fans
- Furnaces and Ovens
- Fuses
- Generating Apparatus
- Glue Cookers
- Insulating Materials
- Knife Switches
- Lighting Equipment
- Lamps
- Locomotives
- Meters
- Micarta Gears
- Motors
- Panels and Switchboards
- Safety Switches
- Space Heaters
- Transformers
- Ventilating Equipment

On the Farm

- Curling Irons
- Fans
- Fuses
- Irons
- Lamps
- Motors for all Home Appliances
- Motors for Power Purposes
- Out-door Switch Houses
- Percolators
- Radio Equipment
- Switches
- Toasters
- Transformers
- Waffle Irons and the Westinghouse Light and Power Plant

On the Street

Street Railway Equipment

- Arc Welding Equipment
- Automatic Sub-stations
- Babbitting Outfits
- Babbitt Metal
- Baking Ovens
- Circuit-breakers
- Compressors
- Control Equipment
- Fans
- Gears and Pinions
- Insulating Materials
- Lamps
- Lightning Arrestors
- Lighting Fixtures
- Line Equipment
- Machine Tool Motors
- Motors
- Relays
- Switches
- Transformers
- Trolley Poles

Street Lighting Equipment

- Cables and Conduit
- Control Apparatus
- Lamps
- Ornamental Posts
- Street Hoods
- Transformers

Automotive Equipment

- Ammeters
- Charging Generators
- Ignition Equipment
- Lamps
- Lighting Equipment
- Starting Motors
- Switches
- Timing Gears
- Voltmeters

Westinghouse

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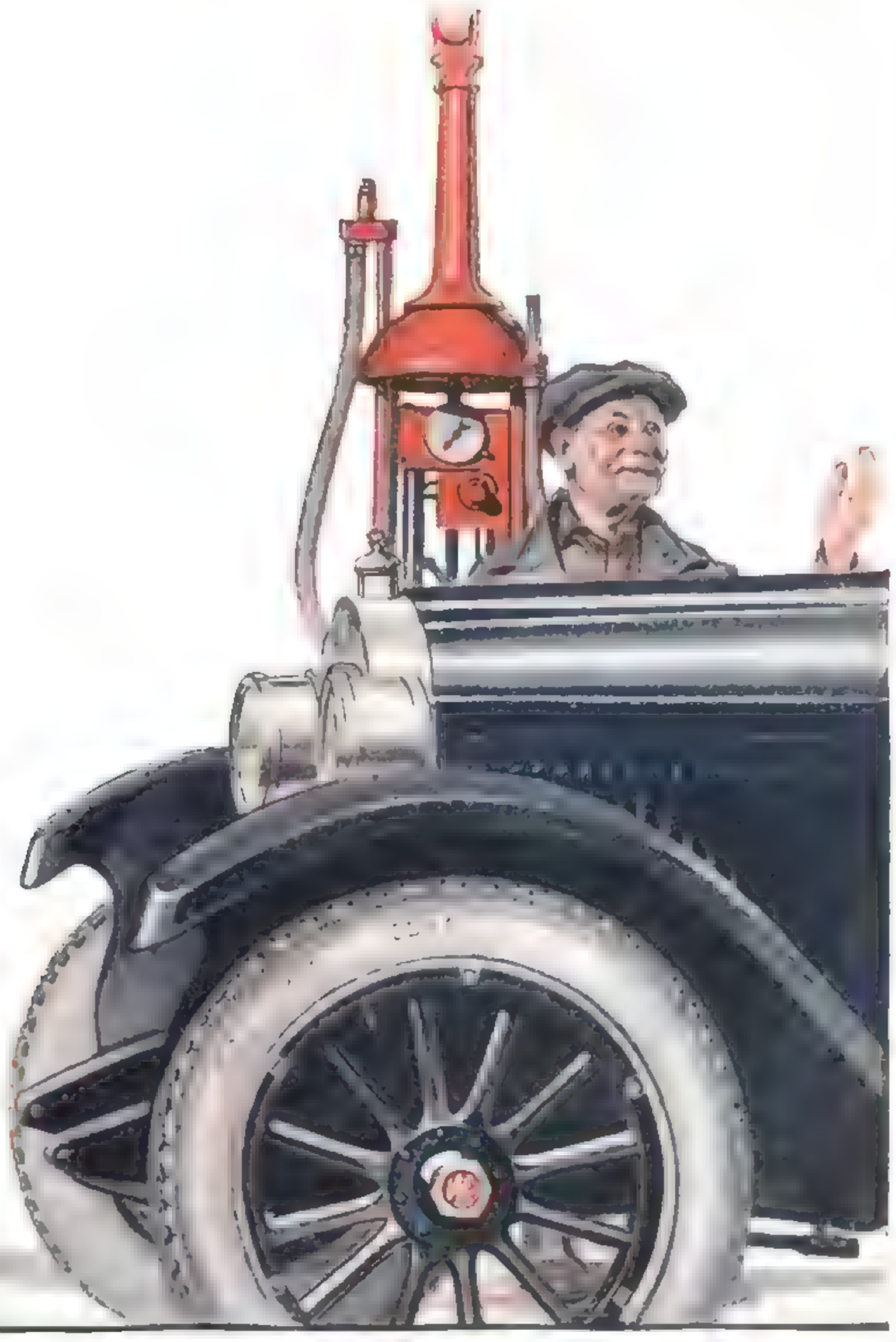


The New Economical
5 PASSENGER

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Other Models Include

Touring - - 7-pass.	Sedan - - - 5-pass.	Sedan - - - 7-pass.
Roadster - - 3-pass.	Coupe-Sedan - 5-pass.	Coupe - - - 3-pass.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, Inc., TOLEDO
WILLYS-OVERLAND LTD., TORONTO

Hello Stranger —

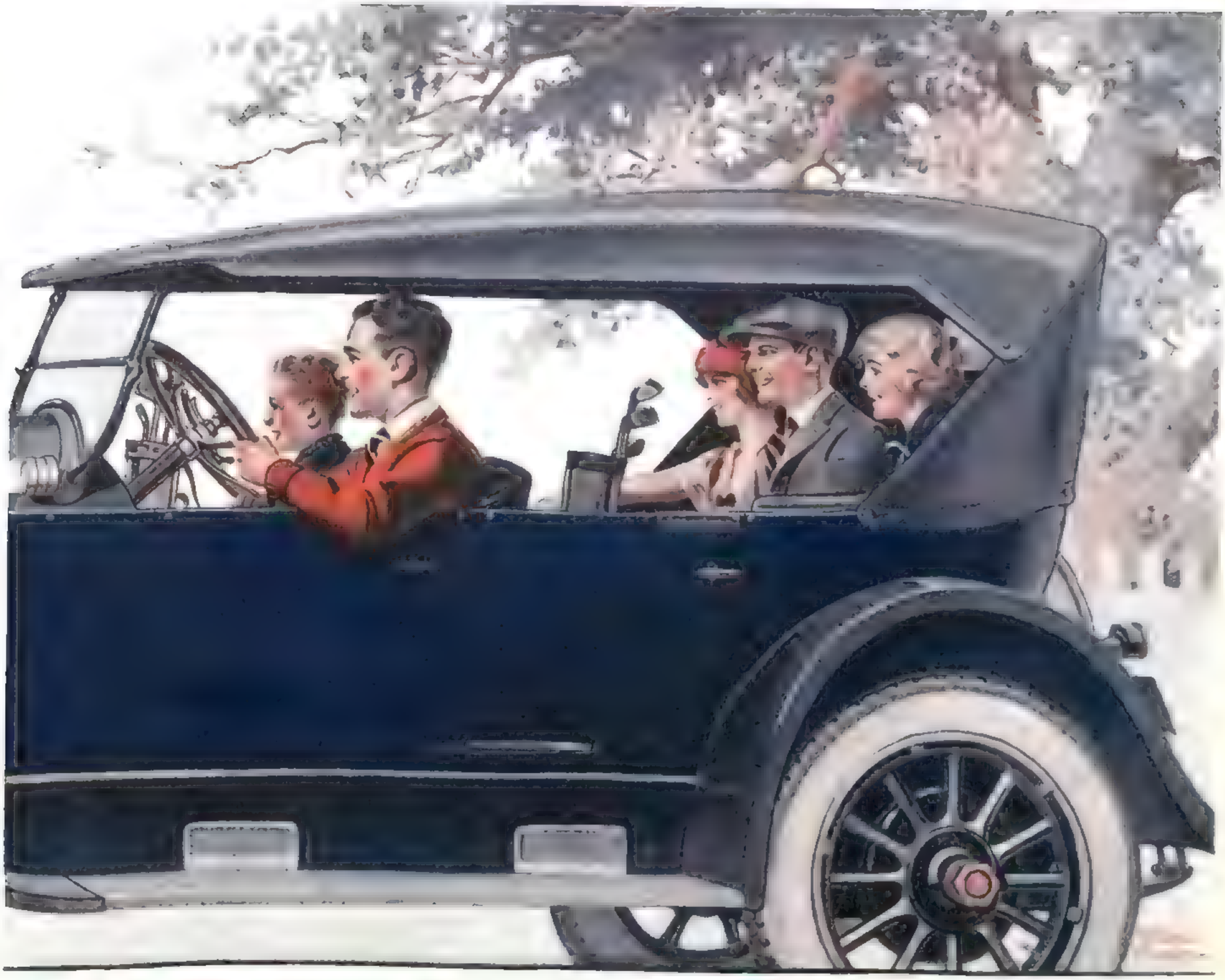
THE Willys-Knight stops seldom at the gasoline pump. Twenty miles and more to the gallon is its common performance.

And the sparing manner with which the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor consumes fuel is only the beginning of its economy.

Many owners have reported fifty thousand miles and more without a single motor adjustment or any attention other than providing oil and water.

Carbon only increases compression. There is no valve grinding. The silent-working sleeve-valves are actuated by a sound, precise mechanical process —not by springs—and function exactly the same every revolution for life. We know of no Willys-Knight motor that has worn out.

WILLYS-



I don't see you often!

The passing months and the mounting miles bring to the Willys-Knight owner the extraordinary realization that his motor is steadily *increasing in power.* The Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor actually improves with use.

Seven beautiful *new* Willys-Knight models were introduced to America during the early days of January and won an immediate, sweeping public acceptance. This was evidenced by orders from all parts of the country, in such numbers that the great Willys-Overland plant has had to redouble its efforts to keep pace with the demand.

The tremendous sales of these new models suggest immediate placing of your order to insure prompt delivery of your Willys-Knight.

KNIGHT

The sea-roving paint that came home

ON THE decks of ships U. S. N. Deck Paint first proved its claim to longer life and lasting beauty. But now its faithful service in the home exceeds by far its use on ships, for home owners, too, want paint that wear and weather will not quickly dim.

On floors and porches U. S. N. Deck Paint defies the tramp of busy feet; on walls and woodwork it withstands the hardest washing; and on home exteriors it stays bright long after ordinary paints are dull and worn.

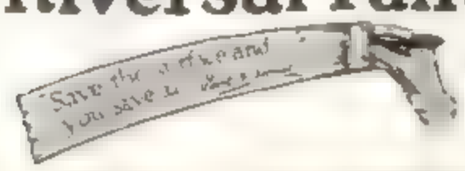
You'll find that U. S. N. Deck Paint is easy to apply, spreads freely and dries hard over night. Its many colors meet every household need inside and out.

The nearest U. S. N. Deck Paint Dealer is a man worth knowing. We'll gladly tell you where to find him.

THE BILLINGS CHAPIN COMPANY
Cleveland
New York Boston

U.S.N. DECK PAINT

The Universal Paint



(Continued from Page 84)

"And you are a beautiful and amazing girl," he said promptly.

"Some day I'll look into a glass and see if I can allow myself to think so."

"Some day—when?"

"When I'm a success and can afford a little vanity—if one ever can afford it."

She spoke very seriously.

"A woman can always afford herself all the vanity she knows how to enjoy. She is the better for it."

"What kind of woman are you thinking of?"

"Women like you; beautiful ——"

"Don't say it again. And it's just women like me who can't afford anything of the kind. We can't afford to stop and think 'What an interesting soul I am!' We've got to work and get on, or ——"

"Don't say get out. A girl as beau—all right, all right. You dear! And I suppose that's wrong too; but I don't care. What I do care about is to convince you that you don't have to get on or get out. You should choose an easier way. Make men your stepping stones."

Anna Land looked at him very squarely across the table. The perfume of the roses between them was in her nostrils; a sparkling French wine had warmed every fiber of her; the cigarette smoke went up like dreams; but her eyes were clear of any such effervescent delights. As she looked at him she saw straight; very straight, indeed. She smiled.

"That doesn't pay."

He knew somehow that she had seen very straight; much too straight for his own temporary happiness.

"Oh," he protested, "what do you mean?"

"I've seen women make stepping stones of men—or they thought they had."

There passed before her in review others besides Lucia: girls who had worked beside her; girls who had worked under or over her; girls who had gone out gayly to rich, reckless marriages or rich, reckless shame - deceiving themselves with all the strength of their desirous minds. And then afterwards, years or months afterwards, when she had by chance seen one of those girls, she had read in her eyes what her lips desperately refused to utter—the soul's confession, "It doesn't pay."

"Every one of us," she said, "has to return value for what we get; men and women all alike."

"You are a deep thinker," said Garnet, but at random, for he was looking deep into her eyes and was troubled by the truths he found there.

"I have learned a little," she replied.

"We are being terribly earnest," said Garnet, pushing aside his coffee cup to put his arms on the table and lean over to her. "And I don't want to make you too earnest on our first happy evening together."

"The first and last," said Anna quickly.

"No!" said Garnet, and for the first time she saw a hint of doggedness in his young face, knitting his straight brows and giving his eyes the directness of swords.

Then she repeated to herself swiftly, "Yes; the first and last! Absolutely!"

"No!" Garnet asseverated. "There must be another time, and soon. But we can argue that later. I'm longing to ask you more about yourself." He returned to light tenderness. "What do you best like doing? You dance? Of course you do!"

She hesitated, then replied, "Yes; but ——" reluctantly.

"No buts! You dance. Needless to say, so do I. And you sing. I remember that. I remember also that I am to hear you."

"I don't think I promised that."

The young man smiled, for he knew that here was she most vulnerable. Her darling wish was to be a prima donna, was it?—the sweet, ambitious thing. He leaned nearer. Very coaxingly: "You mean to promise though. There's no possible reason why you shouldn't. Please!"

She hesitated again. "You're kind, I think. But if you mean you'll help me by making your friends give me little engagements out of charity or to oblige you, I'd say no, thank you. I won't be weak. I'm going to succeed on my own merits or not at all."

"What can have made you so implacable?"

"Watching some other women I have known."

"You are not like other women."

Her laughter rang out.

"That's what they were told, and what they believed."

"You're a very disconcerting girl. But I really mean it. Truly, you do seem to me different entirely from any other girl I have ever met. I love your independence, your squareness. But all the same ——"

"Say it," said Anna with a smile; "it won't hurt me."

He paused.

"Are you sure you're so aloof?"

"Sure!" she answered securely.

"I was going to say, all the same, let me do something. Let me strew a few roses, open a door or two, shed a little light along the way of Miss Anna Land's road to glory. Don't be too stern with yourself."

"Somebody must be stern with me," said Anna, "and it had better be myself. Oneself one can rely on. Other people—one somehow never knows what they'll do."

"Doesn't one? But now I want to pursue the question further. Suppose you can't quite get there by yourself. What then?"

"Then—I'll stay here."

"Oh, heaven! What a prospect!"

She laughed.

"As you say, what a prospect! No matter. Others face it. All those little girls in the binding room—they've nothing else before them that's certain except that and just any sort of marriage that may or may not come along."

"It might be a happy marriage."

"It might; it mightn't. They'd take it, anyhow; they're so sick of the binding room. Yes, that's all they have before them, and I'm a good bit stronger than they are."

Again he said, "Ah, but you're different!"

The orchestra had paused to rest; but in the pause, through an open door came the strains of other music and the light shuffle of dancing feet. King Garnet looked round.

"They're dancing, through there. Look!"

She looked.

"Shall we?" asked Garnet eagerly.

They rose and went into the dancing room. Garnet danced wonderfully well, by much practice. Anna danced wonderfully well by sheer instinct. She followed his steps without a flaw. There was not an instant spoiled by the briefest loss of sympathy. They danced and danced.

They were tucked into the little coupé again and headed Londonward. She leaned back beside him, quiet but exhilarated; restful but all awake. The evening had shone for her, starred with happiness. She was not the tired girl who had come down to the great hotel where the lights still blazed and the dancing feet still moved on and on. It had been ecstatic, the sudden unexpected swoop into another world. The young man beside her had been a fairy prince who had whirled her out of drabness and transplanted her into a land flowing with delights. But now the hour had struck and she was going back; going back ——

Anna Land knew that her own life looked to her much poorer, smaller, meaner than it had looked five hours ago. It was gray, unrapturous. The flag was at half-mast. But she was going back and it should be exactly the same. She sighed. King Garnet heard her. She knew that he was sitting there, every sense edged, looking, listening for the next trifling thing she should say or do.

"Take your hat off; lean back," he ordered in a low voice of tenderness.

She pulled off her hat, her sleek hair remaining unruffled, close set about her head. The hat lay on her lap and she looked down at it; a shabby hat, soft and limp, of corduroy velvet guaranteed not to spoil in the rain. It had cost several shillings. She knew that her evening's entertainment had cost several pounds. She laughed.

"I'd rather hear you laugh than sigh," said Garnet, smiling. "I thought you were very tired perhaps. But that sounds better."

"I'm not tired at all now."

"Why did you laugh?" he asked, leaning his shoulder a little down towards hers.

She lazed back in the padded car.

"I laughed—I don't know—at our incongruity. It seemed ridiculous. You've been nice; I appreciate it, you know; nice to fetch me from the works just as I am, not to care how I looked. I rather thought there was only about one man in the world—in my world, anyhow—who would do that kind of thing." She was thinking briefly of Silver.

Garnet protested: "My dear!" It passed without rebuke. "My dear! Don't you know you're a queen in any clothes? I mean it! Really! You are truly very wonderful to me, Anna Land!"

"I look what I am—a working girl."

"You look what you are; different from any other girl in the world."

She was supremely happy, lazing back under the fur rug.

"Only about an hour more, at most," she was saying to herself. "I'll enjoy it, every minute."

The fog had lifted a little, was whiter and thinner, but Garnet drove slowly. He was ecstatically troubled. He did not quite understand himself over this girl. He knew that her touch was a thrill; to dance with her in his arms was to be superlatively content; to look into her eyes was to see truth and respect it; to look at her lips was to long to kiss them. In this blind night of mist there was little on the road. He drew the car up on the side.

"That's why you laughed; but why did you sigh just before? I know why." He pulled off his gauntlet and sought her hand under the rug. "Tomorrow doesn't look good, does it, Anna?" he murmured.

"Tomorrow will do very well."

"Tonight isn't over yet. Anna, do you really mean all you say?"

"I think I usually mean everything I say. I've usually thought things out pretty carefully, you see, before I speak."

"Yes; but do you know that already you mean a great deal to me?"

"Impossible, Mr. Garnet. And, please, can't you realize that I don't want this? I've loved going out; being looked after; flowers, lights, music, dancing; a good dinner. I love life, sparkling. But I can't have it so. I mustn't. Please understand. Let us drive home."

"Very soon." Then she saw that the young man was deadly serious; troubled. He switched on the light in the car over their heads. "I want to see how you look, Anna." And she glimpsed the set of his face, the set of his lips, the intentness of his gaze. Then what she had said brought memories.

"Flowers!, I haven't th-thanked you yet for all the flowers you sent me. It was you, wasn't it?"

"Why? Could it be anyone else?" he said intently.

"I didn't think it was anyone else. Thank you for the flowers, Mr. Garnet. Let go my hands and drive on."

"Very soon. But first—let me kiss you."

She shook her head. "No."

"But, Anna, I—love you, dear."

He said it very softly. She looked into his face and saw that, to his amazement—and to her terror, though she did not know that the leap at her heart was terror—he spoke the truth. For the moment he loved her; or rather, in the moment he had begun to love her. He drew nearer.

She shook her head and implored sharply, "No, don't kiss me!"

"Darling ——"

"It's a great life if one doesn't weaken," said Anna to keep herself steadfast and speaking only half audibly. But, his senses all edged, he caught it.

"Weaken?" he repeated caressingly.

"You mustn't kiss me."

"I tell you, dear, I love you."

"Oh, no! You and I cannot love each other"

"Couldn't you love, Anna, a little?"

In Anna Land's heart there was a devastating confession—she could love King Garnet! He was young and ardent. She was young and ardent. They sat close in the privacy of the little car, with the white mist all over them like veils and not a star shining through above them; no footsteps sounding; no traffic; not an eye to see if she leaned against his shoulder and shut her eyes and let that kiss just happen. But afterwards? More kisses ——

Anna Land had, as she said, brought herself up in her own hard school. She turned her face away out of temptation.

"You could love me, Anna?" he murmured humbly, kissing the palms of her hands.

"No," she answered; "no."

A very rage to conquer swept through Garnet. He was amazed and thrilled to find himself thus held back, and it seemed to him that never in his life had he wanted anything so much as he wanted the girl beside him. He drew her to him and looked down into her face.

"Listen!" She listened breathlessly. "I do love you, Anna. I do! I've known you a very little time—I don't know you at

(Continued on Page 91)

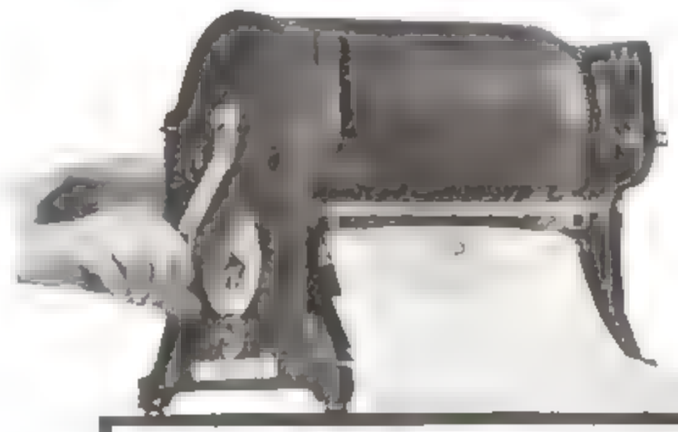
Where Success is Built on Service

Wonderful mechanism that it is, the success of the Multigraph depends on more than mechanics. Here is a machine that *must* be technically right, that must be durable and capable and of the greatest simplicity—and it *is* all these things—and yet its great usefulness grows out of its performance as a Service.

And it is as a Service, and not as a piece of machinery, that users of the Multigraph value it most. See on this page ten different kinds of helpfulness for Multigraph users, ten separate stones in the structure of success which the Multigraph has built, not only for itself, but, more especially, *for its users* large and small, retail and wholesale and manufacturing, everywhere.

You should hear one of our people tell this whole story—and the coupon will start him on his way to you if you will use it.

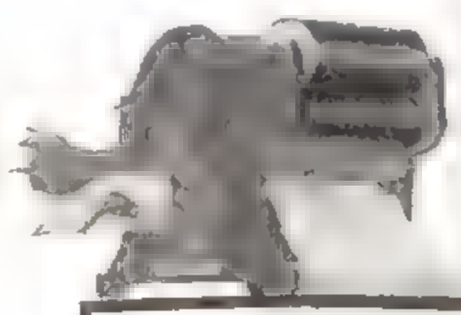
This is the New Multigraph, equipped for turning out typewritten letters, forms, etc



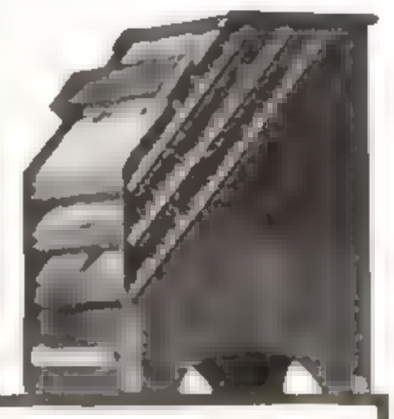
Installation and Instruction Service

Complete and understandable instructions, covering all phases of Multigraph operation, and designed to be especially helpful to new users, are furnished with the Multigraph. In cases where the expense involved does not make it impossible, we help train any designated person to operate the Multigraph, but it is so simple and easy to use that anyone can teach himself to do it.

Prices in Canada $38.00 down. Cash price $196.00. Printing Ink attachment—$37.50.



The two-roll Printing Ink Attachment, easily and quickly attached to the New Multigraph, $37.50 additional



This is the Multigraph Typesetter which makes it easy to set type for the Multigraph

Mechanical Service

Mechanical experts, under the general supervision of a headquarters department, are stationed at each Division Office. The advice and experience of these experts are at the service of any Multigraph user at nominal service charges. These men are not there for *effect*, they are there to be *used*. It happens frequently that this service is of help in other ways than on the purely mechanical problems involved.

Supply Service

A complete stock of parts, and of all the other things that are necessary for the most complete use of the Multigraph, is maintained at each Division Office. If some unforeseen use of the Multigraph develops overnight, any of these offices can make it possible for you to employ it at once. The full value of this service probably goes unrealized until an emergency develops—but when it's needed—it's needed

The Multigraph-Mackintosh Direct-Mail Service

This service offers you criticisms and suggestions about your Direct-Mail Campaign, by Charles Henry Mackintosh. Copy service and personal consultation are also provided when necessary. Whether it is a matter of a single mail-piece, or an entire campaign, you can get the benefit of a lot of know-how for a nominal fee.

Multigraph Cut Service

Six hundred and fifty cuts of various kinds, ready for use, are provided by this Service, which is particularly valuable to Retailers. They are all shown in a book which is supplied to users, and all you have to do is make a selection and place your order. The cuts are inexpensive, and cover a great range of subjects. They are of various sizes, and provide illustrations for many kinds of advertising.

Composition and Plate Service

(Through The International Service Company)

Any piece of copy or illustration, or both, that you use frequently, is composed and made into plate form for you by this Service, so that you can use it almost indefinitely. This saves you time in the use of your Multigraph, and insures you against mistakes, so easy to make, so hard, many times, to correct

Farrington Letter Service *(For Retailers)*

This service consists of a series of portfolios, each containing fifty selling letters written by Frank Farrington. These are a part of Multigraph equipment for retailers in the following lines: Hardware; Jewelry; General Store; Men's Furnishings; Laundries, Dry Cleaners and Dyers; Shoes; Dry Goods; Furniture; Drugs; Groceries

Letter Service for Winchester-Simmons Stores

A specially prepared letter service for Winchester Dealers. This has been created in co-operation with the Winchester-Simmons Company, and is adapted carefully to be in step with the policies and aims of the country-wide Service. No Winchester Dealers should be without this Service.

Letter Service for Reo Dealers and Distributors

In co-operation with the Reo Automobile Company, a series of letters has been prepared for the exclusive use of Reo Dealers and Distributors. These letters are designed to help sell cars and Speed Wagons, and they are the product of careful consideration of the market and its problems. They mean greater profits for those who use them.

The Layman Printer

A publication that goes monthly to every Multigraph user of record, suggesting new and better ways to get profits out of the Multigraph. It is not theoretical, but a running record of actual ways in which the Multigraph "sells and saves and serves" for those who use it. This publication alone will put enough profit-ideas into any business to more than pay for the Multigraph.

THE NEW MULTIGRAPH

Serves & Serves & Serves & Serves

The American Multigraph Sales Co.,
1900 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

I would like to have someone show me without any obligation, the New Multigraph, and explain its possibilities in the

business

(Be sure you write your business)

Name

Street

City State

Daylight Where You NEED More Light

Will Not Warp or Stick

Nothing is more annoying than warped, swollen basement windows. When they're shut, they won't open; when they're open, they won't shut. Fenestra Basement Windows eliminate all this. They cannot warp or swell; moisture cannot affect them; they always operate smoothly.

Give Better Protection

Fenestra Basement Windows provide greater security than wooden "cellar" windows. Their sections of solid steel and positive locking device discourage housebreakers; and the fire-resisting quality of steel fits in with the modern aim to build fireproof elements into the home.

Long Life Assured

Basement windows get hard usage. Rain, snow, and drippings from the roof eventually rot wood windows; coal and wood deliveries mar and break them. Fenestra Basement Windows of steel cannot rot or decay; they cannot be splintered or split; they last as long as the building.

Better Appearance

Thousands of American homes are already equipped with Fenestra Basement Windows. Ask your architect or builder to direct you to some of the new Fenestra Window homes in your community. Inspect these homes; you'll find that Fenestrated Basements, with slender steel sections and large panes of glass add much to the appearance of the lower part of the house

Who hasn't felt the need for more daylight in the part of the house that's mostly underground?

Today, when you build that new home you can have a Fenestra Daylighted Basement—flooded with an abundance of natural light—bright and cheerful—like the rooms upstairs. For Fenestra Basement Windows, made of solid steel sections, hold larger panes of glass *that admit 80 per cent more light.* Why not have more daylight where you need more light?

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, 2212 E. Grand Boulevard, DETROIT
For Canada: Canadian Metal Window & Steel Products, Ltd., 160 River St., Toronto

Moderate Cost

With all their advantages, you might expect Fenestra Basement Windows to cost much more than wood windows. But the difference in first cost is insignificant, and Fenestra Windows cost decidedly less to install.

Dealers Supply Them

Fenestra Basement Windows are stocked and sold by lumber and building material dealers everywhere, and large stocks are warehoused, as a service to dealers, throughout the country. This means that the home-builder who decides that he wants Fenestra Basement Windows can get them promptly, regardless of where his new home is to be located.

Investigate Before Building

Are you expecting to build a new home, store building, or other structure calling for basement windows? Then get *all* the facts about Fenestra Basement Windows before plans are drawn. Write for the new folder containing the *complete* Fenestra story.

To Dealers

Rapidly increasing use of Fenestra Basement Windows is opening up a great opportunity for progressive building material dealers. The Fenestra "100%-Dealer" Proposition will enable you to build an ever increasing business in basement sash, and get a more rapid turnover of capital from a smaller investment in stock. Write today for the Proposition.

Fenestra
BASEMENT WINDOWS

Fenestra
The name of the ORIGINAL steel WindoWall.
The symbol of superior QUALITY in material, patented design, workmanship and service.

(Continued from Page 88)

all—but you are different. You aren't reckoned with as other women are. I love you and I'll never be contented till I get you. And I'd make you very happy. Will you marry me?"

Anna was too breathless to answer till she felt his arms closing in on her, and then she held him off. She recovered.

"No!"

"No!" His amazement and chagrin were so real that at first they could not be hidden. Then he, too, recovered. "Anna, why?"

"You have everything; I—nothing."

"But I want to give you everything."

"You have been very good, very kind, very sweet to me; but you don't understand."

"What is it that I don't understand?"

"I will try to explain to you."

"Quickly, darling, so that I can ——"

"You are a rich man. I can't marry a man just because he is rich."

He had been quick to see her moment of weakness a while ago. So now he asked softly and triumphantly, "But couldn't you marry him because you loved him?"

"Not a man like you."

"A man like me!"

Anna Land answered steadily: "A man who was born rich; who has never had an obstacle to overcome; who has never done a day's work in his life; who, if he were penniless tomorrow, could not keep himself alive for a week by the labor of his hands or brain. It isn't good enough."

For quite a while Garnet sat dumfounded. He began replies, and left them unfinished as inadequate. No one had ever presented to him so cruel a view of himself; no one, so far as he knew, had ever taken such a view. As the world went, it was insanity. And yet the thing had been said clearly by a poor girl in his employ, in his power to some extent; it had been explained to him, unglossed, that he, the richest man on her horizon, young, healthy, kind, witty, popular, was not good enough to become her husband. It took his breath away for some few moments. It was not so much that his vanity rose in resentment; he really had in him the sufficient humility of most decent men; and his sense of humor was lively. All the same, no other woman in his experience had ever in the least prepared him for such a point of view.

And at last he said, quite gently, "Is that really what you think of me then?"

She nodded, looking down. Had he but known it, she was very near to tears.

"I wonder if I am truly such a dud as that," he mused.

She nodded again.

"You would see if you ever really came up against things good and hard exactly what your own value is. But you'll never come up against things like that. You're King Garnet. Sometimes one has heard of some very rich man making a bet that he will empty his pockets and walk out into the world and keep himself for just so long; and I've heard that once or twice a man has done it. But that was only play, a game. He had everything to come back to any time."

Quite gently and with sufficient humor he said, "So there's no hope for me, eh, Anna?"

"You're all right—for yourself. You satisfy yourself. Let it go at that. You've a lovely life before you; the kind of life you like best."

He mused.

"Yes, it is the kind of life I like best. It's a good old life. I love it. But I want to please you too. Dear ——"

"Have I to say it all over again?" she cried.

"No! Don't say it again! Please!" He started the car in a hurry and drove on.

It was about eleven o'clock when they came into London. They sat in silence. Garnet drove her to her door and helped her out of the car.

"Let me come in," he begged, "for a moment—only a moment. There are things I want to say to you."

He himself was hardly clear as to what these things might be; all he knew was the great urge in him not to let her go quite like this; not to let the new intimacy of this evening lapse at once into the formalities of tomorrow.

He held her hand.

"A moment," she said hesitatingly. "Only a moment then. The fire won't be lighted. It—it won't be comfortable."

He laughed and followed her gladly up the narrow stairway of bare dark wood. She laid her hand on her door knob and turned to him, faintly smiling, in the light of the single gas jet that glimmered on the landing.

"It's a horrid place, of course."

She opened the door and they saw the glow of firelight. It danced over the shapes of the meager furniture and sent red gleams into the shining wood of the piano. The lilies and roses still mingled luscious scents. Sitting in the uneasy armchair on the hearth, head in hands, shoulders hunched, sulky, inscrutable, was Silver.

VI

ANNA entered her beloved privacy quickly. The privacy had been violated. It was an outrage! Unpardonable that Bertie Silver should have come into that room in her absence and kindled her fire and stayed there!

"Why are you here?" she said quickly. "Why?"

Silver rose. His tallish figure looked taller in the shadowy room. His proportions assumed fantastic shape with the dancing flames behind him.

"You were out," he said.

"Life is Very Empty, Anna. It's a Beautiful Road"—She Shook Her Head—"But So Short"

Garnet had followed Anna into the room and closed the door behind them, not recognizing his manager. Now at the first sound of that resonant voice he started. He took in the position. Silver had entered; had waited, had lighted that unauthorized fire; was very much at home there. Swiftly male rage surged up in him and flowed through every vein till his very finger tips were suffused with it. He moved up close behind Anna, assuming instinctively the attitude of one who had the right. Silver straddled on her hearth rug, also in the manner of a man who had a right. As quickly as King Garnet had realized him he realized King Garnet. The girl stood between them.

"Yes," Anna said at last; "but that being so, what made you come in?"

"I waited for you."

"So I see, Mr. Silver. But ——"

"Your landlady knows I am a friend of yours and let me up to wait. Your door was not locked."

"I ought to have locked it," said Anna.

"Will you light the gas, Mr. Garnet?" she added, turning to the young man at her shoulder.

He obeyed. The light shot up in the little room, revealing them to each other. Silver looked from Garnet to Anna with the hint of a smile touching his lips. But it was a distorted smile.

"'Evening, Silver," King Garnet nodded after a pause.

"'Evening, Garnet," Silver replied.

It was the first time the gage had ever been thrown down thus between master and man, and all the three in the room knew in their different ways the significance of such an occasion. Garnet knew, not only from the entirely unwonted familiarity of his manager's address but from the boiling tone in which he uttered the words, that the gage had been thrown; but in Anna's presence he could not pick it up. And he was a young man of broad principles and easy mind who, had it not been for that boiling voice, would have merely said to himself: "Oh, well, fellow's a socialist. This is his free time. I don't pay for it. We meet here on equal ground, I suppose."

But Silver had meant more than that, and King Garnet knew it. Anna knew it too. She began to take off her coat and handed it to Silver to dispose of. He took it to a corner of the room and hung it on a hook where he had hung his own old mackintosh. Garnet looked at Anna, raising an eyebrow.

"What shall I do?" the look asked.

She answered it with one that he interpreted as meaning "Stay." He sat down on the edge of the table. Upon the table lay a great bunch of violets. Silver returned to the hearth.

"Violets," said Anna, taking them up. "How beautiful!"

"Are they?" Silver answered in a tone of concentrated meaning, and his gaze went to the richer masses of flowers already disposed on bookcase and mantelshelf. He turned deliberately and looked at each bowl; then faced round again and looked at Anna.

"If you brought these," said she, indicating the violets, "thank you. They are sweet."

He smiled contemptuously.

"Was there anything you specially wanted to say to me, Mr. Silver?"

"Many things, Miss Land. But it is too late now, I dare say. It is after eleven o'clock—n-n-nearly twelve."

He stuttered in the sheer effort of controlling the dark rages within him.

"Yes, it is late," said Anna. "Mr. Garnet drove me down to Richmond. We dined there and danced a little. It has been delightful. No wonder that it is nearly twelve o'clock before I get in."

Silver's breath went. Garnet, seated on the table edge, looked at him steadily. He itched to take Silver by the scruff of his neck and the seat of his baggy trousers and pitch him down that narrow stairway. He knew, too, that he could do it, easily and joyously, for his body, anyhow, was whipcord and steel. That was never slack, in spite of Anna Land's strictures of him on other counts.

"You've made a beautiful fire," said Anna, kneeling down beside it with a woman's love for red coals, and warming her hands.

Silver looked down upon her.

"I made it for you. I thought you might be cold when you came in—wherever you had been. And I meant to wait until you came and ask you what you had been doing."

After this there was a silence among them, until Garnet broke it by beginning crisply, "Now look here, Silver ——"

Every muscle and nerve in Silver's body, every intention and desire in his mind, sprang on the instant into a fighting posture. He kept his hands down; he did not move; and yet that is what he expressed clearly.

"Miss Land is tired," Garnet went on, watching him. "She is thinking of her day's work tomorrow. We had better both get out."

"After you," said Silver.

While King Garnet hung there undecided for a moment, itching to his finger tips to get to grips with this adversary, Anna rose to her feet.

"That's what I will decide," said she in a voice before the deadly ice of which Silver relaxed, turning upon her a quick, supplicating look. "And I'll sing one song to you, and then you both will go. Please! That's fixed and nothing alters it."

"If you say so," said Garnet.

Silver hung his head in a curious, sulky, ashamed way he sometimes showed before her, and replied nothing.

She went to her piano, opened it, looking gravely across its top at the two insurgent men. Silver threw himself into the armchair again; and Garnet, meeting her grave eyes, seated himself once more on the table edge. She sang to them the lullaby which she often sang to herself at nights.

There was an armistice. Peace came into the place.

To Garnet that velvet voice of wondrous depth and power was an astounding revelation. He sat awed, perplexed, marveling. So short a while ago she had seemed to him little more than a toy; a feminine toy, just unusually intricate—and that would be all. He had had no doubts, in spite of her first austerities, that she would be little different resultantly from other girls. Later, in his arms, as they danced, he began to know that she was more desirable than that. Later still she had refused him and all that he was and had in no uncertain terms. He knew then, respectfully, that here was, if not a soul incorruptible, at least a soul uncorrupted. Now, as she sang, there was revealed to him a woman of strength and glory, a prize. And even so soon he was ashamed of the way he had once valued her.

He watched her keenly, eagerly, worshipingly. And he knew that just as keenly, eagerly, worshipingly, did Silver in his sullen way watch the smooth head rising on the throat of a song bird across the piano top. Between them there could be little doubt of the issue, surely. But there would be other men, just as desirous, just as eager. He knew hot jealousy.

The song ceased. Silver merely cast down his devouring eyes and stared into

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Axle Importance

On axle strength and efficiency depends human safety, on front axle ends and connections for safe steering, on rear axle brakes for dependability in the emergency, on both axles for unfailing support. And on rear axle gears depend quiet running, conservation of power and proper division of power between the wheels in turning corners.

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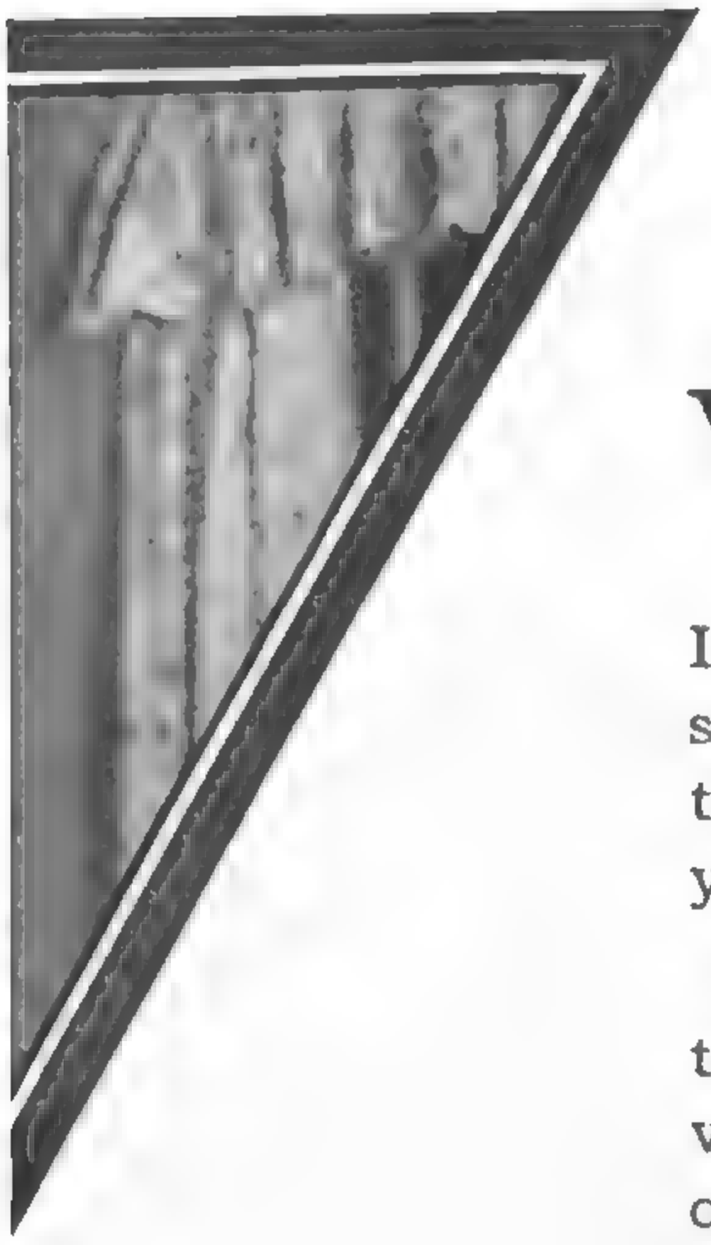

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Survey No. 13, Detroit, Mich. A section of the Cinco National Census. Male population 540,248. Cinco sales over 18,800,000 per year. 7,041 stores distribute Cinco, a favorite in Detroit, as everywhere.

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the fire without a word; but Garnet got up and went over to the singer.

"Thank you, thank you! You are wonderful! And more than ever now you must let me arrange a concert, introduce you, help you ——"

Silver looked up very swiftly, leaning forward, gripping the arms of the chair.

"Do you think you can do it, then?"

He hurled the question from him as if he were getting rid of a bomb that had long been in his hand.

"Why ——" Garnet began, frowning.

Anna looked from one to the other. She touched Garnet's hand very lightly—a warning touch. Silver did not see it, to construe it into a caress; but Garnet felt that little feather flick all over him and warmed to it as to a flame. Also it soothed him into obedience.

Silver gazed maliciously. But there was something more than malice in his dark eyes—a secret, a sword, a crashing triumph. He leaned forward, as if arrested only by his own thoughts from springing from the chair and hurling the secret at them—the real bomb this time; the killer.

"Well, I really think, you know ——" Garnet began easily.

Anna gave his hand another little eluding touch. She rose, closed her piano, stood smiling a tired smile.

"Go, both of you! At once! It isn't only that I shall fall asleep in another five minutes, but that I'm a girl living alone. Concerts to men at midnight won't appeal to my landlady's sense of propriety at all."

Garnet was instantly penitent.

"How could I possibly fail to think of that?"

"You are not used to bothering over such trifles," Anna conceded.

Silver turned to get his hat and mackintosh. He buttoned himself to the chin, looking strangely at Anna.

"There was something I wanted to tell you of," he said; "but tomorrow will do. Can I see you tomorrow? Will you dine at Paolo's—to celebrate a dazzling piece of luck?"

"Luck? Yours?"

"Mine!"

"I am so glad, Mr. Silver. So glad!" she cried, and indeed she understood so well how dazzling would be the importance of an unexpected piece of luck in a life like Silver's that she was generously and genuinely radiant.

"You'll tell me all about it tomorrow. I'm sorry I wasn't in tonight." For she knew, too, what must be the souring disappointment of not being able instantly to tell of such a piece of luck to the person who matters most.

She forgave Silver his ill temper. She put her hand in his.

"At Paolo's tomorrow, then?" said Silver, looking at her intently.

"At Paolo's. And I'm honored to be asked to celebrate it with you."

Silver pressed her hand and turned away. He went out onto the dark landing, where the gas had now been extinguished, and began to grope his way downstairs. He heard Garnet, almost immediately behind him, groping, too, and then striking a match. By the light of that match the two men found their way out together, not speaking

They were in the street.

"Can I give you a lift, Silver?" Garnet asked tersely.

"No, thanks, Garnet," Silver replied, not tersely at all, but with a queer gloating quality in his voice. He stood a moment with Garnet beside the car. "A nice little machine, this. You have several, I think. You must find life pretty good. You like your toys, I know. And I am obliged for the offer of a lift, but your way and mine don't lie together, Garnet. They never will now. They never will."

He walked off quite suddenly. Garnet pulled open the door, threw himself into the little coupé, started the engine and yawned: "What's the matter now with that sullen hound? What's he mean? Some day he and I have got to have a grand settling up."

He went home, humming and singing gently to himself bars of the lullaby.

VII

ANNA went home on the stroke of six the next day, not lingering, according to her chosen custom, to see the last of her girls away. Silver had sent round to her at lunch time a note: "Put on your best glad rags tonight, there's a dear. It's a very great night." So she hurried home.

When she had bathed her face and hands and softly perfumed herself and put on the short black silk frock and the sleek stockings and a red hat, she drew over it all her shoddy coat and was ready to meet and talk with Silver. Not only her delicately powdered face, her sparkling eyes, the graces of her body were ready, but her mind was ready too. It was informed with a quick, real gladness and sympathy for Silver's good luck. She was going to say "I'm glad, glad, glad!" and to feel it too. Her ambitions preoccupied her less than he thought. She was woman enough in her intuitions to feel his moods, his struggle, his quick, sour tempers; she understood.

The landlady came up.

"Mr. Silver's below in a car."

The excited woman had not been able to refrain from flying upstairs herself with such news. Generally she waved Silver up with a dreary "You'll find her in," but tonight she ran in herself, shining with reflected joy in the other woman's coming pleasures. She was only less pleased than if the car had been brought for herself.

"My, you're going to have a good time! A great big closed car, with a chauffeur all correct. My, Miss Land, we're coming on! He's a nice gentleman, Mr. Silver, in spite of his black looks. Some of the blackest looking has the whitest hearts. . . . You've got yourself up nice, I'll say."

"I'll be in early."

"You won't be in early, not with that car. You'll have dinner, then a drive, then supper. I shall leave the latch down."

She went sighing and smiling downstairs behind Anna. And there, on the doorstep, was Silver, strangely unfamiliar in some indefinable way, in the darkness.

"I brought a car for you," he mumbled in a voice throttled with excitement.

They got in. They drove off in silence; then Anna, recovering from her first surprise, asked "But why?, Why? You know I enjoy our—our simple evenings, going on a bus to Paolo's and ——"

"I told you this is a great night."

"Oh—and you ——"

She saw between the open fronts of a new gray overcoat the gleam of his white shirt front. For the first time in her life she beheld him in dinner dress. He wore a new gray Homburg he had not aspired to the full sartorial conventions—tilted to one side

"I was busy in the lunch hour," he replied laconically, but she knew with the tenderness that a woman feels for an overstrung child that he was in an agony of rapture. "These shops nowadays can fit one out moderately well right off the peg. Do—do you like it?"

"Of course I do!"

"Thought you would. Women do. Women count so much on outward appearances."

"You are wrong," she said gently.

"No, I'm not. . . . Thought I'd let you see tonight that there's more than one man in the world who can bring a motor car to fetch you out."

"Oh, please! You haven't ——"

"No, no. That wasn't my sole reason; it was only the best one. I'd have had to go a-bust today—or die. I had to!"

He sat looking straight before him.

"I understand so well," said Anna with a sigh, snuggling down under the fur rug, and stroking it with her bare hand; thinking how luxurious it was, and how the rich must roll through life as easily as this powerful car rolled through the streets.

He replied. "No, you do not understand yet; but you will. I have surprises in store for you—surprises," he said very, very softly, "which should alter your life in just as much degree as they have altered mine."

"Oh, what can it be?"

He laughed. There was no bitterness in his laugh tonight, none of the slight tinge of malice against the world which so often colored it; his laughter was rich almost coarse—with violent ecstasy.

When Paolo saw the big car draw up at his door, where nothing more impressive than a taxicab or perhaps a humble two-seater ever halted, he came out himself to usher the guests in. And when he saw to his amazement two of his best-known clients step from the purring limousine he welcomed them with real heartfelt joy in their joy and pride in their happy circumstance. He knew the young hearts of all people and what pleases them.

Anna passed through quickly to leave her old coat in the dressing room. The coat was a spoilsport. When Silver had

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handed his coat—his new coat and new hat—to his usual waiter, who hung them on the stand nearest to their usual table, he stood waiting for Anna. His heart was already so charged that it seemed as if it could contain no more emotions of any kind, and yet more emotions, and more yet, rushed and crowded into it while that minute of waiting droned by. Chiefly he knew a great red exaltation. Red, the color of danger, of battle and conquest, colored Paolo's restaurant; red hung in a misty curtain before his eyes. It was like a big dawn coming up over a battle day. And he held the enemy past all doubts; he held him and, hip and thigh, he smote him.

"No," he said to himself, "that is for tomorrow."

Then he saw, colored through the red curtain of victory, Anna coming delicately towards him. He had often noted and admired her delicate walk, a fastidious and yet sure way she had of stepping; and now he was personally proud. He beheld her more than ever possessively, and when she smiled at him he saw in that smile already the shining surrender that surely now must come.

He was oppressed with unconscionable delight also in himself—in his new dinner clothes; his wonderful shirt of best fineness and purity; the perfect tying of the tie he had for fifteen minutes manipulated before the glass which had so often and so long reflected his ill-dressed image. He had in his waistcoat pocket a gold watch, thin, a wafer, about as big as a half crown. In his pockets was money.

That morning he had been to his bank and depleted exultantly his meager savings. All this was to cut a figure tonight for this beautiful girl. The exhibition could not have been postponed; he had to give way to the childish impulses surging within him. And this was but the preliminary figure cutting.

He ushered Anna into her seat. Paolo was beside them, in a dream of sympathy.

"Your orders have been carried out, sir. The dinner will be to the signorina's taste; I am certain of that."

He proffered Anna a special little menu on a pretty card—a thought of his own. She realized instantly that this was not the ordinary double sheet with the table-d'hôte meal on one leaf and a varied bill of fare on the other.

"What is this, Mr. Silver?"

"A special dinner for you, Anna. I telephoned."

Paolo beamed.

"Oysters," said he conspiratorially, "consommé, *homard chaud*, spring chicken, an ice. Dessert I bought myself for the signorina. And ——"

He snatched the wine list from the hand of the hovering wine waiter. Silver took it, his childish thrills giving place to something more solid; a dark, queer, secret satisfaction and anticipation.

He cleared his throat and said to Paolo, "Champagne?"

Paolo took the card, understanding the questioning hesitation. He bowed and beamed.

"Leave it to me, sir. I have a 1911 vintage. You are safe at Paolo's."

He went away.

"This is all very wonderful," mused Anna.

Silver leaned across to her.

"Wonderful? Yes! But you haven't heard the wonderful part yet, and it will keep. It's going to keep all dinnertime, getting better with waiting, like wine. You look a darling, a dream. What I want to know is, are you happy? Are you enjoying yourself? . . . Wait!"

He beckoned Paolo and they conferred. Paolo went away again and returned with cocktails. He bowed and beamed.

"Wouldn't you like to be able to do this kind of thing—and more, much more—just when you wished?" Silver asked, watching her.

"I would—I shall some day."

"The some day may be nearer than you think, little Anna." A spread finger tip from his left hand reached out and touched hers on the stem of her glass.

"No, no nearer than I think," said Anna.

"Wait!" he replied. "Wait till all the opportunities you crave are just laid in your lap."

"By someone else?"

"By ——" He paused and laughed. He drained his glass. "I'm not going to tell you yet."

"I am going to earn all my opportunities myself; I told you so. I'm going up to the top of the hill by myself."

"I'm not going to tell you yet," he repeated, really incapable of heeding her on such a night. "It will improve with keeping, and I've kept my counsel for so long that a couple of hours more or less is easy. There are some men who must blab, must confide, must crow too early. That's not me. I don't think you really know me, little Anna. I've often thought so."

His victorious and vainglorious look at her said, "That's the reason of all your inappreciation, my girl."

"Who knows anybody?" she replied.

"Claptrap!" said Silver. "You will know me and I'll know you, so well. We'll be divinely happy—divinely." He added with a laugh, "But everybody won't be divinely happy. No. . . . No."

The champagne was set in a bucket of ice beside them. Oysters arrived.

"Your riddles are beyond me," said Anna a little nervously.

"Of course, of course; at present. . . . Eat your oysters, my girl."

He ate his oysters rapturously.

"Anna, I want to give you every luxury. It is heaven to me."

"You are, as always, very kind to me," she said slowly.

"Women like you are made for the purpose of receiving kindnesses, Anna; kindnesses meaning worship and burnt offerings and ——"

"No, that is not my whole purpose in life. I was not made for that."

"What else should you be made for?"

"To give as well as to receive," she answered.

After a pause he leaned over to her and said huskily, "You would be giving enough for me if ——"

She said very gently: "Ah, I think that is where men are wrong. They make mistakes. A woman has never given enough for herself till she has given her all. And after men have received as much as they want there is often so much left. Men want too little. We have more to give than men can yet find use for. If only they knew!"

"Your idealism is beautiful."

"It is not idealism. Every woman knows it in her heart."

"I love your sweet thoughts; always did. But—but you'll grow out of thinking just like that. You will begin to grow this very evening, my dear."

"You seem very sure of something."

"I am sure that no natural woman will resist the opportunities, or the pearls or the pomp or the power or what not that she's been craving for when those opportunities or pearls or what not are just laid in her lap."

"Oh, you do not understand!"

"Very well, my dear; very well. I understand," he said with a smile of dark wisdom. "It is you who do not understand yourself."

"That is something that all men think."

"Where do you glean your wisdom about men?" he asked with an intent look, suddenly concentrated.

"I have gleaned it everywhere I went," she murmured. "But mostly I have gleaned it from observing women."

"I love your sweetness and idealism, Anna, as I've told you. I love it. But it's not going to carry you anywhere."

"I've told you, so often that you must be tired of hearing, where it's going to carry me."

"I know where it's going to land you exactly," he exclaimed, and he looked past her, into some distance peopled by his own imaginings, with a triumphant smile.

Then he cleared away these vaguenesses—so unsatisfactory—with a gesticulatory sweep of the hand.

"But let's not talk of little idle things like that. They also will keep—for some quiet evening when you and I sit together with our feet on the same fender, before a log fire, and you have nothing else to do but dream these small dreams of yours, and I want nothing better than to listen."

"Let's not talk like that either, Mr. Silver. It worries me. You press me all the time. You—you mustn't. You must forget."

"I'm passing on to more mundane things immediately, Anna; and it's the mundane things a woman wants really, for all she loves to sit and idle away an hour or two enjoying her little thoughts. Dear little thoughts of women that never come to any real fruition, Anna. They make you very sweet, all those ideas. A man wouldn't have you be without them; but—well, it's more solid things that turn the scale. Tell me, dear girl, wouldn't you like a fur coat?"

Anna's eyes glowed; but she answered after a minute: "I don't care really terribly about it. I wouldn't sell a single one of my sweet little ideals, as you call them, for the finest fur coat in London, Paris or New York."

"Aha! But if you had a fur coat here, could touch it and see it —— Tell me anyway, Anna, what kind of a fur coat would you choose if the fairies came and offered you one? The fairies, not Bertie Silver—I see what you're thinking."

"I won't talk about fur coats," said she resolutely.

He refilled her glass. The champagne foamed persuasively. She drank and sighed. Her cheeks were flushed happily, but her eyes were very serious.

"A fur coat is just a symbol of all I mean," he explained with a sweep of the hand. "There are so many other things."

"You don't need to tell me," she sighed, but quite cheerfully.

Still, her thoughts flew momentarily to her sister. Silver had sent them there. She saw Lucia in her cream-and-rose bedroom; the fire, the tea table; the silk curtains at the windows, frail as they were, drawn against the cold, dusky afternoon and powerful to shut it out; all the impalpable, perishable things of wealth—things to be destroyed at a breath, yet had the power of shutting out big ugly things like dirt, disease, cold, darkness, struggle, want. Lucia, behind her rose curtains, in her fragile chiffons, was armed and walled, useless as she looked and was, against wolves with whom Anna and her kind fought alway—and with not the permanent certainty of frightening those wolves off either. Money did it; the alimonies, the settlements, the legacies—in whatever form the frail and idle Lucia had wonderfully wrested it—from three rich husbands.

Then she remembered Paul Bobby, the dark, suave boy on Lucia's threshold; and dimly she knew that the prayer had become the prey.

It was difficult for women. But more than ever, as she sat that evening in Paolo's restaurant, all her thoughts and wonderments multiplied by the champagne like one reflection seen in many mirrors, she knew that she would hold her course.

She looked back at Silver, returning his ardent gaze clearly and steadfastly in the way that always disheartened and disconcerted him, though he was neither disheartened nor disconcerted by it tonight.

She said, "You know that I have chosen. Oh, you know!"

Silver replied merely and indulgently, "You incorrigible darling!"

At last the meal was over. It had been drawn out till now the other diners were thinning the noise of talk had passed away; only one or two waiters besides the ever-serene Paolo remained on duty. The biggest and most purple grapes Anna had ever seen were placed on their table, cheek by cheek with the bloomiest peaches. Paolo murmured a word to Silver, disappeared and reappeared with a black bottle realistically cobwebbed. He drew the cork without a vibration.

"The finest port in London today," he murmured, gloating as he poured.

"Well?" said Silver slowly.

VIII

SHE knew that the time of revelation had come. This was the hour for which he waited. He would cap the feast with the wonderful story of its wherefore and why. She prepared herself to listen with an ardent glow of interest, of eager curiosity.

"It's an exciting world," she remarked preliminarily as she leaned, receptive, over the table towards him; and he laughed.

"You may say so soon."

He sipped his port and set down his glass. He interlocked his fingers and looked down at them. A smile twisted his mouth and left it preternaturally grave. But it was the gravity of some inner pomp and pride that filled him almost unbearably.

"You see a difference in me, Anna."

She was looking curiously.

"Yes. Oh, yes!"

"What do you see, I wonder."

"You feel extraordinarily free tonight, careless, big; as if nothing mattered to you."

"You see plainly, dear. . . . No, let me talk to you how I like. This is my great night."

"Is it your birthday?"

"My birthday! I've often cursed my birthday. No; it's better than a birthday, little Anna. You say I seem as if nothing mattered to me. Well, it doesn't—not the little things, that is; not keeping my job or managing the works or saving money or wanting to spend it. Yes, I feel big tonight. And I am free!"

"All this time you're telling me nothing."

He leaned over. Their absorbed faces were near each other.

"Anna, I am a very rich man."

"How wonderful! How thrilling! How glad I am!"

"Aha!"

"But you're going to tell me more?"

"Of course! What else are we here for, toasting ourselves in champagne? I have been investigating my circumstances for a long while. When I start nosing a thing out I nose it out very thoroughly. I'm a thorough man. I got onto old trails and went back along them till I'd reached what I was looking for."

"Mysterious!" she breathed impatiently.

"I found out what I wanted to find out; that I am not who I am supposed to be. My name is not Silver. I found out that I have a great inheritance. I've been cheated of it for years, but I've got it now."

"Your name is not Silver?"

"It is Garnet."

She caught her breath.

"Gar ——"

"You may stare. And I own the Garnet Printing Works!"

"Mr. Silver ——"

"Garnet, please. I own the Garnet house, cars, furniture, plate, linen; they haven't a darned stick!"

He smiled.

"How?"

Silver put his clenched fists with a soft thud on the table.

"Like this: I was brought up to believe myself an illegitimate child. My mother died early. I never knew what money she'd lived on. I was just a kid; took it for granted; we weren't rich anyway. She died. Someone came along and provided for me and educated me. I was just a kid; asked nothing; never said why. And when I was sixteen I saw old Garnet for the first time that I could remember, and he told me he had a job for me at the works. I took it, and I've kept it. All I understood was that he was a friend of my mother's and had promised her to look after me.

"That was a good enough tale for me when I was young and innocent.

"A month or two after my mother's death he married his second wife. Well, she was his first as far as the world knew.

"And they had a son and called him King! King of a fine kingdom he is! I laugh ——"

"Don't! . . . Wait!"

"I've staggered you fairly. But listen to some more. I remember my mother. She was a most respectable woman—just sweet, Anna. Not the kind of woman to—to—carry on illicit love affairs. And I always had a feeling that her wedding ring was real. Finding out that it was has cost me most of what I had. Finding out that my mother's wedding ring was real has kept me living in a dingy hole with nothing to spend on a good time like other single fellows. But—I've done it! They were married in a little church in a little Cumberland village where nobody knew them, and they never lived together openly at all. But when I was coming he made a will in my favor. All for me!"

"Did they love each other?" murmured Anna, her imagination aflame.

"I bet he loved her all right once! He didn't pass on any of the love to me. . . . But the big point about it all is, Anna, that he died without a second will. Actually! Some of these big, hard men feel so secure. Meant to make one, I dare say, after his second marriage; his lawyers say that a draft was already drawn up waiting for him to sign; but it never was signed. He was killed in a motor accident, as you know. And I have all the money!" His voice rose, and yet was faint. "I've had it for nearly twelve years and haven't known it."

Her imagination, all aflame, was not occupied with Silver at all. It had rushed strangely, surprising herself, to Garnet. She could see the straight and careless eyes, the big frame of an athletic boy that was yet as hard as a man's frame; she could hear his laugh.

(Continued on Page 100

Adolph Zukor Presents

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in

Her First American Production

"Bella Donna"

by Robert Hichens

Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson

AT last—what fans in every town in America have been longing for—Pola Negri as a *fashionable modern woman!* The most fascinating love-actress in the world in a George Fitzmaurice Paramount Picture!

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Miss Negri has NEVER appeared in any other American-made picture. Her second American-made picture will be
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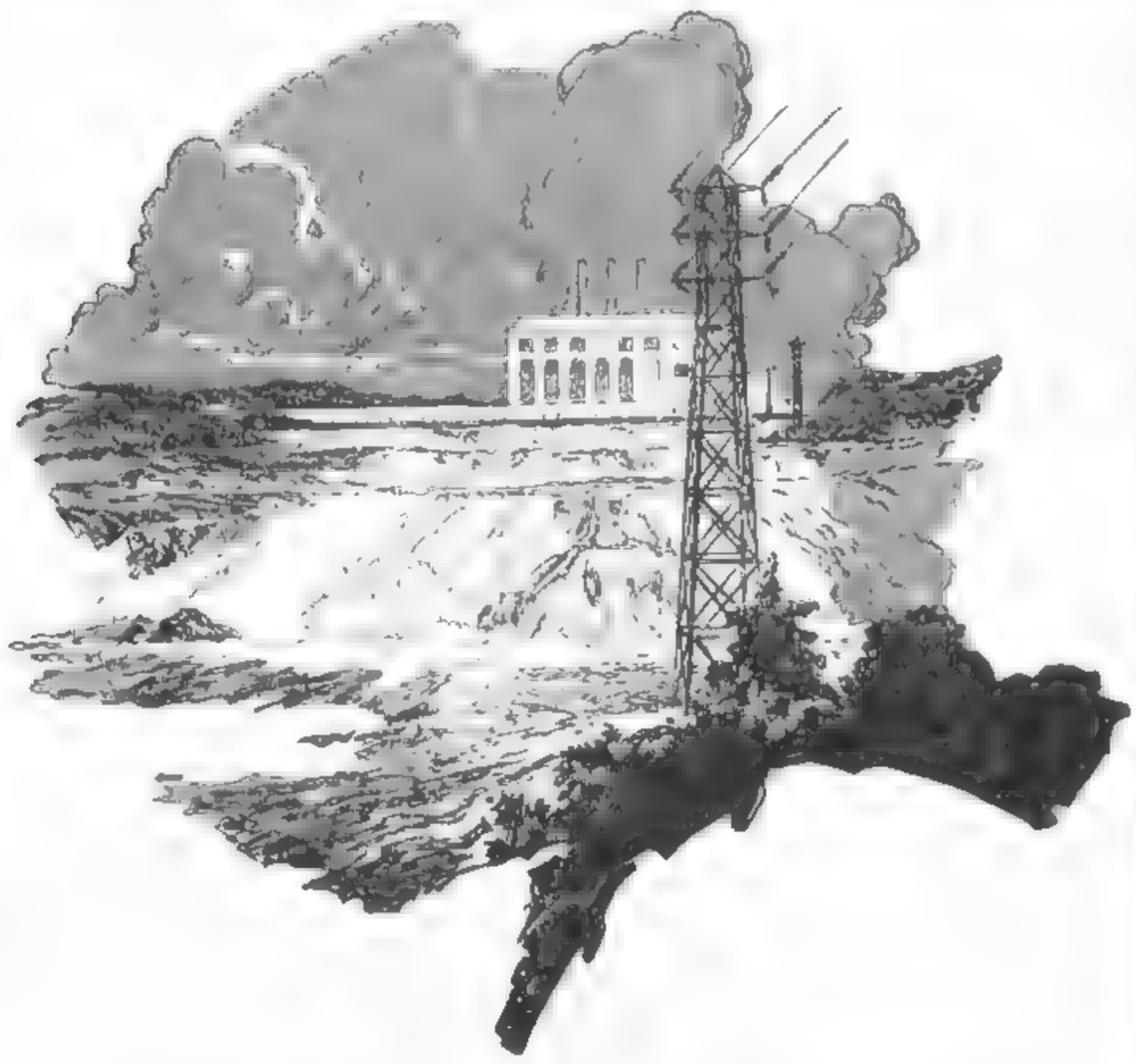


Achieving through coöperation

The U. S. Geological Survey, which, as a part of the very useful work it performs, keeps a day-to-day record of the use of our greatest source of energy—coal—reports that in November, 1922, electric light and power companies generated 25% more electricity than in the same month of 1919 *without the use of any greater quantity of coal.*

"This indicates," says the Government agency, "a remarkable increase in efficiency of utilization of fuels and in plant operation during the past three years."

To what is this remarkable achievement due?

The 1,750,000 thrifty Americans who have provided the more than five billion dollars of capital now invested in the electric light and power industry will say: "This conservation of coal by our companies is the result of their wise outlay of new capital in improved machinery and transmission lines."

But the managers of these public service companies will say: "That is only half the story. We have been able to raise our standards of operation because American inventive genius has given us better tools to work with."

The amazing growth of the electric light and power industry—*the energy output of which has quadrupled in ten years*—is due both to the courage and vision of the men who have developed these public service enterprises, and to the engineering achievements of the manufacturers and builders of giant electrical machines and far-flung transmission lines.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 97)

She cried, "Has he been told?"

"He soon will be. Very soon! He's been spending my money for nearly twelve years, he and that useless hag of a mother of his, while I and my mother took whatever was thrown to us. Yes, I'll break the news, and I'll break it tonight!"

"Tonight?"

He nodded. "I will! My lawyers have the whole thing in hand, but I take a personal interest in enlightening King Garnet myself."

"Do you mean he has nothing?"

"His wearing apparel. He's got a good wardrobe."

"His mother, too —— "

"She has a good wardrobe also. Oh, they've not stinted themselves!"

"And everything else ——"

"—— is mine. Get it into your head."

She exclaimed, "What will they do?"

Silver said dryly, "He wouldn't be the first healthy, strong young fellow who's had to work for his mother."

"Work—yes"

"Work—like you and I have worked."

Anna could hear herself saying to King Garnet while his hurt, eager eyes looked into hers, "If you were penniless tomorrow you could not keep yourself alive for a week by the labor of your hands or brain."

She believed this. Tragically she guessed it true. But she surprised herself by crying in a ringing voice, "Well, he will work! Of course he'll work!"

"There is no alternative, I fear," replied Silver in a sleek voice worse than anger; and he looked down at his balled fists lying on the white tablecloth and smiled. "Congratulate me," he said, glancing up at her.

"I do con ——" she began, and the words stuck in her throat.

His eyes fastened on her. He saw the new white agitation in her face, and that her fearless eyes held fear now.

"What is the matter?" he said.

And suddenly she knew that she was afraid for Garnet; afraid to see him put into the ring; afraid of the performance he was going to put up. He had the weight and the strength and the punch, but had he the heart? She quivered to his need and womanishly wanted to cover up in some good disguise the probabilities of his speedy and shameful defeat. She wanted to utter a glib defense, true or false, of King Garnet, of all that he was and was not. She tried to deal sternly with herself, while her breath forsook her, her lips felt dry and her heart beat fast.

"Come!" said Silver incredulously and angrily. "You're not sorry for him?"

"No," she said after a pause; "no, I'm not. Only ——"

"Come! You don't tell me that useless damn fool has had any effect upon you, Anna? You with your clear brain? You don't tell me that? If you do, let me tell you something, and it is this: Remember I am Garnet now! I stand in his shoes, take his place! He passes right out!"

"I'm beginning to understand it."

"I have the money—everything—now. It is I who can give a woman what she wants, not Garnet. When I think now, only a week ago I was raving mad with jealousy of him! And now I don't fear him any more. He—passes—right—out!"

"It will be a big blow for him, this."

"Has he not the capacity to take blows the same as other people? Is he so tender?" After waiting for her reply, which did not come, he went on: "He is! He is tender! You know it! He'll crumple! Lily-handed fool! Well, let him learn. Let him learn a trade and use it, in the painful ways better men than he have learned before him."

"Listen! You're vindictive!"

"I am not vindictive. I am dead fair."

After a pause she asked, "What'll you do with the money?"

He stared.

"Do with it? Girl, what do men do with money? Make it, spend it ——"

"Yes, but your views. You are a good socialist. You think ——"

Silver was hit right in the mouth for a moment by this simplicity. Then he laughed and shifted in his chair, and growled: "I can go on upholding my views better than ever, can't I? I'll have a good position to speak from now. I shall stand for Parliament, perhaps, on the side of labor. I can do a great deal, let me tell you."

"Yes, but will you share your money?"

"Yours is the shortsighted woman's view, Anna."

"It was your view a very little while ago."

Silver beckoned to Paolo, who still lingered on such a night.

"There are ways and ways of exploiting that view in its sincerest form," he began.

"Only the rich way and the poor way," said Anna. "One having, the other wanting. I expect you've changed over."

"Things aren't so elementary as all that, girl."

"They were a week ago."

"I'll have my bill, Paolo," said Silver, and he paid it, tipping lavishly. And he added, "You have the rough texts of socialism only; just the rough texts."

She smiled at him, and shook her head slightly and reproachfully. He was dazzled by the soft haze of her eyes, thinking the luminous melting was for him; but in reality it came from the abstraction into which his words had briefly sent her. She had a way which she found hard to correct, of falling into deep thought over some sudden revelation made by some person. Now she was asking herself, like Pilate, "What is truth?" She added, as her own question, "What is socialism?" And all her resolves to seek truth and find it were hardened. Was Silver already forsaking his gods? Were the gods of great vehemence, like his gods, so easily flung down, so swiftly dethroned? More than ever she would cling to the image she had set up.

"It has been an extraordinary evening," she said, and shook herself out of these abstractions to look at him shiningly, radiant with her interest in life.

"A beautiful evening, Anna?"

"A delightful evening. I've adored it. A thousand thanks."

"It's not over yet."

"But ——"

"The car —"

"But "

"Say this evening has meant as much to you as it has to me, dear girl."

"I think it has," she answered kindly. But she knew its meanings had been very different. They walked down two roads, and he tried to convince her that they walked in one.

She went to the dressing room, slipped on her coat and came delicately, dreamily out again to Silver. They entered the car. He gave an order.

"What was that you said?" she asked as they moved away.

"I've told the chauffeur to drive out somewhere—anywhere—so that we can talk. We could have gone back to your place and talked there, I knew, if you would have permitted it; but but, d'you understand, I want to feel rich all this evening, every minute of it? This car's the richest room I have yet, and such as it is I ask you to it. I offer it to you."

"We shan't go very far, shall we?"

"Why not?"

"Working day tomorrow."

"That is all over, Anna, if you will. Any moment you will."

He spoke with both ecstasy and grandiloquence. He loved her, and was conscious of the tremendous values he offered. As soon as they ran into the park—for they were crossing it to leave London—he took her forcibly in his arms. There was no light in the car. He had switched it off.

"Kiss me, my dear, and just be glad."

"Things are not altered between us," she said steadily, refusing him.

For a long time Silver could not believe. At first he argued softly, then more passionately. He grew angry and jealous. His mind leaped on King Garnet and he taxed her with him.

"You've got a crazy fascination for that prize dud," he cried. "I do believe it!"

She scorned this in silence. He pressed her pitilessly for further reasons; she gave him her old reasons, her true ones.

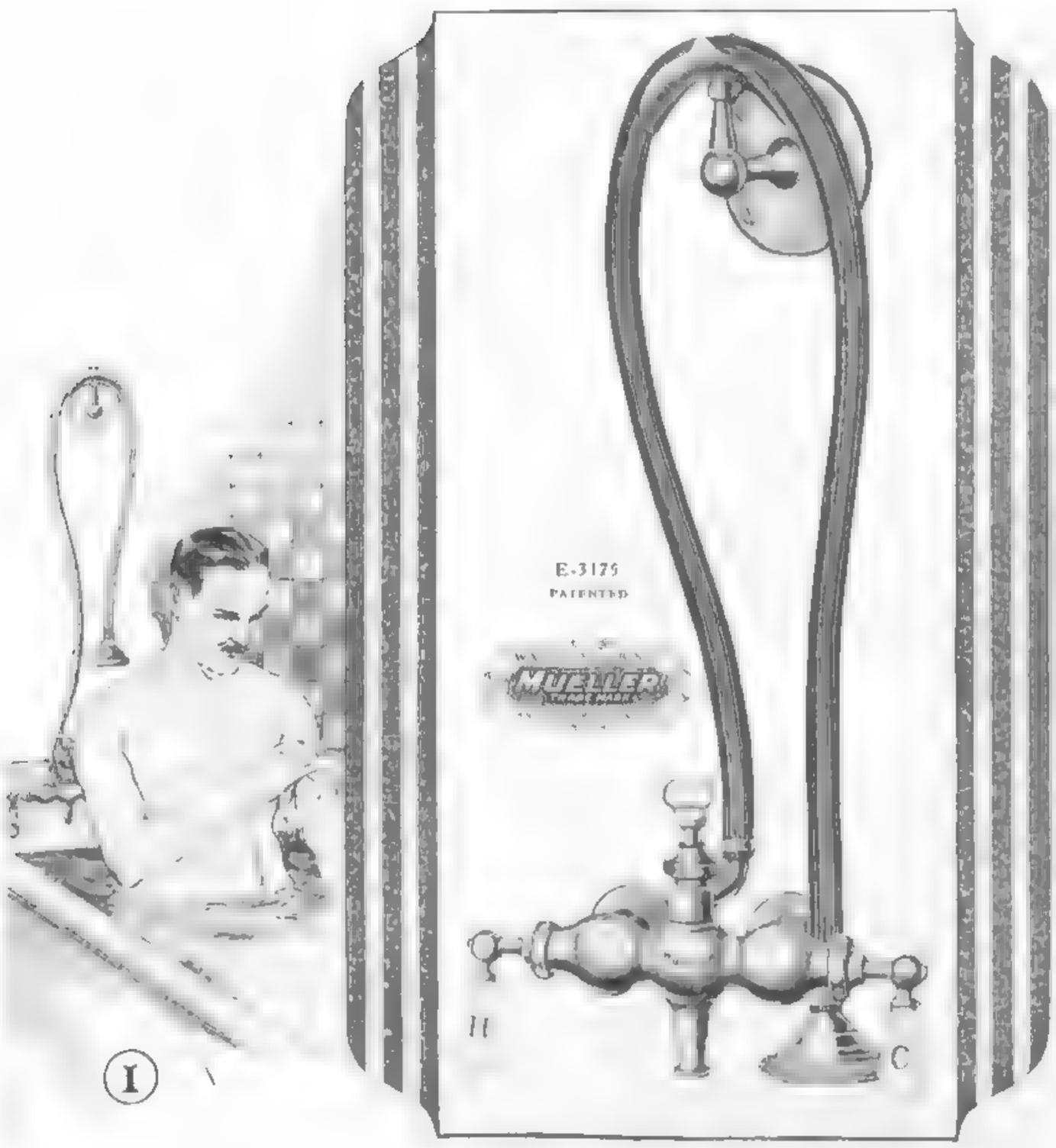
If he would but believe!

"No man would believe," he said, feeling half strangled by mortification and frustration.

"No man would believe that a girl could be so mad. Mad, Anna! You're stark mad! I worship you and I offer you all I have—and now that's not exactly inconsiderable. No, by Jove! It's not! I offer you the career you're panting for. I'll give you even that, though -though I'm like most men. I want you all for myself. But you shall have your career. I swear it!"

And he pressed her; he begged; he made love to her; he sulked; he bullied; he despaired; he bribed. She was weary when at last he desisted. But he told her that such desisting was only temporary.

(Continued on Page 103)



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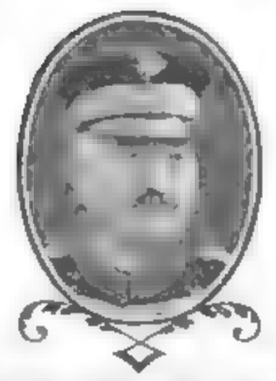

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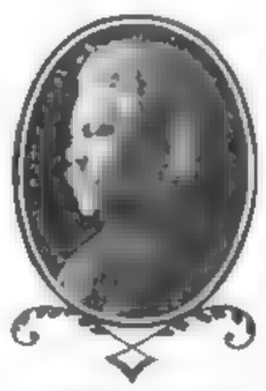

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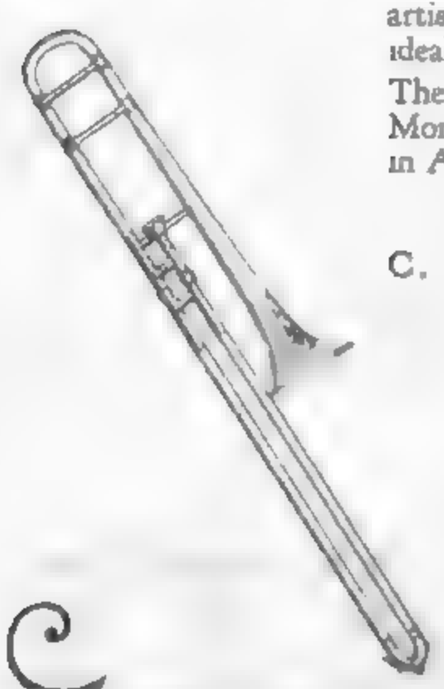

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(Continued from Page 100)

"When I was a poor man I got what I wanted. I wouldn't be knocked down. Now I'm a rich man, d'you think anything's going to stop me?"

And she answered urgently, "If you would only listen! I am as I am. No price in the world would buy me."

"Ah, but if you wanted to go!"

"I'll wait for that. I have an idea it's worth the waiting."

She said it softly. The belief stirred her as ever. It was a great faith.

"Don't speak like that!" he cried out. "You make me imagine you torture me." Furiously he remained disbelieving. "I cannot fail," he said half aloud. "I will not fail. You don't know what you're up against, Anna. The whole world, that's what you're up against. Won't you believe me?"

"I believe myself," said Anna.

"You're not one kind of fool; you're a thousand kinds of fool."

She said steadily: "As for believing you, I've found so far that oneself is the only person one can believe, and that not always. Lean on oneself, live up to one's own standards—they'll usually be higher than other people's standards for one—owe nothing to anyone; stand incorrupt. It's a great life if you don't weaken."

"Ah," he whispered, "but the time of weakness comes."

"Must it, I wonder?"

"It surely will."

"I'll wait for it."

"So'll I."

And at last they reached home again, her home, where he left her. It was not even then eleven o'clock. As he bade her good night he said, "And now I have someone else to deal with; someone I shan't deal with so lovingly as I've dealt with you, dear."

She remained arrested on the threshold by his voice. All malice and the end of a long patience were in it. He turned and jumped into the car, and she heard him call the order through the window—the address of the Garnets' house.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Poets' Corner

Remembered

NEVER a flower in the garden grows,
Never the long pale bud of a rose,
Never a lily with laughing lips,
Nor a foxglove sweet to the petal tips,
Never a violet hooded blue
But holds my innermost dream of you.

Never a wild marsh marigold,
Nor the tilted cup of an orchid cold;
Never an aster fringed with light,
Nor a blue-eyed gentian drooped at night
But breathes of a memory hallowed, dear,
With the wistful hope of a yesteryear.

Never a slim windflower astir,
Nor the little buds of the lavender;
Never a passion flower set
By the old brick wall where the winds are wet,
And never a white petunia here
But seems the shadow of you, my dear.

But, oh, when lilacs come once more,
Burgeoning blue by the April shore,
When the wind like a silver harp repeats
The sound of rain in the village streets,
I know somehow the way will be clear
And you will come back to me, dear, my dear!

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

Indian Fairies

AWAY with old-world fairies—
Your sylphs who dance o' nights,
Your Pucks of hearths and dairies!
We boast of braver sprites:
Our mountains, heaven-steepled,
Their glens and craggy shelves
And all our woods are peopled
By little redskin elves.

With tiny bows and quivers,
War-panoplied, they cruise
Our brooks and lakes and rivers
In chestnut-leaf canoes;
They hunt in wildernesses
Of Indian pipe and fern;
In lichen-veiled recesses
Their flames of council burn.

They steal among the thickets
On velvet moccasins,
And like a chime of crickets
Their mighty warwhoop dins.
But only forest lovers
Who look with clearer eyes
May know beneath what covers
Their mushroom wigwams rise.

Oh, kindly kid companions!
Your drowsy spell I've known
In Rocky Mountain cañons,
Below Katahdin's throne,
Amid the Thousand Islands,
By Shenandoah's flow,
Among my own dear Highlands
And hills of Ramapo.

The dogwood blossoms whiter
About your secret lairs;
You paint our maples brighter
Than maples otherwheres;
You thrill our woods and prairies
With all your antic selves,
You friendly Indian fairies,
You playful redskin elves!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Wanderer

I WOULD walk a beach again,
A beach I used to know;
A little pier, where, sun or rain,
Blue Peter used to blow;
The pier where at their moorings lie
The lines of resting ships,
Whose figureheads wait patiently,
With smiles upon their lips.

Your flowers I've known, your fields I've seen,
Or winter sere, or April green;
I've watched your seasons, hasting, flee;
Green May bud and leafless tree.

No bell need chime my passing hour,
Pluck no bloom from summer bower!
Great winds shall challenge, storm birds fly,
Bold Blue Peter flaunt the sky!

"Here's Bill come back! How are you, mate?"
Boatswain nods his friendly pate;
The negro steward's eyes will shine
Twinkling welcome into mine;
The mate will cry, "Haul Peter down!
Man the windlass! Walk her round!"

I shall walk the beach again,
The beach I used to know,
The little pier, where, sun or rain,
Blue Peter used to blow;
The pier where at their moorings lie
The lines of resting ships,
Whose figureheads wait patiently,
With smiles upon their lips.

Ah, keep your flowers, your April hills,
Lilac, lily, daffodils:
Seas will thunder, ships will run
When the flowers of earth are done!

—*Bill Adams.*

To an Infant

IN YOUR cradle, little maiden,
Playing gayly with your toe,
What a sorry world you've strayed in,
What a lot you'll have to know.

History was spread out thinly
When to school your daddy went,
Textbooks stopped at Bill McKinley,
Roosevelt was President.

Now, poor kid, you'll have to study
All about the German war,
Names of towns and battles bloody,
French and Belgian by the score.

Names like Loos and Mons and Nancy,
Neuve-Chapelle and Belleau Wood,
Skager-Rack and Warsaw, fancy,
These will be your daily food!

Turkish names and Greek and Russian,
Both the Slavs—the Jugs and Czechs—
Cities Serbian and Prussian,
These your childhood days will vex.

You'll know all about the Kaiser
When your mind is fully shaped.
Than your daddy you'll be wiser—
But, golly, kid, what I escaped!

—*Newman Levy.*

Rusty Water

Let us send you our new booklet "Ten Years Hence" which tells how to save money on plumbing. It is free. Address Department P

DOES your water run clear at the first turn of the faucet or must you let it run? If it's rusty, it tells a tale—of corrodible water pipes rusting away in your walls—and plumbing bills to come.

Anaconda Brass Pipe never rusts—it delivers the water as clear as it comes from the reservoir. Anaconda Brass Pipe does not clog—the flow of water is never reduced by rust deposits.

If you're building or remodelling, note this: In a $15,000 house, about $75 more for Anaconda Brass Pipe means clean water and no repair bills as long as your house lasts.

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ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED
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Trade Mark Registered

This Trade Mark stamped in the metal identifies Anaconda Brass Pipe manufactured by The American Brass Company, the world's largest manufacturer of copper, brass, and bronze products

It is absolutely guaranteed.

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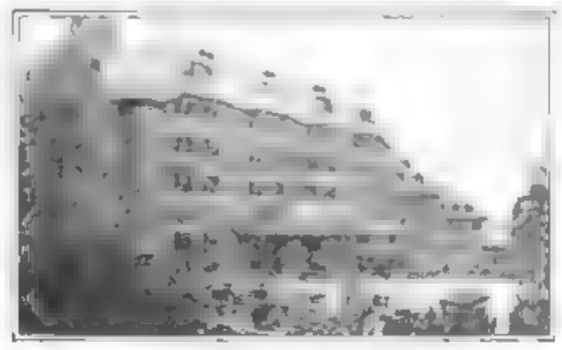
Copper, Brass, Nickel Silver and all combinations of Copper, Zinc, Lead, Tin and Nickel which can be wrought into Sheets, Wire, Rods and Tubes; for general manufacturing and fabricating purposes.

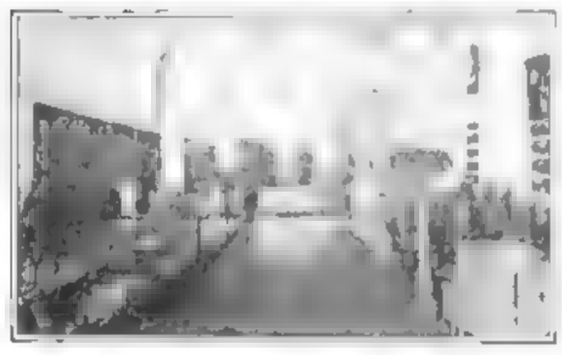
ANACONDA
GUARANTEED
BRASS PIPE

FACTORY Interior of Ansonia Electrical Company Plant—painted throughout with Barreled Sunlight

HOME. Barreled Sunlight is ideal for woodwork



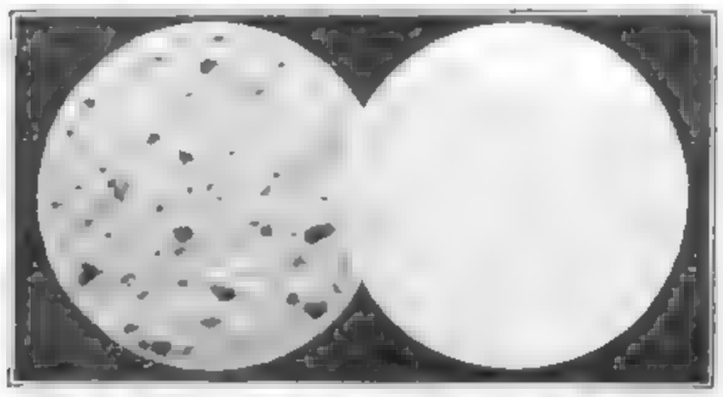
HOTEL. Famous Grove Park Inn is one of many hotels using Barreled Sunlight



STORE. Note the light interior

For WHITE INTERIORS!

Homes, shops, hotels and the greatest industrial plants of the nation are now using Barreled Sunlight



ORDINARY FLAT-FINISH WHITE PAINT — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each was magnified to the same high degree

They show clearly why the surface of ordinary flat finish white paint soils so easily. It is actually rough, uneven, porous. The smooth finish of Barreled Sunlight resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

ENAMEL — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

The black board on the left was painted with a single coat of ordinary enamel—the one on the right with a single coat of Barreled Sunlight.

Note the remarkable covering power of Barreled Sunlight. A single coat is generally sufficient to cover over *any* painted surface.

"WHY can't I get a white paint that won't collect dust and dirt? A paint that can really be washed clean!"

Thousands of people have asked that question. Owners of industrial plants, hotels, office buildings, shops. Home-owners who have dreamed of kitchens and bathrooms as *washable as tile*—white woodwork without a finger mark!

And today throughout the country they are using Barreled Sunlight—a paint discovery that has answered this need of millions of people.

What is Barreled Sunlight?

Barreled Sunlight is a unique white paint *so smooth that it resists the finest particles of dust and dirt.* It can be washed as easily as you would wash white tile.

It produces a lustrous finish without the glare of enamel—yet costs less than enamel and requires fewer coats. (One coat of Barreled Sunlight is generally sufficient to cover over a previously painted surface.)

Made by our exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight contains no varnish and is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight is easy to apply. It flows freely without a brush mark. Where white is not desired it can be readily tinted just the color you want. Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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San Francisco—38 O'Farrell Street
And 100 other distributing points in U. S. A

Save the surface and you save all

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

NARCOTIC DRUG ADDICTION AS IT REALLY IS

(Continued from Page 9)

the effects of the stimulant. The sleepy feeling has rolled away like a fog before the breeze, all his faculties are alert. He takes another dose in the morning before going to work—and this lamp that lights the dismal way to the caverns of despair has to be kept constantly fed during the years to come.

Sometimes you shudder as you look up at a stalwart young fellow riding on a steel beam on the twentieth or thirtieth story of a building under construction, or tossing and catching red-hot rivets thrown as far away as thirty or forty feet from the fire. It would seem unbelievable that this man, suspended in midair, with so cool a head and steady a nerve, was a drug addict, but in my experiences here I have found a few such cases. And the same is true of jockeys who have ridden horses for big stakes at the great race courses of the country. They will tell you that so long as they can get a full supply of the drug they have a steady nerve for these dangerous occupations, but they will readily admit that should they not get doped up, as they call it, before they undertake some especially hazardous task they would undoubtedly fail. The lamp must be fed, the wick trimmed, and the fire alive, or it is darkness and ashes.

There is one thing that makes drug addiction much more serious than drunkenness from alcoholic liquors. The drunkard cannot conceal his vice. He may drink in secret, but he is sure to be found suffering from the effects of his drinking. If he is married his wife and children will discover his condition; if he is unmarried his parents and the other members of the family will know about it; and all their combined efforts, as may be found in painful cases, will not prevent detection by friends and neighbors. But the addict may be taking the drug for years without its being known by his family or immediate friends. This fact is so well known that it often gives rise to very unjust suspicions against persons who are entirely free from the habit. Mental deterioration, eccentricities in behavior, loss of memory, a vacant stare in the eyes—all these will frequently be regarded by unfriendly persons as indications that a man is taking drugs, whereas all these appearances may be from quite other causes.

Pitiful Cases

This inability to detect the addict makes the vice eminently a secret one. The drunkard has difficulty in hiding his bottle, but the addict carries a vial not larger than the small finger of the hand. If he takes hypodermic injections the needle is easily concealed. If he cannot get the needle, which is prohibited by law, he will puncture a hole in his flesh and insert the fluid from an innocent-looking eye dropper, savagely punching the hole big enough to insert the end of the blunt dropper. It takes only a fraction of time to administer a dose. Under pressing circumstances these unfortunate people will drive the hypodermic needle through the clothing so as to make the injection, and many of them are literally covered with the marks, abrasions and ulcerated sores made by these insertions. There are pitiful cases of those who have borrowed the needle becoming infected with venereal diseases from former users. By this rude surgery, in which the addict is driven to hurried operation with an unsterilized needle, the solution hastily made and the puncture drilled through the clothing, the patient is brought to a dreadful condition, more especially where there is a poisonous condition of the blood.

Addiction, therefore, can be carried on so secretly that the addict becomes covert and illusive in his manner, suspicious, untruthful, deceptive. When needing the drug and without money to purchase it or lacking opportunity to get it, he is likely to resort to courses involving crime, and to cruel deception of those interested in him. This is one of the very unfortunate circumstances connected with drug addiction which makes the addict in many cases the potential criminal, and when a real one, much more desperate and dangerous than those persons who are normal and under no artificial stimulus to the commission of crime.

Someone will say while reading this article that I am apparently relying much upon the statements of drug addicts, though at the same time I point out that in general they are untruthful. In reply it ought to be said that in talking to me as they do, they have nothing to conceal, nor any special favors to ask, and that they are also relating facts that will in no wise interfere with the alleviating and reformatory treatment to which they are about to submit. I might add also that after you have talked to thousands of them, and always in a kind and sympathetic way, treating them as unfortunates and diseased persons rather than as offenders against the law, you can readily distinguish those who are telling the truth from those who are not, and in all cases separate the truth from the falsehood, for the drug is the enemy of truth.

A line of drug addicts is standing in front of my desk. I ask the man on the right a question that he answers. I seem to approve of the answer. Thereupon all along the line each man gives the same answer. Then I smile and point out to them that they simply told the lie along the line because the first answer pleased me, whereupon they smile and acknowledge the lie. I have, therefore, limited myself to accepting as facts those statements that we have verified outside of anything that addicts have said collectively or individually.

Are Drug Addictions Curable?

Away back in the old days when drug addiction was unknown and alcohol and drunkenness were prominently featured in press and on platform, what pathetic things used to be said about the callous and unsympathetic nature of the drunkard; how indifferent he was to appeals to any remnants he had left of self-respect, to his obligations to those dependent on him as father and husband. However correct this view of the drunkard may have been, its truth has certainly been demonstrated with regard to the addict, so secretive and cunning in obtaining the drug and administering it to himself. His moral deterioration is much more rapid than his physical decay. He will lie and steal to get the drug, and he has ceased in an alarming degree to regard all social obligations. I shall refer hereafter to how hard, callous, cruel and indifferent the addict shows himself in the presence of the appeal of mother and father, wife and children.

In outward appearance and demeanor he appears to be as stoical as Cooper pictured his red warriors facing death. Self-respect and hope are dead, and a cruel and dominant selfishness has taken their place. He must have the drug or he suffers tortures beyond description. Life means the drug. Existence without it is impossible. Under the influence of the drug he is blind to all surroundings except those channels by which he can obtain it. He is deaf to all pleadings. No sympathies can hold him back when the narcotic demands are pulling him forward. As the futurist portrait painter in Greenwich Village has it, he has lost his aura.

Can medical science restore this aura? Is there any standard treatment by which the addict can be cured? Is there any hope in medication or even in surgery? Speaking as a layman and only in the light of experience, I am compelled to say that, depending on medical treatment alone, I think there is none. I mean by that that I have never heard nor do I know of any prescription or any treatment by medication that can cure a drug addict. It is quite true that the acute symptoms and seemingly the desire for the drug will, under custodial care, disappear for the time, but in a great majority of cases, once freedom is gained, the drug addict goes back to its use. In weaning the drug addict from his addiction there are two different treatments known to those in charge of hospitals in which these patients are segregated, and very often a drug addict will come here and ask to be sent to a particular hospital because he prefers the sort of treatment at that institution to the other. The end of both treatments, is, of course, the same—to purge the system of the poison, alleviate the disease, take away the craving and bring the patient back to normal conditions.

In 1921 Dr. George F. Kunz, associate member of the American Museum of Natural History, of New York City, called my attention to a clipping from a newspaper suggesting that the remedy for drug addiction lay in autosuggestion. I wrote him in reply: "I am told that the experiment has been tried in the hospitals here with more or less success, but that it could not be continued so as to effect a cure. There would come a time when the addict would discover that the administration of the powder brought with it no effect. I am informed that sometimes between doses of the real stuff they would use a boric powder and thus beneficially cheat the addict." This, it will be seen, was an attempt to deceive the addict into the belief that he was getting the narcotic when in truth he was getting some harmless powder, but psychologically it was in line with the Coué idea.

I am myself impressed with the belief that there is so much basic truth, so much of underlying correct principle in what M. Coué says that I asked him, if possible, to go over and address the addicts in the segregation camp on Riker's Island, and I make it a standing rule to emphasize to each addict in turn the fact that the cure lies through his mind and not his body, that to keep the drug out of his body he must keep it out of his mind by the imagination and the constant assertion to himself that he does not want it.

Practically all addicts admit that the usual course is to return to the drug after treatment and that they know that it is lack of self-control and the condition of mind that drive them to it. I make it a rule to impress on the addict when he leaves the hospital that he must never on any occasion go with another addict. "Do not keep company with any other person who is an addict or whom you suspect of being one, even if he is your own brother or a member of your family." When two addicts get together their relapse is inevitable. Mental depression, physical suffering, financial distress, comparison of symptoms—and they both go back to the old remedy, which they look upon as opening the door to an artificial and easeful world. Their cares and sorrows are temporarily dropped, only to be added to like compound interest on an unpaid debt.

The first wave of popular excitement about drug addiction in New York occurred in 1913, and as is usual in such matters the public was aroused from indifference to apprehension and alarm. Legislation was hastily drawn and readily enacted.

Federal and Local Laws

First there was the Harrison Law—Federal—and then in New York State there were various enactments and the creation of a narcotic drug commission; special committees of the legislature were appointed to investigate the subject, a great deal of testimony was taken and modifications of the amendments to the existing laws were made. Finally all were expunged from the statute book in 1920, leaving at this writing only the ordinance of the city of New York covering the subject, and now there is an organized effort to restore state legislation.

All the state enactments were restrictive as to use, and punitive. They allowed the doctor to prescribe for the ambulatory case—a person who goes to a doctor and gets a prescription for a drug and uses it without personal supervision by a physician or anyone else is called an ambulatory case—but they compelled the doctor and the druggist to keep strict records of prescriptions and sales. They made possession without a doctor's prescription a crime. They compelled the reporting of cases to the Board of Health. They made provision for the institutions where addicts could be committed for treatment. They provided for the punishment of dealers and peddlers. I think they did not go to the root of the evil, but I am not condemning them. As for the present New York City ordinance, we could not very well get on without it.

Both professional opinion and lay opinion are divided between prescribing for ambulatory cases and confining treatment by the doctor only to administration by himself. If you take away all restrictions from the doctors, beyond question a few of the conscienceless members of the profession will at once begin issuing wholesale prescriptions to addicts, and will even provide a way whereby the peddlers can get a supply to sell. If you inhibit the doctors from prescribing the addicts will get drugs from the peddlers. The only difference, it seems to me, is that if I were an addict I should be very sure of getting a more potent drug

(Continued on Page 108)

"I'm making real money now!"

"SEE that coupon? Remember the day you urged me to send it to Scranton? Mary, that was a red letter day for both of us!

"Mr. Carter called me in to-day. Said he'd been watching my work ever since he learned that I was studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools.

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IN city, town and country, all over America, there are men with happy families and prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools come to them in the hours after supper and prepare them for bigger work at better pay.

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If you have figure work problems—adding, calculating, bookkeeping, statement, or handling cash—here's a man whose service you'll appreciate. He is the Dalton representative. Phone him—you will find him with helpful suggestions to offer.

The New Dalton Super Model [illegible] machine [illegible] subtracts, multiplies, divides, tabulates, cross-[illegible] and roots ledger columns, takes trial balance, adds [illegible] multiplies whole numbers by fractions and fractions by fractions, figures costs profits, and wages, makes inventory extensions; [illegible] discounts and percentages, extends and checks invoices, makes estimates [illegible] Super Model. Brings speed and accuracy [illegible] figure work of [illegible]

ROOM SHOP IN 1903

...now an international institution serving millions

EARLY in 1903 a handful of determined men were toiling in a little one-room shop in Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Their ambition was to perfect a simpler, faster, more versatile figuring machine—one to which the business man could turn not merely with a few of his problems, but with all of them.

A machine with 10 keys!

This idea was looked upon much as was the horseless carriage and the first single-keyboard typewriter.

But the one room grew into two, and the two into a factory and the factory into a still larger factory that has become an international institution serving business men in every quarter of the globe.

Today, the great plant at Norwood, Cincinnati, Ohio, produces more machines in a single hour than did the first little shop in a year.

Yet each of these many different styles of Daltons embodies the same scientifically correct 10-key "touch method" keyboard as did the first.

Each offers the same simplicity, speed, versatility and durability—a superior service that has brought to the Dalton organization the most impressive success of the decade in the field of business machines.

The complete New Dalton Super Model line comprises five distinct classes of machines, in 152 separate models:

(1) The New Dalton Super Model, Super Series, combining addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division in one machine

(2) The New Dalton Super Model 11 and 13-bank Series, combining a complete adding-calculating service in a single machine, up to 13 figures capacity—9,999,999,999,999.

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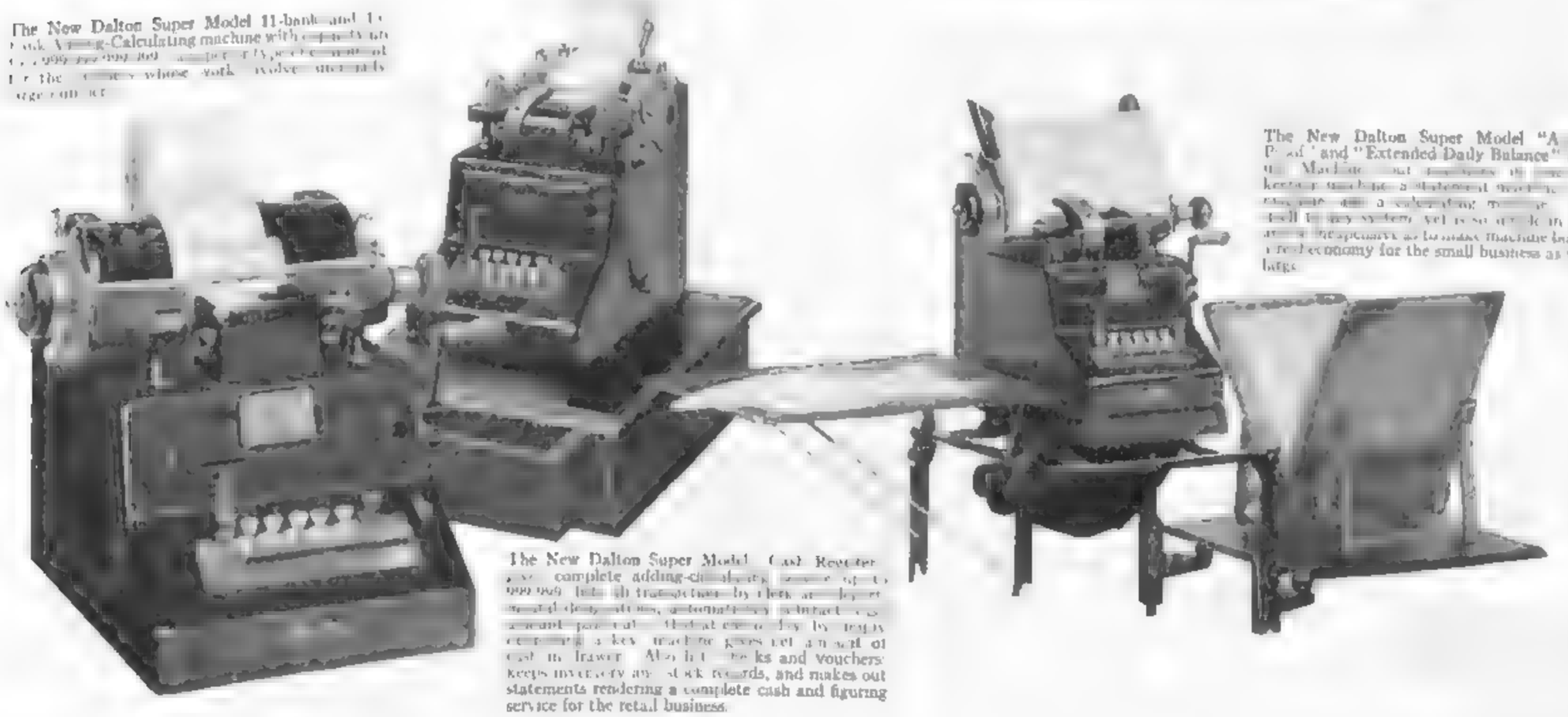
ADDING-CALCULATING • BOOKKEEPING • STATEMENT AND "CASH-REGISTER" MACHINES

At prices ranging from $1200 to as low as $125



The New Dalton Super Model 11-bank and 13-bank Adding-Calculating machine with capacity to 9,999,999,999,999 ... for the ... whose work involves unusually large amounts ...

The New Dalton Super Model "A ... Proof" and "Extended Daily Balance" Bookkeeping Machine ... keeps the ... a statement ... and a calculating ... It adapts itself to any system, yet is so ... in operation as to make machine bookkeeping a real economy for the small business as well as the large.

The New Dalton Super Model "Cash Register" ... complete adding-calculating ... to 999,999 ... in transactions by clerk ... keeps ... descriptions, automatically ... amount ... that ... day by keys controlling a key ... gives ... amount of cash in drawer. Also ... checks and vouchers; keeps inventory ... stock records, and makes out statements rendering a complete cash and figuring service for the retail business.

Dad got tired of being a "bath referee"

No sooner would Dad be snugly settled than Betty and Jack would burst in.

"He won't let me take my bath!"

"She was first yesterday!"

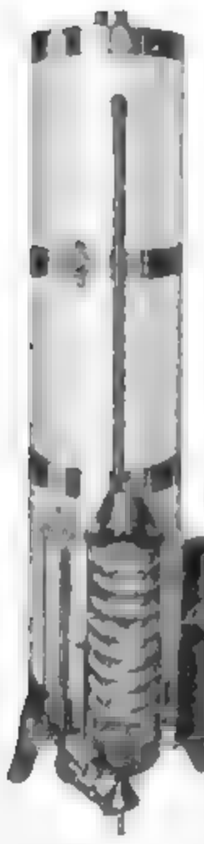
Then Dad would say: "Be a gentleman and let her go first."

"But, Dad, she uses up all the hot water!"

"That's just what *he* does," Betty would retort; "and I have to wait ages for more."

So Dad found a way to have

plenty of hot water for everybody—all the time—and at low cost.



He got a plumber to install the Lawson Automatic Storage Heater. It gives all the hot water wanted—any minute of the day or night. Self regulating; needs no attention. You don't even have to strike a match.

The Lawson Thermo Valve automatically keeps water at any desired temperature. You just set the dial—then go away and forget it.

Prevents fuel waste and keeps down cost. Experts agree that the storage system is the best way to provide constant, abundant hot water. The Lawson Automatic Storage Heater gives you such a system, GUARANTEED to operate efficiently.

Your plumber can install it in a few hours.

Write today for free booklet.

Lawson Automatic Storage Heater

Price, complete, $145
Full 30-gallon tank

LAWSON MFG. CO. of Pittsburgh

Also makers of Lawson Room Heaters

Lawson Automatic HOT WATER

(Continued from Page 105)

from the doctor by way of the drug store than from the peddler. The peddler adulterates it at least 50 per cent; the druggist would give me a pure article and I should get more effect from it. As between the overcharges of the peddler and paying for the prescription, it is about an even thing in money cost to the addict. If there is a sufficiency of manufactured heroin in the United States between the conscienceless prescribing doctor and the peddler, the addicts are sure to get a full supply unless the Federal Government is prepared to spend sufficient money to prevent smuggling and rigorously to suppress the dealers and peddlers.

Last year Congress appropriated six million dollars to enforce prohibition against alcohol. The Treasury Department is now earnestly requesting that it be given sufficient money to enforce the Miller Act—that is, the drug-control law. It seems to me, considering this evil, that the enforcement of the Miller Act is certainly, without making comparisons, of vast importance to this country. As I understand it, up to this time no appropriation has been made to enforce the Miller Act.

Having taken part in many public discussions by doctors and laymen, representatives of organizations and individuals on this question of drug addiction and the treatment of addicts, I became convinced that if we are to go to the root of the evil, so far as the law is concerned, it must be by way of Federal legislation.

The Federal law, known as the Harrison Act, passed in 1914, aimed chiefly at controlling the sale and distribution of narcotic drugs within the United States and required of druggists and physicians that they should make returns of their actions with reference to these drugs on blanks furnished to them. Practically it was intended that the doctor should act in good faith as to the diagnosis and prescribe professionally in decreasing doses, and not merely cater to the craving of the addict; and that the sales by the druggist should be strictly inspected and accounted for.

Following this, New York enacted a law somewhat on the same lines and providing for a narcotic-drug commission. After this law was repealed the health commissioner of New York City, having large legislative powers under the charter, called together a committee, of which I was a member, to formulate enactments covering the situation, to be added to the Sanitary Code, and these were the pertinent questions in connection therewith:

Can a drug addict be cured by getting prescriptions from a physician to be filled by a druggist while the addict is at large and without any custodial supervision?

Is it absolutely necessary, in order to undertake the cure and reformation of the drug addict, that he should be put in some institution under supervisory direction and custodial authority?

Conscienceless Physicians

Considering that at present most of the addicts—of the poor and working type, at least—buy their drugs from peddlers selling smuggled stuff, is this condition more dangerous than if the addicts resorted to certain types of conscienceless physicians with unrestricted liberty in prescribing? If the physicians were unrestricted in prescribing would the addicts not get at the drug stores an article more potent than the smuggled stuff and for less money, and would this not really increase the number of addicts?

Before that committee a sharp line of professional opinion was exhibited by those physicians who were backed by official action of the American Medical Association, that a physician should only administer narcotic drugs and not prescribe them, against those who favored prescription and hospital treatment, private and otherwise.

The Federal district attorney for New York presented the case of one physician who issued thousands of prescriptions during one year to drug addicts, evading the law with deliberate cunning, and who had reaped a fortune from this cruel and conscienceless practice. Of course men like him are not representative of the medical profession, but they were sufficient in number in New York to make it easy for any addict to get as much of the drug as he wanted. In one case prescriptions were kept in bundles ready for use, just as it is alleged they are now kept for the sale of alcoholic drinks.

The average addict who came to this office was obliged to get about four prescriptions a week, the doctor limiting the supply to about the amount the addict would use in two days. The prices for the prescriptions ranged from fifty cents to two dollars or more. An addict came in here one cold winter day, without an overcoat and devoid of underclothing, who was getting prescriptions from one of these rascally doctors and spending all his wages as a mechanic, amounting to about twenty-eight dollars a week, and even more, for the drug. When I asked him why he did not buy himself some clothing he told me that he had begged the prescribing doctor to give him prescriptions for at least two weeks in advance and reduce the rates so that he might get clothing suited to the season, and that the doctor had brutally refused to do so, taking the last cent this man had.

The ambulatory case can go to the doctor and get a prescription for the drug and use it, and then under another name he can go to another doctor, and so on; and I see no reason why under such a system he cannot accumulate even more of the drug than he needs for his own personal use. From the very nature of the case the patient requires constant professional supervision, and, above all, moral aid and encouragement. I shall speak of this later.

Questions of Policy

With all this contention and debate and clashing of professional interests and the opposition of the big manufacturing, commercial and distributing agencies who produce and sell the drugs, the subject became involved, and a Babel-like confusion of tongues ensued. The lay public, alarmed at the dangerously menacing situation, was naturally anxious to arrive at some conclusion as to what was the proper course to take.

Then, too, the question of prohibition with reference to alcoholic liquors became a stumblingblock. Zealous prohibitionists believed that calling attention to drug addiction and asking for Federal restrictive measures were attempts to divert public attention from that which they believe to be the only evil or at least the most important one. Some of them seemed to believe that the Wets were drawing a red herring over the trail in the talk about drug addiction's being an evil equal to alcoholism. As a matter of fact there is more hope for the reformation and regeneration of a drunkard than of a drug addict. Addicts who were barkeepers told me that they never took, nor had any inclination to take, a drink of alcoholic liquor, even when constantly handling it.

The health commissioner of New York finally adopted as part of the Sanitary Code the law that now obtains in this city with reference to drug addiction. It is in many features in line with the former state law, was very carefully drawn, and seems to answer the purpose for which it was intended. Violations of this code are punishable by fine and imprisonment. It prohibits the possession, sale and distribution of cocaine or opium or any of their derivatives, of Cannabis indica or Cannabis sativa or any of their derivatives, except under conditions set forth in the ordinance; and provides also that any addict may, on his or her own complaint, be committed to a hospital or other institution maintained by the city of New York; or to any correction or charitable institution maintaining a hospital in which drug addiction is treated; or to any private hospital, sanatorium or institution authorized for the treatment of disease or inebriety; and that the addicts shall not make any false statements in obtaining prescriptions.

Out of all this welter of discussion, disagreement and clashing of counter interests I long ago became convinced, as I have said, that the remedy lies through Federal legislation and a more sane and practical treatment of the addict.

The weakness of the original Harrison Act lay in the fact that it did not control importations and exportations. The law, in order to be effective, should check the incoming and the outgoing of opium and its derivatives. To that end the law known as the Miller Act went into effect in 1922. This, in my judgment, is the most important and effective legislation as yet on the statute books of either nation or state, but will no doubt require amendment as weaknesses may develop. Anyone who is interested in this subject will find a report on this law when pending, Sixty-seventh Congress, Second Session, H. R. Report 852.

Of the thousands of addicts who have come to this office within the last few years 98 per cent are users of heroin, a well-known drug, a by-product of opium. When it first came into general use the custom on the part of the addict was to snuff it, but they tell me it injured the nasal passages and of late they are dissolving it in water and taking it hypodermically with the use of a needle. Some years ago the cry was against cocaine and morphine, but I do not remember a single cocaine user among the drug addicts who have presented themselves, and those who take morphine are very few in number.

Now the Miller Act was aimed at preventing the present lamentable conditions with reference to the exportation and importation and smuggling of those and similar drugs, and so provides that the amount of opium imported into this country shall be limited to the uses of the medical profession for legitimate professional purposes and that the exportations of the manufactured narcotic drugs in the United States also shall be carefully supervised and restricted.

Around the corner from this very office are young fellows, mostly of foreign descent, born here, who do the peddling of the heroin. You can go around the corner here in Mott Street, get a tip from a user whom to approach, make the proper signals to the latter, and he will ask you how much powder you want. He calls it "snow." He disappears into a basement or a tenement house or small shop and comes out and gives you a vial containing an eighth of an ounce, for which at times he gets as much as eight dollars; or what is called a deck, for which he charges two dollars. Formerly they labeled these vials with the names of the standard drug manufacturers in this country, but of late they sell the drugs unmarked. The former labels were forged.

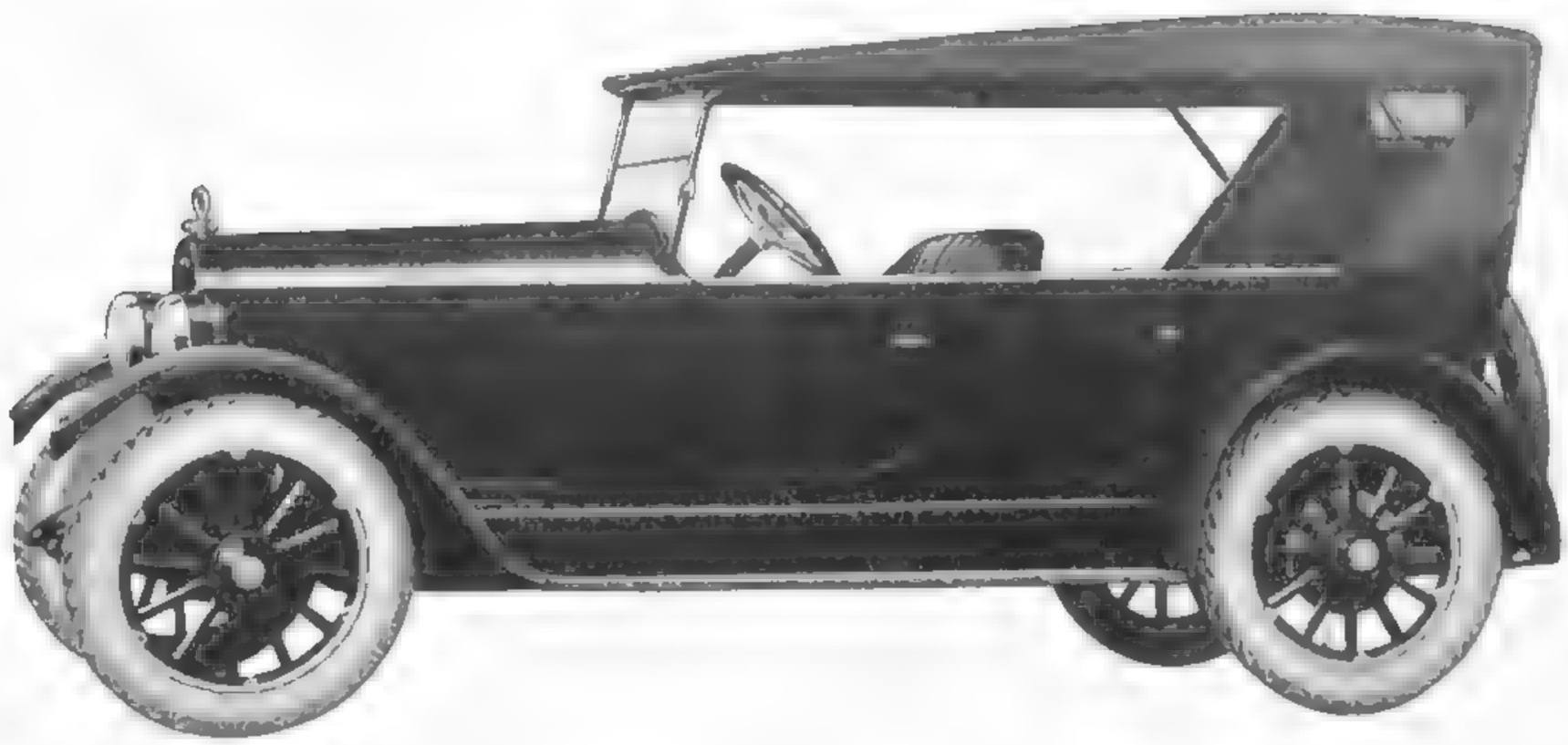
Smuggling Made Easy

How did this fellow get the drug? The answer is, smuggled, to a great extent, from Canada and Mexico or countries overseas. The manufacturer of the drug, respectable, well-established, gets an order from a Canadian or Mexican city for a consignment of heroin made to a local jobber in drugs, and it comes back here, smuggled. Hitherto there was no restriction on exportation. I venture to say that an examination of the treasury records of these countries would show that enough manufactured narcotic drugs, such as heroin and cocaine, have been sent into foreign countries from the United States to poison the larger part of the population.

It is not so hard to smuggle in a package of heroin as a case of whisky, for detection is more difficult. Hence these drugs filter back over our northern and southern borders and into our maritime ports in large and varying quantities suitable to the individual who purchases them. Back here in one of these streets with an immensely congested population is the head rascal who is sending out the younger fellows to peddle the drug. He has possession of a quantity of heroin. He is filling the vials and adulterating them with 50 per cent of sugar of milk or some other substitute. Invariably the addicts will tell you that they know this to be a fact and they have to govern themselves in taking the dose accordingly so as to get any effect. Of course this head man is a cruel, heartless scoundrel, and when he is apprehended the courts are as severe with him as the law allows, but he is not caught often enough. He steals the money of the victim and then poisons him. He generally has his headquarters in some pool room or some obscure shop. Sometimes he combines drug selling with bootlegging. There is positively no crime at which such a fellow would hesitate, provided he could make profit out of it.

The Miller Act transferred the power over the drug traffic—which is of tremendous importance to the country at large—to the Federal Narcotics Control Board, which is composed of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of Commerce. That the law has not been so effective as it should be is shown by an appeal made to Congress by the Treasury Department within the last few weeks, pointing out that it cannot enforce this act without sufficient money to employ additional agents and others to overlook the handling of these dangerous drugs at all

(Continued on Page 111)



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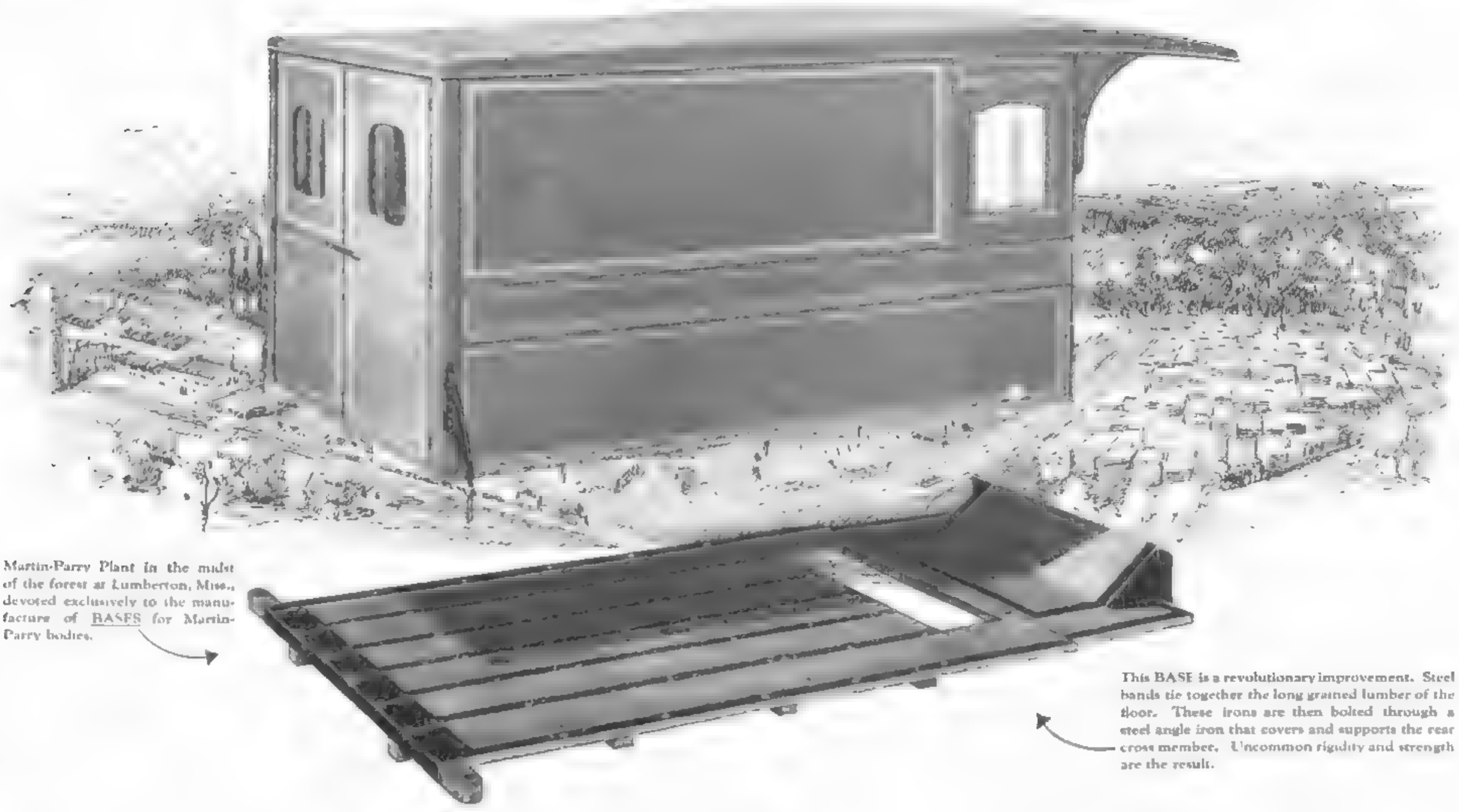

Martin-Parry Plant in the midst of the forest at Lumberton, Miss., devoted exclusively to the manufacture of BASES for Martin-Parry bodies.

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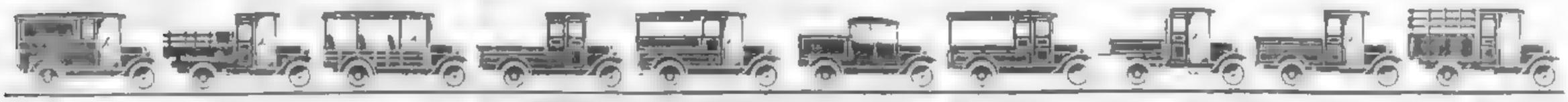

A STANDARDIZED LINE OF THIRTY-EIGHT COMMERCIAL BODIES FOR EVERY BUSINESS NEED

(Continued from Page 108)

ports and borders of this country. In addition to what I have said above, a considerable quantity of drugs comes in through steamers and seagoing vessels from other countries than those I have indicated. Recently the raids on ships coming from the Mediterranean have disclosed large quantities of narcotic drugs. The seagoing bootlegger now combines alcohol and narcotics on the same ship.

In plain words, the Federal law, if executed and carried out with efficiency, would beget a situation in which little or no opium could be brought into this country beyond the strictly legitimate needs of the medical profession, and drug manufacturers would not be allowed to manufacture beyond those needs and export the surplus to any foreign country.

Convinced, as I have long been, that Federal legislation was needed, I addressed myself to the Hon. Ogden L. Mills, Member of Congress from this city, and we had many discussions, written and otherwise, on the subject looking to the passage of a Federal law that would prohibit entirely the manufacture of heroin or any similar drug under whatever name. One argument in favor of this proposition was that the medical profession does not need heroin as a narcotic. It is very rarely used by doctors in the legitimate practice of their profession. Why, therefore, should it be manufactured at all? It is certainly more dangerous than alcohol, and, as it stands now, is more readily procured. Mr. Mills was in agreement with this idea, but as the Miller Act was then pending it was thought best to give that a trial before undertaking such prohibitory enactments as suggested. An organized effort to prohibit the manufacture of heroin, I am informed, is now under way.

It is discouraging to view the contending forces on questions arising out of this menacing and increasing evil.

One says: "The poor unfortunate addict! He is suffering much from lack of the drug. Let him go to the kind-hearted doctor and get his prescription or, if he has the means, to the private sanatorium to be treated and cured."

The other side replies: "How many cures have ever been effected by that means?"

"Oh," answers the first, "quite a number."

For my part I do not deny that when the addiction is of short duration—that is, when the patient is only a beginner—the case is not hopeless.

"Don't interfere with the rights of the medical profession," cries another. "Why should we restrict the doctor? Trust the doctor."

The answer is that the average doctor certainly can be trusted, but the exceptional fellows are the ones who cannot be trusted, and there is nothing more positive than that in this city of New York such men issue prescriptions simply for the money they can get out of the addict and for no other reason, and there is no attempt at effecting a cure.

Differences of Opinion

Then say they: "You are driving him to the peddler."

Well, if the peddler adulterates so that it has only half its potency the most that the addict suffers is that he pays out more money and gets less effect.

"Don't interfere," cries one side, "with the ambulatory case. The honest doctor will keep lessening the dose until finally he reaches zero."

"Allow no doctor to prescribe; compel him to administer only," says the American Medical Association.

"Depend entirely on state legislation with official supervision in the hands of the commissions," says one side. "Don't make possession a crime."

"Make possession a crime," says the other. "How will you reach the peddler if you allow the possession to go unnoticed?"

"You will get the peddler by clever detective work, not otherwise," says the other side.

And so the pendulum swings. For myself, I have lost all interest in these discussions and overlapping efforts, however well intentioned. I think they will arrive nowhere. There is one thing—they have not lessened the stream of addicts still pouring into this office. Every year they are increasing. The same army of young men, with here and there a young woman, is floating downstream and going over the falls, as it were. Of course the activity of the local police in capturing the peddlers is excellent and ought to be encouraged in every possible way. Detect these desperate and rascally men and always give them, when convicted, the full limit of imprisonment. That limit ought to be increased, and the selling made a felony; in fact, these fellows ought never to be allowed at large, but ought to be in some sort of custodial care for life, belonging, as they do, to an utterly unsocial and cruelly selfish type of criminals.

Now here are some self-confessed addicts before me as I write this article, all in the early twenties except one. They have complained against themselves that they have been using heroin for a period of from two years up to ten. One or two assert that they began its use within a few months. Let us examine a few of the class individually:

CASE I. A middle-aged man, American stock, intelligent and decently attired, has been taking the drug for ten years; bookkeeper by occupation; understands the remedy is mental and not medical, has abstained from the drug for a year at a time, has been twice before on Riker's Island for a period of ninety days, admits that his falling back is attributable to associating with other addicts. He is at this moment suffering from lack of the drug; went out last night and bought from a boy runner a vial supposed to contain an eighth of an ounce, for which he paid seven dollars. Found when he tried to use it that it was nothing but common salt, sought out the boy's dealer at the barber shop where he spends his leisure.

Dope Sellers' Methods

The dealer, who has made a lot of money and is arrogant and cruel, accosted the addict with: "How dare you come around and annoy me outside of my regular hours? You know I sell only from five to nine, and you"—using outrageous words applied to drug addicts in general—"must obey me and do what I tell you."

The addict replied, "I would not bother you at all if one of these fellows had not sold me salt instead of powder."

"I do not care what he sold you. I won't give you a grain. Come back in my regular hours."

And so the addict is before me, seeking relief. The audacity of this seller made me indignant and I wanted to have an officer accompany the addict and arrest the fellow, but the addict said, "I can't do it. My life would not be worth a puff of cigarette smoke after that. They would certainly kill me."

I then asked, "Do they smuggle the drug to the island?"

He replied that they do, but not to so great an extent as is supposed, the officials being very vigilant and earnest in trying to suppress such smuggling. It is dangerous, he said, to inform on them when one knows of such doings. As an intelligent man he has written letters and does many favors for other addicts who are illiterate.

"During my last cure on the island," said this man, "one of the inmates comes up to me and says, 'Were you in the office of the warden this afternoon?'

"'Yes.'

"'Did you hand the warden a paper?'

"'Yes.'

"'Didn't you know that there was a delivery to be made today, and that the person was then in the room?'

"'No.'

"'Don't you know that after you gave the paper to the warden there was an extra search of that person?'

"'No.'

"'Well, there was; and they have made up their mind to give you the iron bar, but we believe you and have talked them out of it because you have been a good friend to us.'"

I asked, "What is the iron bar?"

The addict replied, "That is punishment for squealing. As you move into one of the retiring rooms someone comes behind and throws a blanket over your head, and another hits you with an iron bar."

"Was anyone ever killed by such an attack?"

"No. As a rule the blanket shields the skull, but they often go to the hospital after such injuries."

CASE II. A young man, well set up, with, to a layman, no signs of drug addiction, single, lives with his parents, earns twenty-eight dollars a week at his trade

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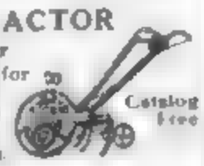
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spends twenty dollars for the drug, sometimes all his earnings. Shows me army record, overseas, with a well-known division in all great engagements. Began taking the drug after the war by going with other young fellows who took it, and also because he was discouraged in his search for work. Has abstained for considerable periods, only to begin again. Says he must use will power to be cured.

CASE III. A young man of unattractive appearance, furtive looks, married, does not live with his wife, was not in Army, escaped the draft, confesses to two convictions for picking pockets, sent to reformatory, has been taking drugs both before and after going to prison, is possibly now evading justice, dangerous character to be at large; three months on the island will save several people's pockets, and perhaps a life.

CASE IV. A young man, weak face, no particular occupation, lives on his family, who supply the money to buy the drug: brought to me by his father. It may be necessary to have him come back in a day or two for certain technical reasons. Father objects, says if allowance is cut off boy would undoubtedly steal or commit some crime in the meantime, so as to get the drug.

CASE V. A good-natured, talkative man in the thirties, admits he never worked at any steady employment, is type of hobo and what the police call panhandler. Begs money to buy the drug. Left his family in California, is starting from nowhere to go anywhere, never has had any object in life; drifting. Has been in the penitentiary for begging. Would never work and will stick to the drug as long as he lives. Came in because he couldn't obtain the drug and is suffering.

Case VI. A young man in pitiable condition, physically and mentally, constitution obviously shattered, nervous system wrecked and moral forces dissipated, suffering now severely from lack of drug, has craved a dose in the outer office, wants to be hurried to the hospital, suffers from chronic and infectious disease, skin has become tough and hardened from repeated puncturing of the needle.

CASE VII. A young man, poor physique, face indicates weak character. Like many addicts, says he has little or no appetite for food and suffers from failure of organic functioning, as do most addicts. Has been a clerk in a big commercial house; spent nearly all his salary for the drug. His father, who died about a year ago, had never discovered he was taking the drug. His mother depends on an amount of insurance the father carried. Out of her small income the mother gives him the money to purchase the heroin, but her means are running out and he wants hospital treatment. Says he is conscious that his will power is lessening all the time.

Other Typical Cases

It pains me to have to send that fine-looking young ex-soldier in such company as this, to be herded with them in the same camp. When a proper place is provided these men should all be classified and separated—the hardened from the less hardened; the beginners from those long given over to this addiction; the clean, as it were, from the unclean, physically and morally. It is shocking to think of the possibility of this contamination of anyone with a shred of character and self-respect left. And yet the authorities are, with the means at hand, doing the best they can, but treatment in a large, scientific, humane and practical way is what the situation cries for.

Many of these addicts come from other places and drift into New York, some to hide their shame from the neighbors at home and to seek that oblivion which a great city like this affords.

On another day those before me are women. Listen while I examine them:

CASE I. A young woman in the chorus of an all-night revue at one of the leading theaters, lives in the suburbs. Is not through at the theater until the early morning, must wait around the show house for a morning train to her home; physical strain is very great. Another girl gives her the secret of the narcotics—but only the advantages, she says—and she begins taking the drug. She wants to break herself of the habit, and asks to be committed to a hospital. She is the support of her mother and family, her father is dead. Drugs take practically all her earnings. She is frail, painted, weak, pitiful. I send her up to Bedford Reformatory. As she is a beginner there may be hope for her, but to effect a cure a change of environment when she comes out is absolutely necessary.

CASE II. A woman over sixty, accompanied by her daughter. Has been taking morphine for thirty years; well-built, well-nourished, fair-looking woman, much more healthful appearing than her daughter, seeking hospital treatment because the price of the drug, owing to hard times, is beyond her means.

CASE III is unusual. A woman of intelligence and attractive appearance. Travels to and from Europe frequently on business. Was on the Titanic when that ship was sunk. In great pain and distress during that crisis, and was then given, she says, her first dose of morphine, by a surgeon. She has been an addict ever since.

CASE IV. A young woman, good-looking, has been better-looking. Minor part in the theater, attracted attention of wealthy man who has provided for her treatment at a very expensive sanatorium. Left that after discovery that she was getting the drug surreptitiously. Back to her parents. Says a wealthy admirer is willing to spend any reasonable amount of money to help her cure. She has deceived him and her parents. Told them she was not taking the drug. Denies it at first. Confesses that she has found ways of deceiving them. Will not go to the hospital. Has no intention of giving up the habit.

What Shall We Do About It?

In this article I have been writing mostly of the poor and middle-class addicts, and have refrained from touching on those who have the means and the surroundings to be treated by the family physician or in an expensive sanatorium. They, of course, are in the minority, and in most cases they do not menace society. They are the hidden skeletons in the family closets. They cast the dark shadow on the household when the addiction is discovered. Often no one but the doctor and the addict knows the secret. The case can be treated either as ambulatory or the drug can be administered by the doctor in person.

Many of the doctors treating patients of social position chafe under the legal regulations—the filling of blanks and the reporting of the cases as required by law. No doubt benevolently they would like to make an exception in favor of each of their particular patients. They claim in many instances—and I am not disputing it—that they have cured such people. They certainly start with a good environment in their favor, and the psychology of the case is to my mind the most important thing about it. To drug patients the doctor is at once the best of friends, the confidant of all secrets and the keeper of character and reputation. The patients have implicit belief in his skill, and follow his directions. His direct personal influence is without question of immense benefit to his patients, and one would not be warranted in saying that treatment under such circumstances may not be of lasting benefit. There is no law or ordinance on the statute book, as far as I can see, that would interfere with such medical practice; but, on the other hand, how can we justify making exceptions to a general law, with something worse than favoring one class at the expense of the other? When scourges like cholera, scarlet fever, influenza and infantile paralysis are abroad the restrictions and precautions have to be universal for rich and poor.

It is an appalling and disheartening situation. What are we going to do about it?

Well, in the first place there should be a strict enforcement of the Federal laws controlling importations and exportations. Congress should treat the appropriations for this enforcement as generously as they do those for prohibition of liquor, and in this connection it should be remembered that there is an undivided public opinion in favor of the enforcement of the law against narcotics.

It is quite true that a drug can be so readily concealed as to require stricter inspection than the search for liquor. The neighboring nations on the north and the south should be asked to coöperate, for their own salvation as well as ours. If necessary, treaties should be entered into in a friendly spirit. We cannot force action on their part, and production goes far back into the past. It is an old evil that flows from the juice of the poppy, which, by the way, cannot be grown successfully for commercial purposes in this country.

In 1921, the largest amount of opium coming to this country came from Turkey in Europe, 49,832 pounds; the next largest amount from Greece, 27,870 pounds; and 10,640 pounds from countries in Asia occupied by Greece. Singular to say, there was no opium imported from British India during the years 1919, 1920 and 1921, although in 1918 that country sent 17,638 pounds here. In 1918 England sent 121,324 pounds. In 1913 Germany sent 26,245 pounds to this country.

For some reason possibly connected with the war the exports of opium from this country fell from 127,248 pounds in 1920 to 3480 pounds in 1921, and in value from $944,160 to $13,258. New York leads as a port of entry for the reception of the drug, with Philadelphia next, and St. Louis third. The total imports of opium containing 9 per cent and over of morphia decreased from 730,272 pounds in 1919, at a value of $8,279,653, to 101,663 pounds, valued at $314,979 in 1921. The price of the drug, as will be noticed, has fallen off largely. The immense falling off in this country's imports and exports of opium for 1921 might be accounted for by the fact, if it is so, that manufacturers and dealers carried great stocks during the war period; or, on the other hand, does it indicate that not only the Federal law itself but the vigilance of the authorities is beginning to affect its distribution and use? This certainly would be a cheering sign if the decrease continues.

How are we going to treat addicts? In common with others of much more experience it is my judgment that they should be segregated into colonies, carefully guarded, well treated and given light work of a kind suited to them. Concentration in camp of addicts numbering four or five hundred, doing nothing but eating and sleeping and indulging in an interchange of experiences and a concentrated effort to evade the authorities and get the drug is a forbidding and discouraging sight. The whole atmosphere is laden with conspiracies to smuggle drugs into the camp or hospital, and the methods of smuggling resorted to often display marvelous ingenuity; drugs are concealed in oranges, in packets of cigarettes, in tobacco, in food, in wearing apparel, in the hair of the woman visitor, on all parts of the person, and to a great extent in envelopes containing letters addressed to the addicts. Here comes one of the assistants distributing the mail. The letters are opened. The rule is that the addict must take out the letter and hand back the envelope to the attendant. The attendant turns his head to give another inmate a letter. Quickly the person receiving the first letter substitutes another envelope for the one that came to him. In the flaps of the first envelope the powder is concealed. The substituted envelope is a counterfeit of the first one, and was prepared in advance.

Treatment, Medical and Moral

Above and beyond all medical treatment, which largely consists of purging the system of the poison and then bettering the physical condition, there must positively be sympathetic effort to get the drug out of the addict's mind as well as out of his body. What would I do if I had a son who was an addict? I would give him my own companionship at any sacrifice, and if that were not possible I would find, if it could be done, someone who could gain his confidence and respect, and who would enter heartily into giving him the moral and mental support he would require until he dragged himself out of the quicksands and got his feet again on firm earth.

The only drug addicts that I ever knew to be cured or at least to be well on the way to such a result were those treated by a big-hearted, kind, sympathetic and humane physician in the employ of New York City, who was the head of one of the large hospitals treating this disease, or vice, as we may call it. He actually did rescue two young men, one of whom had a gallant war record, and restored them to their parents, as far as we could judge, fully cured. The whole thing was expressed in what they told me about the doctor. They idolized the doctor and felt grateful enough to fall down at his feet, and would have made any sacrifice for him. He had reached their minds and restored their self-respect, and—may we say it?—their souls. This same doctor is opposed to the ambulatory treatment of addicts.

As I write this I have before me a letter from him, and I quote: "In the midst of

Continued on Page 115

Sold in a 50¢ combination package or in individual containers at 25¢ each

A new method—scientific, thorough

Welcomed by thousands recognizing the need for 2 different cleansers—a paste and a liquid

IT is now known that not one, but *two* destructive dental forces must be combated. They are continually at work destroying the enamel of your teeth. They are *film* and *acids*.

It takes two entirely different dentifrices to counteract them. A *complete* dental treatment comprises two cleansers different in their consistency and cleansing action.

Two Destructive Forces

FILM, that ugly yellow deposit that covers tooth surfaces and conceals the beautiful natural whiteness of the enamel, is removed by Sanitol Tooth Paste. Sanitol first softens, then clears the film away. Its special ingredients make it surprisingly effective in restoring the original whiteness to the enamel.

ACIDS, the prime cause of tooth cavities, develop from food bits that collect and ferment in the tiny unbrushable crevices between teeth. Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic floods in and purifies these dangerous, hard-to-reach places with its healing antiseptics. It not only dislodges fermenting food bits, but treats cavities antiseptically. It is concentrated.

This thorough treatment hardens the gums, imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath and invigorates the *entire* mouth.

Dentists Say, USE BOTH!

You will be delighted at the refreshing, clean feeling resulting from the twice daily use of these two dentifrices. Write for the trial package. USE BOTH!

SANITOL
Tooth Paste
-removes film, whitens teeth
Liquid Antiseptic
-checks decay, hardens gums

Sanitol
Complete dental treatment
sent you for ten cents

FILL OUT!

This brings the "complete dental treatment"

Generous sizes of Sanitol Tooth Paste and Liquid Antiseptic—enough for a two weeks' trial of this modern double treatment. Send this coupon with 10 cents in coin or postage to cover mailing to Sanitol Chemical Lab. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Name _____

Street _____

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7-B

Makers of the famous Sanitol Tooth Powder and other toilet preparations

Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of soft Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quickest-drying, most satisfactory towels made.

Thirsty Fibre Really DRIES

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty-Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.

Own your own Towel Outfit

Plate-glass mirror
Nickeled towel-rack
150 ScotTissue Towels
All for $5
($6.50 in Canada)
See it at your dealer's

Instantly—Thoroughly—Safely

Each fresh, soft white ScotTissue Towel you reach for contains millions of thirsty fibres that jump at your touch—that suck up all trace of clinging moisture from your hands and leave a feeling of refreshing cleanliness.

It's so surprisingly easy and economical to enjoy this clean, wholesome ScotTissue Towel Service in your office. It's such a comfort to know that there is a fresh, dry, never-before-used towel waiting every time you need a towel.

Begin today using ScotTissue Towels. Buy a carton of 150 towels. They're only 40 cents (50 cents in Canada) and even less by the case of 3750 towels. Your stationer, druggist or department store can supply you. Or we will send (prepaid) the towels or $5 outfit, upon receipt of price. Try the Handy Pack of 25 towels for 10 cents.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

Scot Tissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"

© 1925, S. P. Co.

(Continued from Page 112)

the narcotic upheaval, if you hear of anything that my limited experience can do toward showing the authorities the absolute necessity of providing a suitable place outside of jails or near-jails for the alleviation of this terrible curse, please command me. There is no doubt that conditions for their care at the present time are inadequate and inefficient. The city has plenty of land near New York that could be readily used for rehabilitation purposes. There is a growing need for the formation of a committee whose purpose would be the establishment of such a place."

This doctor would resent my giving his name because he is a modest, self-effacing, noble type of physician, who would shrink from controversy and noisy cacklings, and would fly from those who look upon this subject as an easy way to self-exploitation.

As for those hard-hearted rascals and incorrigible rogues who do the smuggling and peddling—all the forces of the nation, state and city should be organized against them. The penalty should be increased for them. Peddling should be made a felony. Some of these fellows should be kept under continual custodial supervision.

Some of the peddlers are mere children, girls as well as boys. It would be a libel upon the worst of malefactors to make any comparison with the boss. The other night, here in one of the congested streets on the East Side, a young police officer noticed tracks in the snow leading down to a basement. It was well on towards morning. The tracks seemed fresh. He went down, found himself in a vestibule, the basement door locked. The steps went back to the street. Mystified for a reason why a person should have gone down to a locked basement and not enter, he looked up at the ceiling and saw a board displaced. He shoved it back, put in his hand, and drew out a German army revolver, fully loaded; he put in his hand again, brought out a cigar box, opened it, and found it filled with packages of heroin; he put in his hand once more and brought out another loaded revolver. He carefully put back all these articles, summoned the man on the next post and they agreed to take turns to watch in hiding for the drug peddler to come to the place, but he evidently had spied them, and after a long vigilance, night and day, they had to give up the idea of catching him.

Men Who Stop at Nothing

An addict told one of the bravest of the plain-clothes men on the narcotic squad that he would point out the peddler. This officer, an impetuous young Irish-American, afraid of nothing, followed the addict to one of the alien and dangerous quarters of the city. The peddler and the buyer went into a blacksmith shop across the street. The officer went quickly over to arrest the peddler, but he was struck on the head from behind and knocked down unconscious, and was for a long time in the hospital. This armed ruffian had concealed himself to protect the seller. These men would not stop for a moment at murder, or indeed any other crime, and even the bravest officers now come to me and get a warrant so that they may take others with them when they attempt to make an arrest, rather than arrest the man on the spot.

Sometimes these peddlers, when closely pursued by the law, will hold themselves out as suffering addicts, whereas as a rule, like the old-fashioned bartender who never took a drink, they do not themselves take the drug. Once in a while we have detected them coming to the office asking to be committed to the Riker's Island Hospital, simply in order, for the time being, to avoid arrest and detection.

Only a few days ago a police officer arrested one of these fellows, caught him, as it were, red-handed, and on the day fixed for trial the defendant pleaded guilty, but the officer was astonished at his appearance. When arrested he was overdressed, in what men of his type call snappy clothes, with rings on his fingers, a diamond stick pin and other evidences of his possessing money, and was hard-faced and healthy-looking. When he came before the court for sentence he was dressed in rags, which had been sent to him by his confederates, and he was pale and cadaverous of face and shaking in every limb. He appealed to the court as a suffering addict, and said he was not a peddler at all, but a sufferer himself, and occasionally gave some to the other victims without pay. The court learned the real facts and sent him to a reformatory as a misdemeanant, where under the law he might be kept for several years.

I might add that the night after the officer arrested this fellow, while on his post a heavy bottle coming from above crashed in front of him like an exploding shell, and the same thing happened the next night at a different place in the same neighborhood. Luckily he escaped both times.

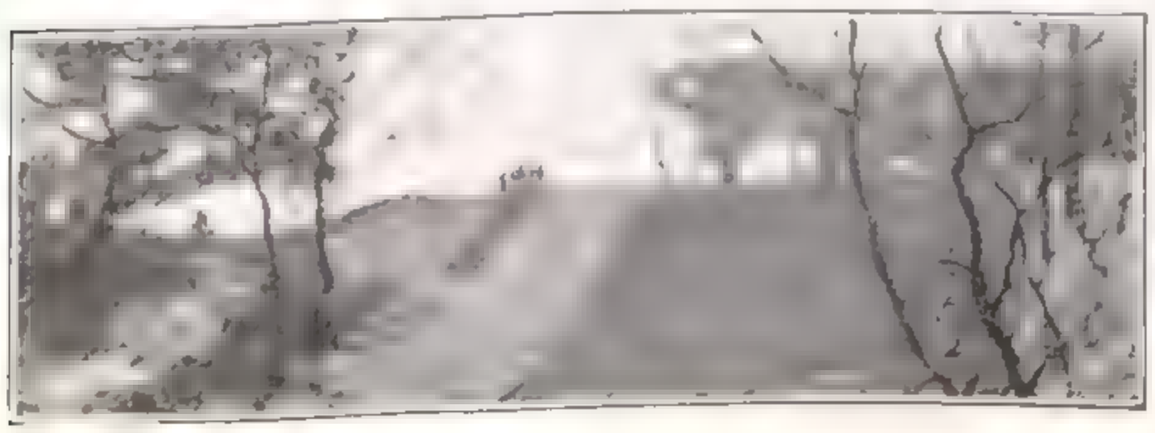
An Army of Misery

The most difficult thing in dealing with this great evil of drug addiction is the sympathy—real or assumed—with the addict. He is a suffering person. Quite true. He should be handled kindly and humanely. Quite right. But according to his sympathizers he should be allowed to get as much of the drug as he craves, lessening the dose, of course. They apparently ignore the unconscionable and rascally physicians, small in number it is quite true, who cater to this trade. They overlook the possibilities of the positively unnaturally cunning patient getting prescriptions from many physicians to the extent of his money. Under the plea of freeing the doctors from all legal trammels, they would do away largely with restrictive measures, either Federal, state or municipal, favor ambulatory treatment and sanatoriums, where sometimes undue claims are made as to their ability to cure. Making it difficult to get the drug they consider as a cruelty to the addict.

How about the recruits to this army of misery? Here is a fine young fellow who has never taken the drug. Why should we not make it difficult for him to get it if an evil companion suggests its use? If we had to deal only with those who are now addicts the question would be a simple one, but we have to face the facts that this army is growing daily and the evil is spreading, and that it affects not alone the taker of narcotics but carries untold evils, dire privations and heartrending miseries to those depending upon him or related to him by ties of blood or affection.

Here is a young fellow of attractive appearance and wholesome personality, with an honorable discharge from the Army and a record of gallant service overseas, who has a young wife and two little children. He is hopelessly addicted to the drug. The tears of the mother and the prattle of the children and my own appeal to him find him suddenly indifferent, stoically callous, and he is suffering now from lack of the drug. His mind is concentrated on getting it and he can think of nothing else.

Mother, father, brothers, sisters, wife and sweetheart trying to pull the addict out of the swift waters that go over the falls to destruction; prayers, tears, appeals, threats—seem to avail nothing. The heart and the conscience and the mind have been dulled like the nerves. The fierce pitiless craving for the drug holds these wretches back and makes them deserters from every duty and responsibility, from every kindly affection, from the sense of honor and self-respect, and casts them into a pit infinitely deeper and harder from which to rise than that of any other vice known to weak or wicked humanity.



BLABON ART Linoleums Guaranteed

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

The Cafeteria of this modern building—the Prescott School Lincoln, Neb.—is floored with Blabon cork carpet.

Enduring floors for substantial buildings

Where lasting resistance to the daily tramp and scuff and stamp of sturdy feet is demanded you will find Blabon Floors of Linoleum.

Blabon "Invincible" battleship, plain, and inlaid linoleums are so tough and strong that walking on them makes their resilient surface tougher. The beauty of their colorings remains as long as the linoleum. Waxing and polishing brings out their beauty even more.

When cemented down over builders' felt paper they are a permanent part of the building.

Blabon floors are chosen also for their sanitary quality, for their ease in keeping clean, and for their economy of maintenance.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

Have you seen Blabon Rugs?

They are genuine linoleum. And as beautiful as they are durable. Mothproof. Sanitary. Moderately priced. Folder showing 22 patterns in colors, sent upon request.

The George W. Blabon Co., Philadelphia

Established 72 years

Important Notice: Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

BLABON ART Linoleums

"When is a Man Justified in Becoming a Car Owner?"

(An extract from the Introduction to the book that is offered in this advertisement—"The Business of Buying a Car.")

"MOST automobile advertising presumes the prospect has settled in his mind all the fundamental problems of fitting his car investment to his income. It presumes that he knows all about what it costs him to maintain a car. That he knows just how much he is justified in paying and exactly what he ought to get for that amount of money.

"We don't believe the average man *does* know these things. We do not believe enough has been done to help him understand these first things he *must* understand before he begins to consider the superficial 'style' characteristics which are more talked about but which have comparatively little to do with his real permanent satisfaction.

"When a man is considering the buying of a car, we believe he thinks first whether or not he is really justified in owning a car at all (if he doesn't think of this, he ought to).

"Then we believe he thinks a lot of how much he can afford to pay.

"If he is the average man, the sum he can afford to invest may be so limited that he wonders whether or not he can buy a really worth while car for that amount. Then he considers how he's going to tell a worth while car when he sees one. He remembers that first cost is not the last and that it is going to cost something to run his car after he gets it. How much do different kinds of cars cost to run?

"It is a cinch for him to go out and find a car he likes the *looks* of but who is going to help him decide those other more serious questions?"

These few paragraphs give only a hint of the fundamental subjects discussed in "The Business of Buying a Car" that make it such a valuable and useful book for anyone who is really considering the purchase of an automobile.

The value and impartiality of this book is further emphasized by the fact that it is not issued by a car manufacturer; therefore, is not colored to sell any one make of automobile.

It represents too great an investment to be distributed promiscuously, but a copy will be sent, without cost, to any responsible person.

LYCOMING MOTORS CORPORATION
WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA
Makers of Lycoming Automobile Motors

A copy of this book will be sent, without cost, to any responsible person really thinking of buying a car.

This book contains practical information not only on the above subject. Other chapters cover, for instance, "What Part Does Income Play in Selecting an Automobile?"—"Buy a Car Comfortably Within Your Income"—"Relation of All Incomes to All Car Prices"—"Within the Limits Justified by Income, What Type of Car Offers the Greatest Value?"—"Economy of Operation and Upkeep are Features Absolutely Essential to the Average Man of Limited Income"—"Balanced Value is Essential—How to Judge It."

Be sure, in writing for it, to give full, correct name and address

The New LYCOMING Motors

THE SPOUTER

(Continued from Page 19

Eph remained speechless for just so long as it took him to whittle up a pipeful of tobacco and set it alight. During his watchmanship, having little or no personal expenditure going out of his moderate wages, he had saved what he considered a sizable nest egg against the day when even watching the old dock was beyond his powers. The size of that estimate for just this for an old spouter hit him like the backlash of a cachalot's flukes. His nest egg had never seemed so insignificant.

"'Bout buy a fore royal, thet would!" he blurted out aloud.

"Ain't thinkin' of buyin' her and startin' a-fishing, are ye, Eph?" chuckled Cap'n Jethro.

Late into the afternoon the two old shipmates stumped the grimy untidy decks in solemn conference. The dinner dishes lay unwashed in the pink galley; Eph's pipe went out and stayed out. At times the cap'n's voice rose to a note of shrill incredulity, and then old Eph's rustier tones would rise and outshout the other.

At last they halted beside the gangway. The sun had gone; a weirdly dismal air hung over wharf and waterside; there were raindrops on the breeze. But in the weather-beaten, deeply lined faces turned up to the sky in seamanlike scrutiny was a light of resolve, made yet more glorious by a ray of high hope.

"If you kin do it, Eph ——" the skipper said.

Eph cut in boldly: "Yew take keer o' yewr own part, Jethro, an' leave me be wi' my own. Only thing I'm afeard of is yew."

"Who—me?" echoed Cap'n Jethro hotly. "Watch my wake!"

"Thet's what I want tew, but I ain't none tew sure yew'll ever make a wake on thisyer cruise," retorted Eph dryly.

III

THE next day, and for some days after, old Eph's gnarled twisted figure was absent from dock and deck. Instead, Cap'n Jethro spent most of twenty-four hours every day pottering about the Gayhead in a new suit of overalls. There were none in the immediate vicinity to wonder at seeing an old shipmaster laboriously turning in new lanyards to the shaky rigging of an ancient whaler. But in other directions Jethro's continued absence from his usual haunts aroused wonder and comment. He was hot, happy, filthy with tar and grease when, in midafternoon one day, a resplendent individual stepped cautiously to the edge of the dock and looked over the bark's scarred bulwarks.

"Hello, Cap'n Scraggs!" the visitor hailed boisterously. "Busy, ain't you? This where you been keeping yourself, is it? Well, well!"

The man was dressed loudly, expensively, superfluously. He wore jewelry, very shiny shoes, and a purple-striped mauve shirt with collar to match. Cap'n Jethro peered up from under his shaggy old brows, never straightening up from his task, which was the working in of a mixture of tar and tallow to soften a bit of over-old lanyard rope.

"Thet note you bought o' mine ain't due yet, mister," said he. He went on with his job. He began to whistle softly.

"Oh, don't worry about that!" the splendid one sang out with bluff cheeriness. "Your friends is all wonderin' where you're hiding yourself, cap, that's all. Thinking of starting out?"

"I said thet note wasn't due yet," repeated Jethro shortly. The instant the words left his mouth his teeth clicked together. He whistled through them.

"Getting deef, ain't you, cap?" persisted the unwelcome visitor, lacking perception. "I just come down on a friendly ——"

"I ain't deef. I said thet thar note you bought up to gouge me ain't due yet. You ain't my friend. Git out! I own that dock yet!" He wadded a mass of greasy waste and deftly molded in some warm tar. "You goin'?" he demanded.

The horrible wad was poised to throw, dripping juicily. The man on the dock glared ferociously.

"Why, you old rat!" he shouted, and put one foot on the rail of the bark.

The missile flew. It missed the red furious face of Jethro's creditor; the resounding soggy smack of it as it splashed home heavily on the wall of the shack had a shuddery sound. Its intended recipient was halted for a breath by the nearness of it in passing; then his anger urged him forward, and he stood with both feet on the rail, seeking a spot to land. Cap'n Jethro calmly took up the tar pot and swung it by the handle, gradually bringing it to the full overhead swing of the leadsman.

"You goin'?" he demanded again without heat.

The contest of passions lasted but a brief moment. With that awful soggy splashing smack of the greasy wad still in his ears the vision of the brimming tar pot hurtling through the air at his head was too much for Jethro's visitor. He sprang back to the dock and retreated, bawling back threats.

"Stand from under now, you old rat!" he yelled. "I'll get you, and you'll see life through the bars yet. I'll show you!"

Cap'n Jethro grinned bravely; but when the man had gone, and his old blood cooled a little, he fell to pondering over the new trouble that he had no doubt would come. And he sighed as he went on with his work; his fingers lost their cunning; he cut away new lanyard seizings just put on, ashamed that Eph should see such work from his hand.

All his unbelief in the solution proposed by old Eph returned with force. He put away his tar and grease, his seizings and handy-billy, discouraged. He was cleaning his hands with rope yarns in the galley when, two hours after he had routed one visitor, he was hailed by another.

This one leaped to the deck as he hailed: "Hey, guv'nor, show yourself, will you?"

Cap'n Jethro scowled out through the door and encountered the supercilious smile of greeting that was part and parcel of the daily make-up of his stepson, Percival Furney.

"Well?" grunted Jethro ungraciously. He had made certain promises concerning Percival, but none that he remembered obliged him to show unfelt politeness or civility.

"What an old bear!" remarked the youth airily. "Say, old man, what have you been doing to the Leader? Steve's mad as a hornet at you. He ——"

"Don't stick your snoot into affairs as don't concern you, Percival," Jethro retorted, holding his temper in check with growing difficulty. His previous encounter had tried him to the soul, stripped his self-restraint to the raw. "What do you want o' me, son?"

"Oh, you'd better take notice of Steve, I tell you, cap! You've done something that's riled him. He's threatening to get you now, without waiting for your note to fall due. He's going to stop any chance you have of selling the dock. You'll lose that, sure, unless ——"

"What?" snapped Jethro.

"Well," grinned Percival, "you can either make peace with Steve, or maybe I could do it for you, but ——"

"What?"

"You see, pop, I'm in a bit of trouble myself. If you could slip me a couple of hundred now I ——"

"I promised your mother I'd never lay hands on you, my lad, and I won't. I promised her I'd give you a good start in life, and I will. Now, le's see how fast you kin get from here to the end o' thet dock. Smart now! I'll count seconts for you!"

Eph showed up next day, bringing with him two other ancients, who grinned toothlessly as they hailed for Cap'n Jethro. They looked much like overgrown schoolboys making a forced polite visit. But they wandered about the littered decks of the Gayhead as if to the manner born; and in five minutes they were thumping one another on the back, slapping legs and poking horny fingers into ribs, chuckling gleefully.

Old Eph's face wore a look of triumph. He glanced about the ship, seeking Jethro. He saw the little details of rigging that had been completed; but he missed the signs, which should be there, of continued activity.

He hailed: "Oh, cap'n! Show a leg, cap'n! 'T is Eph."

Somewhere unseen the skipper answered: "C'm here then! Hob's boots! What you gawpin' there for while I'm jammed up in th' foretop here! Gimme a hand!"

The three old men, staring upwards, caught sight of a stout leg waving frantically over the rim of the foretop. Presently the

Before you buy him one—

You ought to know this about a raincoat

Your boy is out in all kinds of weather. Rain can't keep him in!

Before you buy him a raincoat you want to be sure of one thing! Will it *stay waterproof?* If it doesn't, it's worse than useless!

Looks, texture, feel won't tell you this about it. In any raincoat this waterproof quality is hidden—it's *inbuilt*. That is why more and more people are depending today on the Raynster name when they want the kind of protection that lasts.

A complete line of raincoats

Raynsters are a complete line of raincoats. Every type is included—from rugged rubber surface coats to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside. Whether you want a waterproof coat for work, motoring or business there's a Raynster built especially for you.

Raynsters are made by the largest rubber organization in the world. Everything that money and skill can provide is used to give you real protection. Every inch of these raincoats is backed by layer on layer of fine, tough rubber as light as silk. Every seam is reinforced.

Our little booklet, entitled "A Scotchman Started It," will help you to distinguish raincoat quality. Mailed free to you. Address Dept. X.

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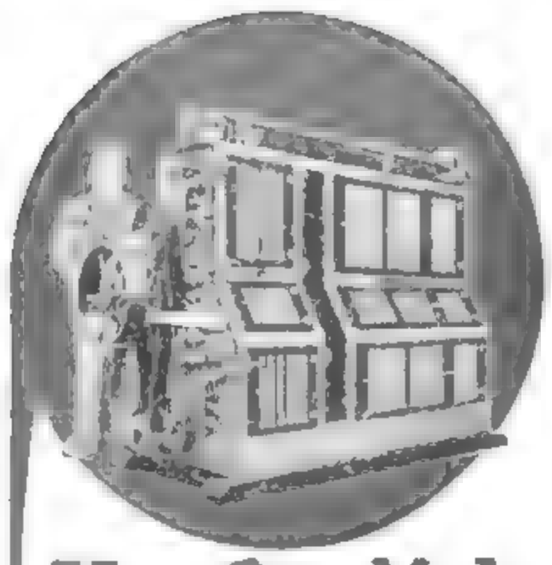

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a Month Milling
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A Kansas man with no milling experience made "My Midget made me over $8,000.00 net profit the first eight months."

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"All the World Loves a Lover"

That makes a Sweet Lover—a Candy Classic. Caramel, Nuts and Rich Milk Chocolate in a Family-Size Bundle, for 10c

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SWEET LOVER

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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

red face of Cap'n Jethro just peeped over, and then a tarry hand appeared.

"You goin' to git a move on, or d'ye want to see me freeze t' death?" the skipper yelled.

Old Eph started up the fore rigging, doubtful whether to grin or look solemn. Halfway up he was still uncertain, so he put on a wooden expression, which was sorely taxed as he peeped down and saw the two ancients he had brought clambering into the rigging on the other side. They swarmed aloft like rheumatic apes, certainly upon familiar ground, but grievously lacking practice. Their wrinkled old faces as they toiled upwards swung to the lift of stiff shoulders, the drive of unaccustomed legs; but each leathery face wore a grin of delight as all three rescuers crossed the platform of the top together and discovered the cause of Cap'n Jethro's impatience. He was caught firmly. A good strong piece of his Fearnaught trousers, an inaccessible portion, was drawn tightly into the sheave of a tackle block in the topmast rigging.

"Took a strain, settin' up the riggin, an' the end slipped out o' my hand!" he explained. "'Course I hed to be 'most settin' on the block. Took me by the trousers, it did, Eph, and there goes the end, away a-kitin', whar I can't reach it. Hob's boots!"

By the time he had got his explanation out he was free, and he greeted the two newcomers as all four climbed back to the deck.

"Yew cain't set up a hull ship's riggin' by yourself, cap'n," grinned Seth Noakes, an old harpooner of Jethro's.

"No, sir, not even Cap Jethro, by Jakes!" agreed Noel Pease. Noel had been a first-class boat steerer in his day.

"'Tarnal fire! Ain't thet why I fetched yew fellers along?" growled Eph. "Let's git under cover, cap, an' see whar we stand now."

In the snug seclusion of the cabin, with a driftwood fire crackling and firing blue sparks, Eph reported progress and let the skipper take the floor.

"There wuz a spell, Eph, when I kinda' wanted to heave th' hull scheme overboard. It didn't look sensible nohow. But after thet thar Steve Latta threatened me, an' thet thar young snipe o' the missus' come down an' good as told me he could make or break me, 'cordin' whether I come up wi' two hundred dollars or not, I been carryin' stiddy along, Eph, and I 'most finished settin' up the riggin' now."

"How about the dock, Jethro?" queried Eph. "Ain't no chance as Latta kin frighten your buyer off, is there? Steve pulls consid'able of a rope."

"Thet might ha' been once," chuckled Cap'n Jethro. "Jest as soon as I could haul on my jacket after I give Percival his warmin'-up run I went and see my buyer. He bought the dock and water front at the price he'd offered, and what's more, he said he wouldn't let nobody know as he'd bought it ontil I was ready. I got the cash, Eph, right thar in my berth. Oh boy!"

"Is thar any—how much—will yew——"

Eph floundered, but his grin was reflected in the hard old faces of Seth Noakes and Noel Pease, who sat, each with a horny fist buried deeply in a cavernous trousers pocket. Cap'n Jethro caught the drift of Eph's seemingly chaotic speech.

"Thar is," he grinned. "'Most enough, anyhow, Eph. I figgered everything, and after I've paid up every dum dollar o' debt, I'll still hev the Gayhead and fifty dollars left."

"That'll buy tobacker, anyway," said Eph. He fumbled at his waist and slung a money belt on the table. "Here's th' best I kin dew, Jethro."

"An' ourn," chimed in Seth and Noel. Each slapped down a canvas bag and untied the strings.

"I bin tew see ev'body I knowed how tew find," went on Eph, burrowing into his belt and fishing out a tight wad of creased soiled currency. The two old whalemen he had brought aboard also fetched to light clinking coin and greasy bills while Eph unrolled his wad and muttered along: "Out o' Snug Harbor alone thar's eight—six of our old crew, Jethro—as is full fed an' sick o' shore life, and wants tew chip in frum three to five hunderd apiece ef yew mean cruisin' on shares. Then I run down ol' Jed th' mate, and Slippy th' cook. Slippy's finished wi' camp. He's got nigh a thousand, by th' 'tarnal fire! He'll put it all——"

"Make it three hunderd for Slippy, Eph; make it three hunderd," put in Jethro. "Cain't let th' cook hev too big a share, else he'll start to run th' ship, and thet'll be——"

"Hell an' all-git-out!" Noel and Seth supplied, grinning toothlessly. "Thet'll sure be onreasonable, thet will."

"Well, then I found Saul Rowe, and Amos——"

Old Eph told off his full list, and Cap'n Jethro put down names and the suggested contributions. At the end he totaled up the column and grinned into the faces of his friends.

"Thar's twenty-three hands, an' me," he announced. "The lowest sum I've heerd of seems to be three hunderd dollars. All right. Three hunderd apiece'll fit us out an' store; not profuse, but in reason; so we won't take no more from nobody; then we'll all be on equal shares. All we want now, then, is a ship's boy. I hev a lad as wants a start in life, so that's settled. If I put in the Gayhead as my share, I take one share out for myself and one for the ship, and I pay the boy out o' mine. Is that right, lads?"

"Yew ain't takin' none tew much, ef that's what yew mean," returned Eph. The other ancient pair nodded agreement.

"Well then, you kin all bring your gear aboard soon 's you've a mind, and we'll start fittin' out right away. Eph, you get all hands aboard soon 's they'll come; and as you go up call on old Reuben Hanks an' tell him to git busy on a suit o' sails from the last measurements he got. 'Twill be our only suit, Eph, so tell him to make 'em tough."

"'Tarnal fire! Yew don't think he's got them measurements arter 'leven years, dew yew?"

"Hob's boots! 'Course he hev!" retorted Cap'n Jethro. "He ain't made no other sails since the last he made for us. Ourn 'll be the last in his book. Git busy, now. Thar's a whaler a-fittin' out!"

IV

IN A WEEK the Gayhead had taken on new life. Old men with gray beards, gray hair, bald heads; old men with false teeth, with few teeth, with no teeth; old men with rounded backs and prominent knees peopled her decks and the dock alongside. Boxes and barrels, casks and sacks disappeared into the old whaler's roomy storeroom, sent aboard and below by sailorly hands manning seamanlike tackles. Bowed and in years the old men were; but every man had been a sailor of the first class, and the years could never rob one of them of his cunning.

The new running rigging shone like yellow gold against the black of the tarred standing rigging and tops. Old rigging was shipshape and sturdy with fresh seizings and service. Economy had been the keynote; even some of the lanyards had been long-spliced; but every splice was a real piece of sterling sailorizing which made the lanyard as strong as a new one; and so throughout the ship. A ship might go to sea boasting an entire refit of new gear and be in no better shape than was the old Gayhead.

Slippy the cook took up his quarters in the galley, and made swift protest against the new paint.

"Pink paint in my galley?" he roared.

"Carry on, me lad, an' be satisfied yew won't hev tew sarve no pink teas!" old Eph told him.

Jed Roach the mate stumbled aboard under the burden of his own sea chest. But he found time to dump the chest on deck and utter profanity when he saw his bulwarks.

"Great irons!" he bawled, wide eyed. "Be I gone color-blind? Hey, you, thar"—to a chuckling ancient slapping pink paint on the side of the deckhouse—"what color's them bulwarks?"

"Pink, Jed. Pink es yewr nose was afore it got coppered," the ancient chortled. "Thisyer's pink, too, es I be slappin' on here. Good pink, 'tis. Purty, I calls it."

"Great irons!" gasped Jed, and staggered off to his cabin in a daze.

The sails came down from the maker as they were finished; and then the old deck resounded with the lilt and rhythm of long-unheard chanteys as the old men ran them aloft and bent them. Creakily, a trifle uncertainly at first, those ancient mariners clambered to the loftier yards; their old sureness of hand and foot came back quickly; no crew of youngsters ever made a better, more shipshape job of sail bending.

"Oh, th' times are hard, th' wages low,
You whaler, whar yo' bound tew?
Th' rollin' ocean is my home,
Acrost th' Western Ocean!"

The big courses went up on the gantlines to that song, and old shellbacks raced one another up the ratlines to stretch them out and tie in the rovings. So with the heavy single topsails. They needed a lusty pull all together.

"Thar's Liv'pool Pat wi' his tarpaulin hat;
You whaler, whar yo' bound tew?
An' Bluenose Jack, th' packet rat—
Acrost th' Western Ocean!"

The royals and staysails went to a lighter tune, and somebody started the one and only stamp-and-go:

"Way-hay, up she rises;
Way-hay, up she rises;
Way-hay, up she rises
Airly in th' mornin'!"

An employer of modern labor would have gazed astounded at those graybeards stamping and running along the decks, hauling as lustily as they were bawling, whipping their sails aloft on the run. And when the sail was up they laughed breathlessly at one another, panting out hoary jests about has-beens and broken-winded old snugs. But there was plenty of spirit in them. Old Jed Roach the mate, not quite so old as most of them, but entirely one with them, blustered and bluffed in true deep-water fashion when they took a rest before starting another run.

"Git a move on, thar!" he bellowed, shoving among them. "I never see sech a lot o' wooden——"

And Seth spat on his hands, capered spryly in front of Jed, and challenged him.

"Come on, yew Mr. Jed Roach! Le's see who's woodenest. Free an' ekal we are, me son, an' we kin do all th' work o' this ship without no ridin'. Put 'em up or else shet up!"

Jed was fifty-six years old. He shet up, grinning like the decent old whaleman he was, and the work went right along.

"'BOUT ready, ain't we, Eph?" asked Cap'n Jethro one afternoon when the first frost glittered on rail and rigging.

"All ready, cap'n," replied Eph. Eph was sailing second mate and had just

(Continued on Page 121)

Mademoiselle please!

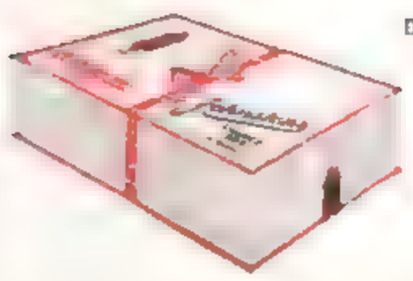
R-S-V-P

—the candy that asks a question and brings an answer

EH BIEN, M'sieu! With what subtlety you now present your case! To the lady you wish to please, bring Johnston's R. S. V. P.—the candy that asks a question. In the woman's heart of her she'll understand. And its discreet request: *Répondez S'il Vous Plait*, will gain an answer where other means all fail.

What fair lips can fail to smile delight at this Olympian array of sweets? Delighting ma'msel's palate with all the enticements of the Arabian Nights in one unusual package. The candy for use in affairs of the heart!

To put your question right, mark well the name. Your dealer will gladly co-operate. He sells Johnston's R. S. V. P. to many tactful wooers.



Johnston's Choice Box is the companion to Johnston's R. S. V. P. Each is supreme in its field

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Please rush One Miniature Introductory R. S. V. P. Box. I am enclosing 50c.

Name

Street No.

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Street No.

"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP"

REG U S PAT OFF

Coffee-adventurers know it is a fact that Maxwell House Coffee is "Good to the Last Drop".

Goodness knows they've had education enough. Coffee-adventurers are those people who have to drink a different coffee in every town.

But times are changing. Erstwhile coffee-adventurers can now enjoy a coffee-flavor in any town as uniform as though it came from their own kitchen, merely by insisting on Maxwell House.

When the finest coffee beans that are grown come into any of our five big plants they go through a period of "training" that fits them for the responsibilities of upholding the Maxwell House reputation. This "training" consists of cleaning, roasting, blending and packing, by a process that is the embodiment of fifty years' constant effort for perfection.

The delicious coffee-taste you enjoy in one town is the same in another if you insist on that name—Maxwell House.

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED TIN CANS—CONVENIENT TO OPEN AND USE

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MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Also Maxwell House Tea

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.

NASHVILLE, HOUSTON, JACKSONVILLE, RICHMOND, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 118)

stowed the last of the empty oil casks. "Only lackin' thet thar ship's boy yew spoke about."

"Tell the hands we sail on the first of the ebb tomorrer. Eleven o'clock I'll order the tug for. If I ain't down by breakfast tell Jed I said to git the lines singled up ready and the towrope coiled on the fore hatch. Th' boy'll be here, Eph."

At 10:30 in the morning the Gayhead's graybeard crew finished their job of partially unmooring ship, and stood, clad in brand-new canvas or dungaree working suits, waiting for the skipper. The tug was already turning in the stream, ranging alongside to take the line. Tobacco smoke swirled cheerfully on the crisp air. Pipes of many a type, with here and there a good cigar, and one amazing cigarette, glowed without let or hindrance. When the tugboat skipper poked his head over the side to satisfy his natural curiosity regarding the resurrection and refit of the ancient whaler he stared for just one long minute at the astounding sight, then ducked back to confide in his mate that the Gayhead must have been bought or hired by some movie concern, and the actors were all aboard.

Jed and Eph, the mates, paced the short poop trying to maintain an air of importance. It was hard, in face of the jolly outspoken chaffing of the crew. Free and equal, every one of them, and able to assert themselves.

"Great irons, Eph! She'll be a sweet ship fust time it comes a case of all hands!" grumbled Jed. He puffed stoutly on a real cigar, presented with a flourish out of a silver-cornered case by Slippy the cook.

"I ain't scared," retorted Eph. Being in the skipper's innermost confidence from the start, he felt it incumbent upon him to show his utter belief in the plan. "They'll come to time better'n or'nary paid hands, Jed. 'Tarnal fire! Ain't they owners? Ain't they bound tew dew thar dumdest by th' ship?"

Cap'n Jethro appeared on the dock, and two old men sprang forward cheerily to take his hand bags. With him were two guests, whom he presented to the mates and crew impartially as they climbed clumsily to the deck.

"My stepson, Mr. Perc'val Furney, an' Mr. Steve Latta, friend o' his. Goin' out far es th' tug takes us, jes' for a ride."

"I ain't got time, cap, honest I ain't," protested Latta.

He stared around the decks at the waiting crew. He knew nothing of a ship; he only thought that the fresh pink paint looked pretty; but a grin crept into his inquisitive eyes as he noted the hoary old shellbacks standing by. Cap'n Jethro Scraggs was being driven to sea again, and in order to do even that he had been forced to enlist a crew of inmates from some home for the aged.

"I can't go out wit' you, cap'n, though I'd sure like to," he said. "Let's get business over now. What was it about? I thought we'd squared up. I gotta hand it to you, cap; you put one across on me when you sold that dock. Dunno how long the guy'll be able to hang on to it, but that's his funeral."

"Oh, you kin come that little way, Mr. Latta," smiled Jethro. "It'll take a little time, and we'll miss the tide if we don't git right out. Come down below. I got a jug thar as ain't never seen Volstid. Cast off, Jed, an' let the tug go ahead. I'll be right up."

Steve made a mild protest, but followed. He was no prodigal to fling away a chance at a jug. Percival wanted to stay. He had a vague idea that the old cap'n had in some way bested his friend Steve, and he wanted to see the come-back.

"Thet's right," said Jethro heartily, leading the way. "I'll see as you both git back together in good time. This yer jug come all th' way frum ——"

It was good rum. Steve liked it. Percival even took a chance on one or two. When they went on deck the old bark was dancing merrily on a poppling sea, snoring along in the wake of the puffing tug, and the land was already opening out ahead for the harbor entrance. Old men swarmed out on topsail and topgallant yards, casting off gaskets; other old men stood at sheets and halyards, ready to hoist at the word. Slippy lounged in his galley door, smoking a gold-banded cigar as he gracefully plucked a chicken.

Following instructions to the letter, Jed Roach left the job he was overseeing and approached Steve.

"Soon be leavin' us now, sir. 'Ud you mind havin' a leetle snort wi' me—jes' to say good luck, like?"

"Sure, old feller. Betcha," said Steve, and led the way himself to the cabin where stood that beautiful jug. "Th' cap's a bit long-winded gettin' down to the business he ——"

"Aye, it's his way, mister," interrupted Jed. "I suppose you don't take licker, Mr. Percival?"

"S'pose again, old-timer," snickered Percival, and followed them down.

They had hardly returned to the deck, Steve licking his lips preparatory to launching a choice piece of sarcastic prophecy at the skipper, when old Eph went up to him, grinning slyly.

"I be jes' a-goin' tew hev a leetle red-eye, Mr. Steve. S'pose yew'd keer tew jine me? Beggin' yewr pardon ef I be makin' tew free."

"Oh, I'm a good feller," rejoined Steve. "I don't mind who I drink with. No pride about me."

"Yew comin', Mr. Perc'val?"

"You can't get one without me!" said Percival, getting the decision over a hiccup.

Eph led them below. Cap'n Jethro passed the word along, and one by one the ancients caught his eye and nodded.

Then far aloft a strong old voice rang out: "Sheet home, fore-tawps'l!"

From the main: "Sheet home, main-tawps'l! Darn ye, Seth, ye beat me that time by seconts. I'll hev ye next time, y' old monkey!"

The two big topsails were sheeted home, and the crew manned both halyards at once. Steve's loud voice was heard aft, and old Eph's joining in, soothing, cajoling. Slippy the cook caught the skipper's nod and dived into the cabin. The voices ceased and Eph came out, wiping his red face, blowing with relief.

"Perc'val's about ready for bed, cap'n. T'other feller's startin' to talk big politics."

"All right, Eph," grinned Jethro. "Send 'em down in pairs after this. Get them tawps'ls h'isted so's we kin unhitch the tug."

With a chanteyman at midships to lead both watches the heavy yards went aloft to a tune.

"Oh, pity Reuben Ranzo,"

piped the chanteyman; and the chorus rolled forth:

"Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
Oh, pore old Reuben Ranzo!
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

"Oh, Ranzo was no sailor,"

quavered the swaying leader.

"Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

yowled the gang lustily.

"He shipped aboard a whaler!
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

"Belay that!" roared Jed at the fore.

"Thet'll dew, th' main!" yelled Eph at the main. And farther aloft among the tapering spars two shrill old voices pealed as one:

"Sheet home, fore t'gall'nt!"

"Sheet home, main t'gall'nt!"

Again the time-worn chantey rose:

"Th' captain wuz a good man;
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
He tuk him to th' cabin;
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

Slippy appeared beside the skipper, blazing of eye.

"Cap'n, ef I stay with him another minute I shall take a wallop at him! Th' slimy cuss 'a talkin' what he's goin' to do to the man as bought your dock, and what he'll do to you when you git back wi' money! Drinkin' your rum too!"

Jethro nodded. His mouth was grim. He caught the mate's eye and presently two more men came aft, snickered at the skipper, and passed into the cabin to beg the favor of having Mr. Steve Latta drink to a good voyage with them.

"Signal the tug to let go," Jethro told Eph.

The tug tooted her whistle to acknowledge the signal, and men began to haul in the heavy dripping line. Others ran up the jibs; still more ran to braces, and the yards were trimmed to the breeze.

The Gayhead was free. Her destiny was contained within her pink bulwarks.

"Say, guv'nor, what's the matter with your stinkin' old ship?"

Percival staggered from the companionway, wild of eye, pale of cheek, clutching Jethro's arm frantically.

"Well, well! You ain't feelin' seasick, are you?" exclaimed Cap'n Jethro. "Why, this yer ship don't stink, son! It's your fancy. You go lie down a spell. Here, Slippy! Show this yer young gentleman to the pink boudwar! Let him hev a leetle nap."

Percival accepted the cook's proffered arm with a fine air of condescension. The air was rather marred by a persistent hiccup. Stepping down the short poop ladder, however, Percival caught sight of the departing tug, and the suspicion that all was not right penetrated even to his fuddled brain.

"Steve! Hey, the tug's ——" he started to bawl.

Slippy clapped a broad palm over the open mouth, briskly tripped the staggering youth, and bundled him forward into the forecastle. He shut the slide and put in the bar.

"Ring two bells f'r ice water, an' three f'r th' maid, me lad!" Slippy called down, and then danced a hornpipe on the hatch to assure Cap'n Jethro that his part was done all shipshape and Bristol fashion.

Cap'n Jethro had waited for that assurance. He stepped below, keenly scrutinizing Steve, who was holding forth blatantly to the two uneasy old seadogs, who wanted to get out.

"That's you, mister; hev a good time," smiled the skipper. To the seamen he winked, and sent them away. "Send down the others who haven't hed their rum," he said. "You 'bout ready to go?" he asked Steve.

Steve poured another drink and leered evilly at Jethro.

"No hurry, old socks. I'm all right. Wassa business ——"

"Ain't you ready to go?"

"Wassa matter? You tryin' to order me about?"

"Not me! If you want to stay you only got to say so. Here, lads, hev a leetle rum for luck," he smiled as two more seamen came in. They were Seth and Noel, just down from aloft after overhauling the gear. "Mr. Steve says he won't leave us. Now ain't thet nice?"

"Want tew be a whaler, mister?" leered Seth, tonguing his rum delicately.

"Sure. Wanta be a whaler 's long 's rum holds out. Drink up an' have 'nother. Have one, Cap Scraggs. Might 's well. I'll get your scalp when you come back f'r that dock job. Drink hearty!"

"He wants to be a whaler," snickered Noel.

"Sure. I heard him," agreed Seth.

"So he shall, then," rejoined the skipper. "When you go on deck send the mate down to me."

The tug was out of sight, and the land bluing in the haze of distance when Jed Roach and two happy old seamen carried Steve Latta's inert body on deck.

"Dump him 'longside o' Percival," said Cap'n Jethro disgustedly.

Then, his unsavory guest out of sight and smell, a shrewd smile flitted across his careworn face, wiping out quite a lot of the care. He returned to the cabin, leaving Eph in charge of the deck, and took up a big double sheet of legal-looking paper from the table. His grin broke wide and free as he read the last entry before rolling up the ship's articles.

"Th' shark!" he muttered. "Thought he wuz well to wind'ard o' me again! I hope he'll make a good sailorman!"

When Steve had drunk so much rum that he asserted his resolve to become a whaler Jethro had explained to him the scheme of shares obtaining. Permitting Steve's loud bullying to pass, the skipper told him all hands had signed an agreement to share work and rewards alike. It had almost needed force to prevent Steve putting his name to those articles in the presence of the mate and two sailors besides the skipper. And Seth and Noel, besides, had heard him assert his desire to be a whaler.

"'S fur es I know, that's about es purty a bit o' writing es ever I see," Jethro chuckled, taking another peep at the scrawl of Steve Latta before tucking the papers away in his locker. As for Percival, he was not yet of age, Jethro was his legal guardian, and guardian said Percival needed a change of air. A sea voyage filled the bill nicely.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

"I turn electric lights on and off regularly"

I am a Tork Clock . . .

I turn electric lights *on and off* regularly—

—in store windows—that's why the best window shopping is done after dark;

—on electric signs that must be lighted at the right time;

—in your home street, apartment hallways, all the places where lighting must be *dependable*.

Though unseen, I am on the job. They wind me once a week. I never break an engagement. I mind my own business well, as the Ansonia Clock Company that built me has done for half a century. I'm a wise old bird and mighty reliable. I cost as little as $1.5. My low cost is due to the simplicity of my design. There are no mysteries about me.

Both the *clock* part of me and the *switch* part of me are more easily demountable than a wire auto wheel. A simple twist of the wrist and out come my "innards" for overhauling. But that is only needful once in a coon's age. The twenty year test assures my extreme endurance.

Anything worth doing should be done at the right time. Let me do it. Eliminate the human equation. Ask your electrical contractor to install *me*, instead of an ordinary switch that *anybody* may forget to turn.

It is easy to get complete information about me. Simply address the place I come from.

Tork Company, 8 West 40th St., New York

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In each wheat flake

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Each flake hides a bran flake—25% of bran. So the dish combines whole wheat and bran—two great food essentials.

You never tasted a finer breakfast dainty. The bran is unsuspected. So people welcome this bran dish twice weekly, as they should. Try it.

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Rolled Wheat—25% Bran

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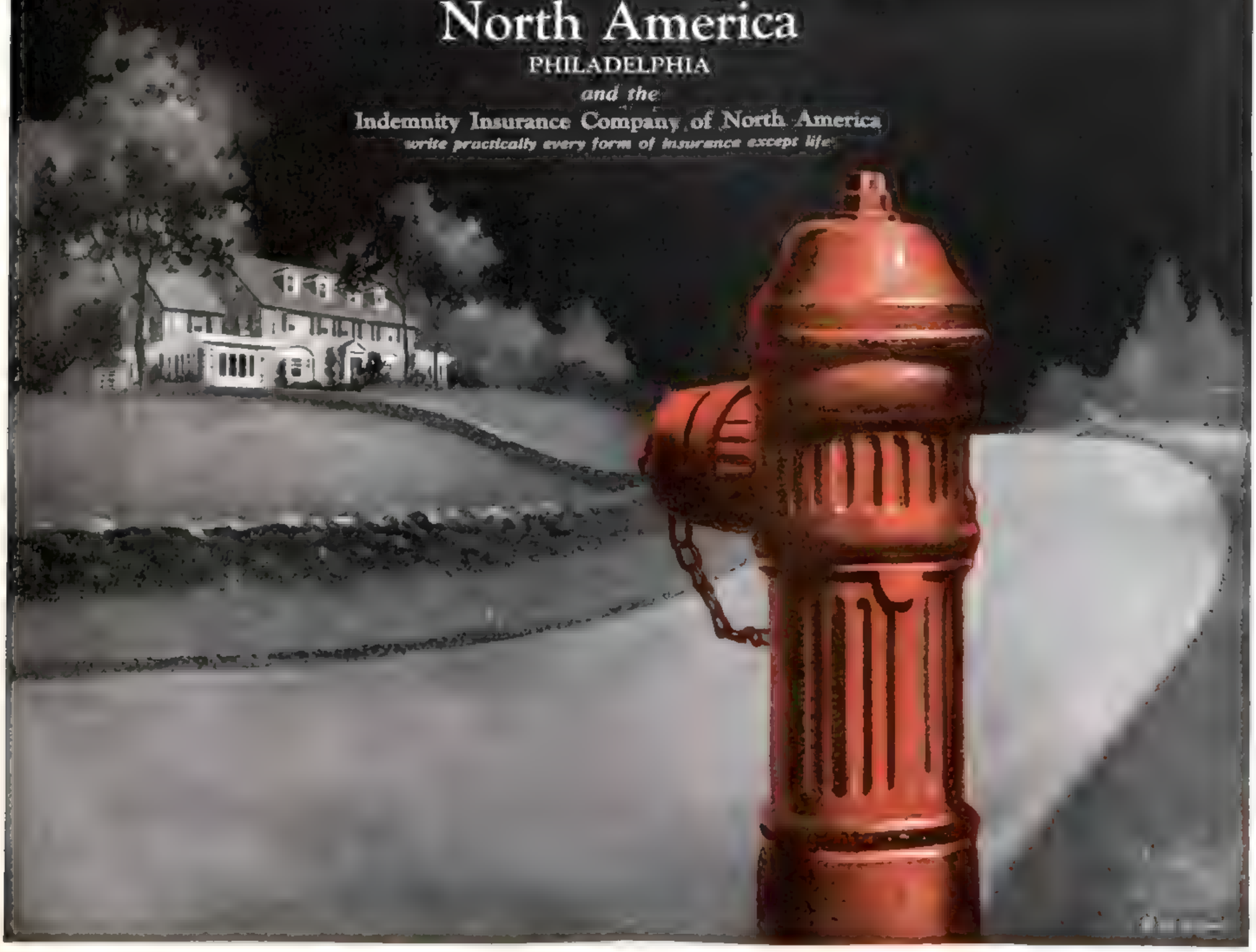

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 15)

to live out of America twenty years and still keep in touch with the sentiments and influences that are continually shifting and molding us; there is also a very subtle, insidious influence that the American living in Europe usually falls under. European life has a way of developing snobbery in those who never even thought of it before. It is a quite obvious fact that an American who spends the greater part of his life among aristocratic circles of the Old World is going to lose gradually his feeling of comradeship for the eager, alert, clever but not always cultured American business man. And the business man in turn is going to find his foreignized compatriot irritating with what he believes is an assumption of swank.

Right here is one of the most serious problems that will have to be considered in the developing of our diplomatic service into a career. There is always the possibility of the secretary, who has served long enough to be made minister, being so long away from home that he unconsciously begins to feel more interested in European than American questions—even finding the foreigner more companionable than his own compatriots. Most of us have grown so used to seeing this type of American in London, Paris, Rome—people who have apparently given up all contact with their own country, except to receive their incomes from it—that they are no longer considered a *rara avis*.

A striking contrast to this type is the Britisher who lives out of his own country. You rarely if ever see one who is not just as British, perhaps even a bit more so, after continued residence out of England. Of course, they have had many centuries in which to crystallize their national characteristics, and ours are still in a somewhat fluid state. I am inclined to feel that the man fresh from American life and interests makes a better minister and ambassador than one who has been trained for such a career. He arrives with all the virility and geniality and frankness that make him quite different from any European—qualities that have had so much to do with our success. The subtleties of intrigue are a closed book to him: his wholesome freshness appeals to the best in the older nations. They may laugh at some of his social mistakes; they may even at times find them embarrassing; but down at the bottom of their hearts they really respect him—because he rings true. Of course, this question can be discussed from many angles. I have had many and heated arguments with my colleagues who object to the stand I take; but on the whole I find that this is my conviction. Needless to say, there are cases that can be cited to disprove my theory; but such cases are rare.

Mr. Page's Sumptuous Quarters

As I went down the Via XX Settembre I was more interested in wondering what my new chief was going to be like than I was in seeing the Palazzo del Drago, which had been rented by him for a residence and which had been occupied by two previous ambassadors—Henry White and Lloyd Griscom. It is a somewhat grubby building from the outside, in spite of having been built by Maria Christina during the seventeenth century. Though it faces on a corner that gives the name to the street—Quattre Fontane—and there are four fountains actually still in existence, there is nothing impressive or handsome about its yellow-plastered walls. A wine shop, a laundry and a tobacco stand on the first floor give it very much the air of a dejected tenement house. But once inside the wide portal the aspect immediately changes. There is a spacious courtyard, with trees and a fountain; and to one side a broad glass gallery leads to a magnificent staircase; but, of course, no one uses the staircase. An elevator took me up to the top floor, which is, in the Roman phrase, the *piano nobile*.

Out of the elevator I stepped into a vast baronial hall, wainscoted in walnut and hung with gorgeous red brocade, and was met by half a dozen footmen in livery. From this I was conducted through a series of handsome rooms, along a gallery of gold-and-yellow hangings, across one of the largest ballrooms in Rome, through several antechambers, and finally into a library and to a corner room, rather small and very homelike, where, surrounded by seventeenth century tapestries, a ceiling decorated with the arms of the Albani family, furniture used by a cardinal of the same name, a mosaic dating from days before Aristotle, a table on which Michelangelo was said to have made his sketches for the Sistine Chapel, I found my new chief, the author of Marse Chan and Meh Lady.

He greeted me cordially and asked if I had identified the palace by means of the wine shop. He always took special pleasure in saying he lived over a wine shop, explaining that he didn't dare write his family about it, as he knew they would feel disgraced for life; and that only diplomacy could ever have brought him to such a pass.

"But the interior is superb," I exclaimed. "It looks as though nothing had been touched for centuries. Is everything here exactly as it has always been?"

He glanced about the room and a delightful twinkle came into his gentle blue eyes.

Real Southern Fare

"They say there isn't a piece of furniture here that doesn't belong to the period of the palace—except my chair there. I brought that with me from Hanover County, Virginia."

"There can't be many such places—even in Rome!"

He waved me to a chair and sat down in the one he had brought with him, of rosewood and black horsehair.

"Young man, America is a great country."

This seemed to me an irrelevant remark; but he was only following the subject.

"An American lady, I believe from Brooklyn, married the prince who owns this palace. When he brought her here, they say there wasn't a stick of furniture in the house. So she turned round and went straight back to New York, bought all these original articles and brought them over here and furnished the place as you see it now. Do you reckon anybody but an American would ever have thought of doing that—or been able to? Yes, we are a great people."

Luncheon that day—at which Smithfield ham, spoon bread, hot rolls, corn bread and fried chicken were served by footmen in knee breeches and prepared by an Italian cook who confessed to me later that he often wondered why the race in America didn't die out by eating such barbarous food—was the beginning of seven years of the most delightful companionship I have ever known. I use the word "companionship," as no other expresses one's association with Thomas Nelson Page. If he was fond of you, he gave you fully and freely of his friendship. No one could really know him without loving him; but you had to know him and understand that often what appeared to be severity was only covering up a very keen sense of humor; and in spite of his lovable qualities he was something of a martinet. He thought all secretaries were in the diplomatic service for the fun they could get out of it, and unfortunately he had a way of appearing on the scene at moments that convinced him he was right.

I soon discovered that he was a man of very deep convictions and that he was determined to run the embassy in the way he thought best. Some of these convictions were at times bothersome to us. For instance, he decided that the embassy was not the place for us to study Italian, all because I had said nothing to him about having engaged a lady to instruct me—a most respectable old soul who had the one fault of covering herself with the strongest perfume I have ever encountered. A few minutes after she had given me a first lesson, the ambassador came into my room, sniffed the air, then went to the window and threw it wide open.

"Who've you had in here?" he asked severely.

"My Italian teacher, sir."

"You may call her that. Where I come from there is another name for them. I can't keep up with you when you leave this office; but I can while you are here; so you had better write that lady not to come back. As long as I'm here, this is going to be a respectable embassy."

He made us all go to church every Sunday, and if we didn't he asked what had interfered. He said it was bad enough for young men to be in Rome with something to do; to be there idle was nothing more or less than going straight to the devil. To keep us out of mischief, as he expressed it, he would call a meeting of the whole staff every Monday morning, ask us what we had been doing—he got as much fun as we did out of our recountal of Roman gossip—discuss the work that lay before us for that week and end by asking what unfinished business was on hand.

That year before the war there was really very little official business, and whenever this question was sprung I would rush off to the clerk and beseech him to dig up something that was actually unfinished. Our one resource in these moments was the case of an American lady who, many years before, had bought a so-called Raphael and had never been permitted to take it out of Italy. She had appealed to the State Department, and successive ambassadors had tried to persuade the Italian Government to release the picture. After having presented this unfinished business to the ambassador for four consecutive weeks, he finally told me that if that were all he had to discuss with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, he was going back to Virginia and take up farming again.

He had, or pretended to have, a most profound contempt for my attempts to furnish an apartment with what he called secondhand furniture. One day when an antiquity dealer had come to the embassy to show me some old brocades, and, the better to display them, had closed the shutters and turned on the electric lights, the ambassador pushed open the baize door and came quietly into the room. He sent the antiquity dealer flying and told me that I would have to make a decision that very moment—that I had either to give up the interior-decorating habit or resign from the diplomatic service; that he would not stand for the chancery being turned into a display parlor for every fake dealer in Rome.

A Merited Rebuke

One of his private secretaries was his most trying problem. He had been brought up in Europe, spoke several languages perfectly, knew the ins and outs of Roman society and was altogether most useful, but his casual way of doing everything and his late appearance in the morning finally got on the ambassador's nerves. His constant telephone excuses of a slight illness prohibiting him from coming to the embassy that day, eventually brought the comment from the ambassador that he hoped he would soon have an illness that was not trivial; and the climax came one day when, arriving at noon, he explained that his tardiness was due to the fact that he had been washing his hair. The ambassador looked at him silently and witheringly, then his hand came down on the desk with a bang.

"Dog-gone it! In the country I come from ladies wash their hair; men wash their heads!"

During the seven years I served under Mr. Page I only had one real misunderstanding with him, and for a few moments this looked as if it were going to be serious. We had been discussing some embassy business upon which we had directly opposed opinions. In the end—I suppose I had become a bit too insistent in the expression of my view—Mr. Page suddenly lost his temper and ordered me out of the room. At this I lost mine and said I wouldn't submit to being ordered out of anyone's room—even an ambassador's. To this he replied that if I didn't like it I had better resign from the service. I retorted that nothing would please me better, and rushed off to my room to write a telegram of resignation to the Secretary of State. As all messages had to be initialed by the ambassador before being sent, I had to return to his room and show him what I had written.

He read the telegram slowly, smiled, deliberately tore it into bits and then changed from the chair before his desk to one before the fire and dropped the pieces of paper into the flames.

Then he pointed to the chair on the other side of the hearth and said very gently, "Sit down."

(Continued on Page 125)

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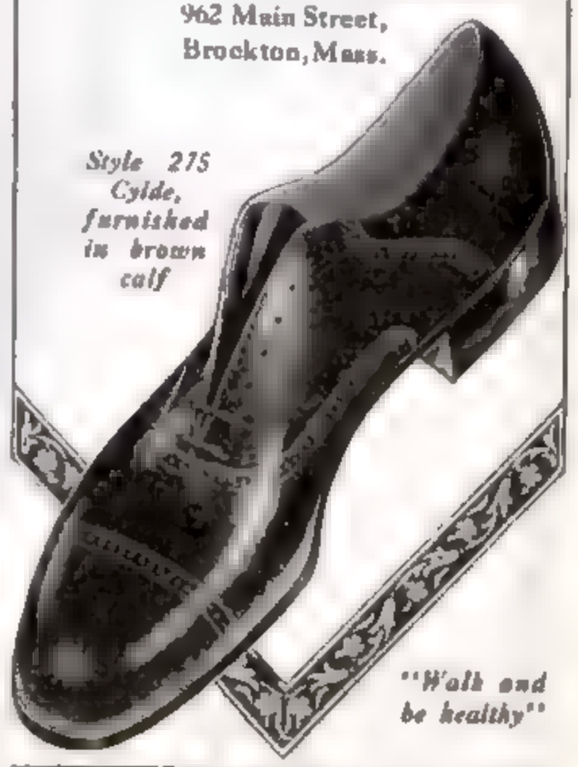

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WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 123)

"Thank you, sir, I don't want to sit down."

Again he smiled.

"You hot-headed young upstart, I told you to sit down!"

I remained standing, rigid and silent.

"You act as if you were still mad."

I still said nothing, and he went on smiling in a way I found extremely irritating because it was disconcerting, for it was the most delightful and disarming smile in the world. Then he lighted a cigar and drew at it complacently.

"You'll get mighty tired if you keep on standing up there like a ramrod, for I'm going to tell you a long story—about the Civil War. It's about General Lee and General Jackson. They were both high-tempered gentlemen—in spite of what the histories say about them—and they used to get mighty outdone with each other. Once General Lee ordered General Jackson out of his tent; then he called him back, put both arms about him and said, 'For God's sake, when you see me losing my temper, don't you lose yours! Let's take turns at it.' Now, get your hat and let's go for a walk over the Palatine Hill."

And the rest of the afternoon we spent in roaming through the palaces of the Cæsars, with a stop now and then while Mr. Page recited appropriate lines from Byron's Childe Harold or Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.

Mr. Page took his diplomatic mission to Italy very seriously. He left nothing undone that would make his own country appreciated and respected there. He studied Italian and finally learned it sufficiently well to make speeches in it; and he understood Italian character sufficiently to create about him that atmosphere of luxury that Romans worship. It is the one criticism you hear them make about their King and Queen—that they do not live in the way royalty should. The Palazzo del Drago became, under his régime, every bit as distinguished as the British Embassy, the Palazzo Farnese of the French, the Palazzo Cafarelli of the Germans and the famous palace of the Austrians.

Though these embassies were owned and furnished by their governments, and formed settings that were really magnificent, their entertainments were not in any way better done than those at the American Embassy; and we surely had the great advantage of an atmosphere of cordiality and geniality that was usually missing in the other places.

Mr. Page and the Gossip

When one of the oldest American residents of Rome—they say she had been there since the days of Romulus and Remus—attacked Mr. Page for entertaining Romans more than Americans, and reenforced her complaint with the criticism that he was entertaining some ladies to whom gossip attributed lurid presents as well as pasts, he smiled blandly and asked for a specific case

"I mean the Princess X. All Rome knows she is a woman of no character whatever."

"That lady! I won't believe it! She is one of the sweetest ladies I ever met."

"That is the trouble—too many gentlemen feel the same way about her. But you do know what she has recently done!"

"I hear so many stories here that I never know which one to fit to which person."

"At any rate, you show approval of her shocking behavior by asking her to the American Embassy."

"The King and Queen ask her to court. In fact, she is one of the Queen's ladies in waiting."

"All the more reason why you should show these people that we, as a nation, do not approve of such characters."

By this time Mr. Page's patience showed signs of diminishing.

"My dear lady," he answered slowly, "when President Wilson asked me to come to Rome as his personal representative, he said nothing whatever about wanting me to reform Roman morals. If he had planned anything of that sort, he should have sent me here in the days of Suetonius."

The Roman season opened officially a few weeks after I arrived there, with the reception of the diplomatic corps at the Quirinal on the evening of the second of January. A little before ten o'clock the embassy staff assembled at the Palazzo del Drago and we all went on together to the Quirinal, the city residence of the King and Queen. It is an interesting old building, with many evidences of the time, not quite half a century ago, when Pius IX lived there as Pope.

The staircase leading to the reception rooms was lined on both sides with the Royal Guardsmen, the most imposing group of soldiers one is likely to see in any country. They are all over six feet, come mostly from Northern Italy, wear very picturesque uniforms—white trousers, blue coats, quantities of gold braid, and brass helmets from which hang pendants of black horsehair. The Prætorian Guard surely could not have made a more impressive appearance.

Our chatting group was immediately silenced when we found ourselves passing between these rigid, motionless imperiali; and when, at a turn in the steps, the ambassador's presence was announced and a trumpet was blown several times, we all became very self-conscious and important. At the door of the great salon we were each greeted cordially by the grand master of ceremonies, Marchese Borea d'Olmo, a delightful old fellow of some eighty or more years. Little did I know, when I shook hands with him that night, that we were going to become rather intimate friends, and actually sit up together a whole night, planning the details of a visit to Rome of a President of the United States.

A Brilliant Princess

Once in the grand salon we were among a lot of acquaintances, our colleagues of the diplomatic corps. A number of ladies and gentlemen in waiting were passing from group to group, helping to make the time pass pleasantly until their majesties were ready to receive us. The only similar function I remembered to compare this one with was the one in Copenhagen; and by comparison that became suddenly very small, almost provincial. The setting alone, with its Gobelin tapestries, crystal chandeliers, red carpets and frescoed ceilings, was tremendously theatrical; but this was nothing to the people gathered there in their court costumes and magnificent jewels.

I resented being dragged about and presented to people. I only wanted to be left alone so as to look on. On the whole, I think it was the most picturesque scene I have seen in the whole of my diplomatic experiences; and one of its greatest interests was that many of the people present bore names that made history come crashing up about one like a huge orchestra. All of them looked the part so perfectly too.

Particularly effective was one of the Queen's ladies in waiting, the Principessa di Teano. Her maiden name had been Vittoria Colonna. She was a direct descendant of the famous friend of Michelangelo. With blue-black hair, rather severe Roman features, large, glowing, almost heavy Italian eyes, flashing teeth and perfectly chiseled lips, she made not only a distinguished but a very beautiful picture. Her severe white velvet gown made a suitable background for the amazing jewels she wore—mostly uncut emeralds, a tiara of diamonds and emeralds and a huge parure that had been set by Benvenuto Cellini himself. She had the reputation of liking Americans, invited them often to her palace, and, of course, spoke English perfectly.

I remember her asking me when I was presented to her if I were going to hunt, and if I had brought my horses with me. When I said no, trying to hide the fact that I had never ridden to hounds, and regretting it very much, too, when I heard that she was an enthusiastic hunter, she then said she supposed I gave most of my time to bridge. A second negative answer made her eyebrows go up an amazing distance.

"But if you don't hunt and don't play bridge, what is there left for a diplomat to do? Perhaps you dance." It was a relief to hit on something that I did. "Then you must come to us tomorrow after dinner. We dance every Thursday evening. I'm sure you can teach me some new tango steps. You Americans always have so many new stunts."

Stunts! And from this wonderful creature of medieval Colonnas! It was almost too much to believe.

"But I hear the Pope doesn't approve of the tango," I said.

His pronunciamiento had just been issued that day.

"Yes, I know; and just for that reason we shan't dance it when we go to the Vatican. But there are other places where we can."

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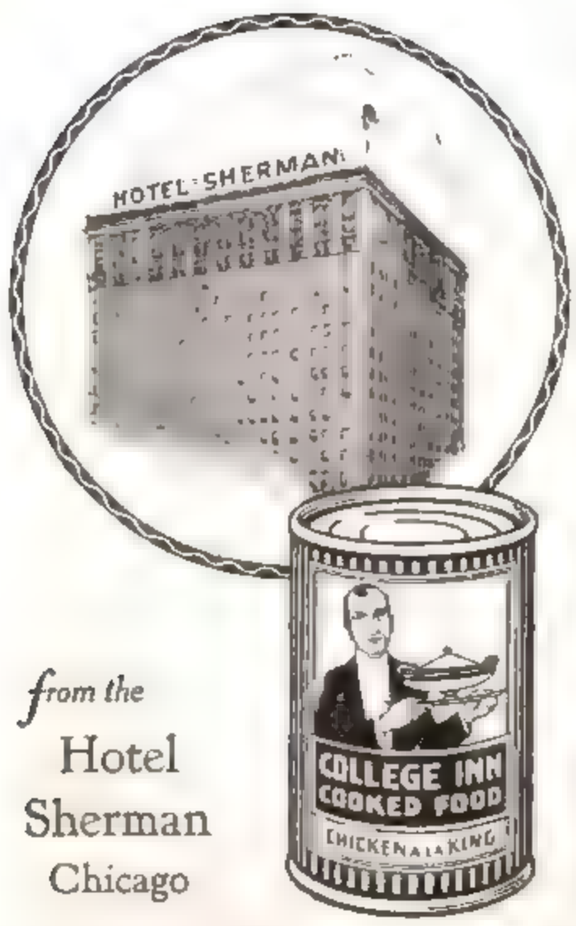

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After waiting about an hour, the master of ceremonies announced that their majesties would begin the audience. The *doyen* of the corps—at this time the French ambassador—immediately gathered his staff about him and stood before the folding doors at the end of the salon. There was much arranging of trains and straightening of feathers. Then the doors were thrown open, the French group sailed in and the doors were closed after them. A few minutes later the German ambassador and his staff went through the same procedure. There was something amusing and rather ominous, too, in this formal passing through doors of people who were apparently swallowed up in an adjoining room never to be seen again. It made me think of Christians being sent into the arena to be eaten by wild beasts, or the nobles of France answering the roll call and going out to the tumbrel and on to the guillotine.

When our turn came we anxiously approached the door and took our positions. We were not a large group the ambassador, two secretaries, two private secretaries and the military and naval attachés, besides the four ladies, wives of the attachés, who accompanied Mrs. Page. Of course, the question of trains was the most absorbing—and the most difficult; they were very long and in everyone's way. I had stepped on several at the beginning of the evening, and when Mrs. Page threw hers out behind her—it seemed to be of yards and yards of silver brocade—she gave me a searching glance and said if I stepped on it while she was approaching the Queen she'd commit murder right on the spot.

Received by Royalty

Just at this moment the doors were thrown open and a loud voice called out, "*Sua Eccellenza, l'Ambasciatore degli Stati Uniti di America*," and we all moved forward into what I was now sure was the arena.

But it turned out to be only a vast room in the middle of which the King and Queen stood with, far beyond them, a group of court officials and ladies in waiting. It was very much the same arrangement as when the principal actors have the center of the stage and the chorus is relegated to the background. While the Ambassador and Mrs. Page approached their majesties, he bowing at the door, half across the room and immediately before them—Mrs. Page curtsying as he bowed—the rest of us followed, imitating them and several times getting hopelessly in each other's way. Then came endless minutes during which we had to wait for the Ambassador and Mrs. Page to finish their conversation with the King and Queen, minutes that seemed to lengthen into hours as we looked at the ceiling or the floor or glared at the chorus across the room, which glared back at us.

Finally the conversation came to an end, we were all presented, shook hands with the King, kissed the Queen's hand, and then the real ordeal of the evening began—backing out by a door of which none of us knew exactly the location, and while backing curtsying and bowing continually. It was with indescribable relief that we found ourselves eventually out of the royal presences and in a room where the embassies that had preceded us had fallen upon a buffet of *foie gras* and champagne and were recovering rapidly from their ordeal.

However, the ordeal was not finished by any means. We had to rush on from the Quirinal to the Palazzo Margherita to have an audience of the Queen Mother, a quite different setting from the Quirinal, very modern, very comfortable and interesting to us, as it had once been the residence of an American ambassador. This latter audience was much more easily got through. The Queen Mother received with only two ladies in waiting—the chorus had been suppressed—and these two had evidently been instructed to talk incessantly during the audience, which meant that we were to do the same and not become wall-eyed while she received the Ambassador and Mrs. Page. Then, instead of having us all presented to her, she came up to each of us in turn, extended her hand cordially, asked what part of America we were from, how long we had been in Rome and, of course, if we liked it. There was something very personal and easy in this audience—I am almost inclined to say it was enjoyable—and it surely convinced one that Queen Margherita deserved the reputation of being the most gracious and distinguished of all queens.

These two official functions safely passed, Rome burst forth into a season that ran from one extravagant form of entertainment to another and lasted straight up to Lent. We used to keep a daily program posted up in the embassy and had a good deal of fun deciding which party we would go to that night. It was something like scanning the list of plays in a New York paper and wondering which was the best to see; and the usual decision was to look in on all of them. The Grand and Excelsior hotels were the centers of luncheon parties, teas and dinners, for Romans rarely entertained in their own houses. People from all over the world arrived, some for weeks, some for the entire season.

At dinners you were just as likely to find yourself seated between a Russian princess and an Indian potentate as a Chinese lady and a famous Parisian artist. Actors and painters and musicians mingled casually with groups that had only their titles and families to distinguish them. Everyone appeared happy and gay and seeking only amusement. An elaborate Egyptian costume ball in one of the famous palaces was considered the success of the season, until a smaller affair at which the ladies wore pink and blue and green wigs was pronounced more *chic;* and this in the end had to hand the palm to a cotillion given by a rich visiting American at which gold wrist watches were the simplest favors distributed.

This last ball was apparently a great boon to the pawnbrokers of Rome, for the next day it was said that these watches could be bought for a song or a plate of macaroni. And besides these indoor entertainments, there was almost every day a ride to hounds, a game of golf where ancient aqueducts served as hazards, or picnics on the Campagna where lunch was eaten under cypress and olive trees, amid the ruins of Hadrian's or Horace's or Cicero's villa. There will never be another season like that last one before the war at least not for many years. In looking back on it, one is inclined to think of the ball that was given on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo. Everyone danced, everyone was happy, everyone was enjoying life as though nothing sinister could possibly be hanging over an extravagantly gay world.

Housekeeping in Rome proved a very simple affair—and for a single man, ridiculously cheap. I had hardly been there a week when I passed a house that pleased me immensely, particularly, I think, because it was near the one spot in Rome that I had remembered distinctly from a previous visit—the fountain in front of the Villa Medici. Almost everyone in the world has a photograph or a water color of this spot. The next day I found an apartment was to be had in the building and I took it at once.

It was called the House of the Four Winds, a somewhat simple yellow-plastered building at the top of the Spanish Steps.

As is the case with most Roman apartments, the bathroom had the best view, a really superb vista across Rome to the sea near Ostia; but the other rooms were not to be snubbed. From the dining room I looked out on the Villa Medici and the avenue of ilex trees leading to the Pincio; just beneath the drawing-room windows lay the heart of old Rome, and across the Tiber rose the Janiculum; and from the bedroom the Quirinal, the Palatine Hill and a stretch of the Campagna were visible. No wonder D'Annunzio chose this house in which to write Il Piacere, or Hall Caine found it inspiring for The Eternal City.

An Ancient Feud

My one servant was as efficient as Black Willow of Havana days, though his Italian temperament made him much more friendly than Oriental character permits. At his request I called him William. His real name was Ubilio, a native of Como, a seventeenth child, which perhaps accounted for his small stature and somewhat anæmic appearance. He had been trained in England, and returned to Italy with an assumption of British stolidity that disappeared at the least criticism. His accent was broad enough to please the most exacting; he might have been born and reared at Oxford. As a matter of fact, I think it was due to association with him that my American twang began to modulate. His use of the broad *a* was too irresistible not to imitate; and his choice of words—quite different from mine—was intriguing enough to arrest attention.

When I told him to mail my letters he would reply, "Yes, sir; I shall post them at once."

When I referred to lunch he would say luncheon; when I spoke of trunks he mentioned boxes; and, of course, there were no cars in Rome—they were all trams. But the Italian artistic temperament would crop out in spite of all this British phlegm. He had a passion for flowers; and as the flower market was just at the foot of the Spanish Steps, he spent most of his time there, making selections and returning with arms full of tulips or almond blossoms or mimosas and poppies, or whatever was then in season. His second passion was cats; and I once found that he had built a sort of reproduction of the Coliseum in his own room and had four cats living in it.

Dear William, alias Ubilio! We lived together for seven years, with the exception of the three months he spent on the Piave, from which he returned with one leg missing but with enough decorations to cover amply such a loss. Only an Italian could have got the intense pleasure he did out of red and green ribbons and the artificial leg I bought him.

My housewarming was a tea. It remains in the whole of my diplomatic experiences as the most embarrassing function I ever attended—all due to the rivalry of two of my own compatriots. It seems that I was the only one who did not know that it was fatal to invite them to the same party—one of those complications that Rome understands so well and the outsider never does.

Both had married into Roman noble families; one belonged to the Blacks, the other to the Whites. The feud between the Roman families had begun some time about 900 A.D. The personal enmity between the two ladies had started during the early Pullman period in America. It was difficult to say which was the more violent.

Raking Up the Past

When both accepted my invitation to tea I was very much pleased; both being prominent, I felt that I was actually putting something over on Roman society. I had, too, as was shown during the afternoon. The drawing-room became as warlike as a battlefield, with a dividing line that even the tea table could not wipe out. The duchess enthroned herself on a divan at the right of the mantel and gathered her faithful troops about her; the marchesa dug herself in just opposite and lined up her forces. The vassals of both glared at each other across what I had hoped would be the rallying point of the afternoon—a jolly fire of crackling olive twigs. The traditional chatter of a tea party was strangely subdued; whispers became ominous; then, through this undercurrent of sound, the duchess' voice, with all its dominating Middle-West *r*'s, rose sonorously. She was discussing her own native land:

"How Americans can dine at six o'clock is quite beyond my comprehension. Fancy sitting down to dinner before half past nine! For me it would be quite impossible."

This remark penetrated even the deliberately closed ears of the marchesa. I saw from the way she lifted her lorgnette that she was preparing to fire a gun; yet her voice, when it rose in the ensuing silence, was sweeter than honey. It might even have been called a caress.

"My dear Amy," she said, leaning slightly towards the duchess, "did you always dine at half past nine in Terre Haute, Indiana?"

The duchess rose and gathered up her furs and ropes of pearls and diamond-incrusted purse. For a moment there was not a resonant *r* in the whole of her vocabulary.

"Of course, Milly; didn't you, in Pottstown, Pennsylvania?"

In spite of the awful moment, during which my guests left by both front and back stairs in an attempt to be the first to spread the story, the incident gave my tea party considerable *réclame*. After that people came more to see what an American would try to do in the way of assembling Roman personalities than to partake of the frugal refreshments William served. Just such incidents as this make or ruin one's chances in Rome. There is no place in the world where gossip travels so fast and so insidiously. One man insisted he could lock the door, tell a story no one but himself knew, then go straight to a reception and find everyone repeating it.

(Continued on Page 129)

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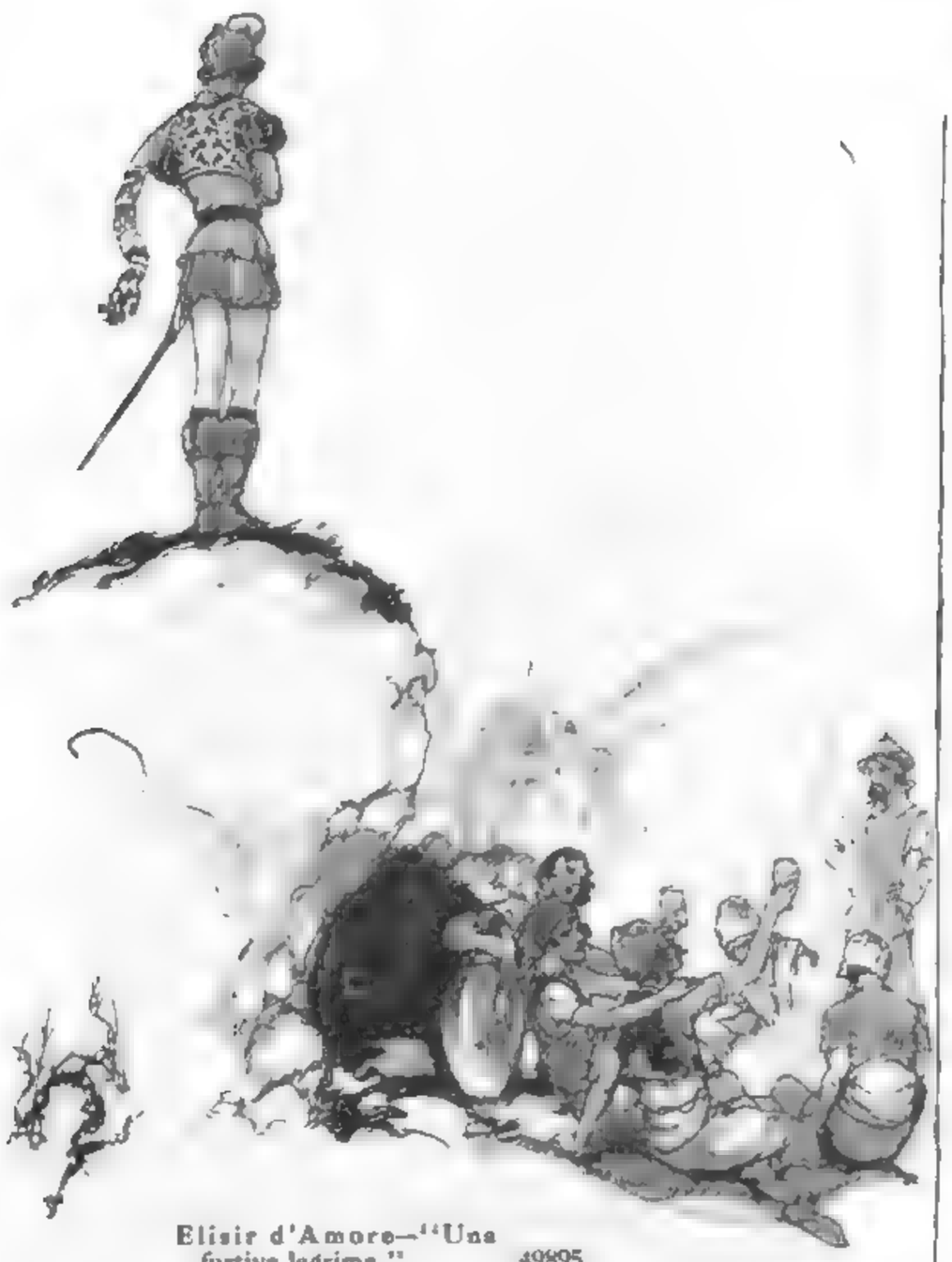

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Columbia
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(Continued from Page 126

It seems extraordinary that with all that was going on outside the embassy we accomplished as much as we did in an official way. The reception room was usually filled every morning with people to see the ambassador; and though we tried very hard to save him needless interviews—as a matter of fact he liked to see everyone who called: and no visitor cares to talk to a secretary when there is a chance of seeing an ambassador—his mornings were invariably exhausting.

One of his most trying problems was to prune the list of Americans who wished and demanded—to be presented to the King and obtain invitations to the court balls. Unfortunately there were only two of these latter functions that first year, and our share of invitations, being restricted to about fifty, made the decision of who was and who was not to be given them an extremely difficult affair. The British Ambassador used to laugh at our struggles and say that we should adopt their plan of not presenting anyone at a foreign court who had not first been presented at Buckingham Palace. The equivalent in America of Buckingham Palace being the White House made his suggestion of no value whatever, for almost every American who has been to Washington has been to the White House.

When I think of my special duties at the embassy at Rome before the war—of course, after that everything changed—I seem to see myself as a sort of calamity expert. In fact they used to call me the embassy undertaker. If there was a funeral or a cable announcing the death of a relative of some American living in Rome or bad news of any kind to be communicated to someone, it usually fell to my lot to have charge of the matter. For such occasions I always got myself up in what I considered appropriate dress—long, voluminous frock coat, top hat, ebony stick and black tie. Anyone seeing me arrive in such ominous attire would naturally have expected some sort of a mournful announcement even before the accompanying grave countenance had been noticed. I thought it a rather subtle way of preparing them for the worst. And these gloomy missions were often very valuable in throwing light on character.

Breaking it Gently

Once I had to attend the funeral of an American who had died in Rome, and upon being shown to the top floor of an old palace that overlooked the Forum, was left entirely alone in a room that contained only the corpse in an open coffin—some candles and a quantity of flowers. I sat there so long that I felt sure they had misunderstood my mission. I had come to represent the ambassador; but the family evidently thought I had come to sit up with the corpse. After about an hour a most rosy-looking young woman, dressed from head to foot in crape—I had never seen such a sumptuous and dramatic use of mourning—trailed into the room and, after making some reference to poor papa, accompanied by a casual nod towards the open coffin, burst forth in a recital of the untimeliness of poor papa's death—not untimely for him but for her—as she was making her début as a full-fledged operatic singer in Naples the next night, and naturally the incident—of poor papa's demise—might rob her success of its—what should she call it?—*allegria*.

A telegram once came from the Secretary of State asking the ambassador to call on two young ladies from Nebraska who were traveling in Europe and announce to them, as gently as possible, the sudden death of their sole relative, an aunt. Of course I was sent to break the news. After I had spent a day finding out which pension they were stopping at, I donned my depressing clothes and sallied forth, wondering how under the sun such news was broken gently. They received me, themselves dressed in black, but with very eager countenances. Yes, they had already received a cable; as a matter of fact, it was not an entire surprise to them—their aunt was a very old lady; and they supposed—all this before I had a chance to say anything—that I had come to tell them whether the aunt had left everything to them; she had promised to, but one could never be sure—especially when there were other nieces. After this I never bothered again about breaking news gently.

Besides funerals and announcements of deaths, there was a continuous series of public functions going on all the time, and it seemed that every royal personage in Italy had at least two birthdays a year. As a matter of fact, every Italian does have two feast days—the day on which he was born and the day on which the saint for whom he is named was born; and if he were in any way connected with the royal family we had to go in person and sign our names in his book. I used to think it was a perfectly useless thing to do until I learned that these books afforded interest for months afterwards to these people, they read all the names signed there and made copious notes about the signers, who they were, where they were from and what they did. Royalties must have some occupation, I suppose.

Then we had our own national feast days. Rome was different from Havana and Copenhagen in that there were throngs of Americans passing through all the time. At our George Washington's Birthday reception there were over one thousand Americans present, and this was said to be a small number. Whenever Rome appeared particularly congested with his compatriots, Mr. Page would give receptions for them, announcing the date in the papers and sending printed notices to all the hotels and pensions.

These functions brought out a side of American character that surprised me. I had never thought of ourselves as being a particularly hungry nation, but judging by the quantity of food we consumed at these receptions, we are on the verge of a starvation more appalling than what we are told exists in Russia.

European Ignorance of America

Alfred, the ambassador's major-domo, who had been in his service for more than twenty years, said that barbecues in Virginia were nothing in comparison to embassy teas. He finally hit on a plan for taking care of the crowds that proved most successful. In the long gallery, where popes and kings and courtiers frowned down upon the gathering, he had a long narrow table built, exactly like a lunch counter in a large railway station, except that this one was in the center of the room and you could attack it from both sides. In the middle he would always arrange tall vases of flowers—once he had a decoration of asphodels—and long ropes of smilax; all this as a concession to embassy traditions, as he said no decoration was necessary; then, in masses that should have taken everyone's appetite away, and yet never seemed to, he placed platters of actually thousands and thousands of sandwiches and cakes and candies. He always took two automobiles the day before one of these receptions and raided every confectioner's shop in Rome; and in spite of this, the lunch counter, when the party was over, looked as though there had never been anything but flowers on it. It is no wonder the ambassador found at the end of that first year that he had spent five times the amount he was receiving as salary from his government—seventeen thousand five hundred dollars.

One of the most puzzling sides of my diplomatic education was the constantly recurring incidents which showed me more and more the gulf of misunderstanding that exists between America and Europe. Writers are always stressing the point that we do not understand Europe; I wish someone would accentuate the fact that Europe does not understand us. I am inclined to think that we understand Europeans much better than they do us; at least we know something of their history, their customs and their ways of living; but they accept without question anything that is told them of us.

An Italian littérateur used to come often to the embassy in Rome to discuss with me what he termed the peculiarities of American life. He said he had difficulty in believing all he read about us; the descriptions of life there sounded so strange and primitive, even barbarous; and yet when he met Americans they always impressed him as being quite normal. When I happened to mention to him that I was born on the Mississippi River he almost jumped out of his chair.

"It isn't possible!" he exclaimed.

I insisted it was and had been possible, and asked him what he found so alarming in it. He only replied by asking me to luncheon the next day. It evidently meant something very important and interesting to him. After he had given me a wholly Italian repast of raw ham and melon, *ravioli*, macaroni and that heavy volcanic wine of Capri, and we had gone out on the

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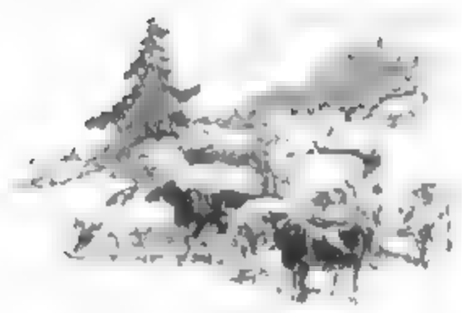

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terrace of his dingy old apartment that overlooked the Tiber, the object of his invitation came out

"You said, signor, that you were born and had lived on the Mississippi River."

I nodded.

"Is it like our Tiber?"

"It is much wider and perhaps a bit muddier—if that were possible."

"But"—and here he held up an alarmingly bony finger—"there are no crocodiles in the Tiber. In the Mississippi they are a constant danger, a terror to the natives. No, you cannot deny it. I have the facts here." He opened a book he held in his hand and sought a page. "Signor, listen to this," and in his halting English he read:

"'At some points of this dismal river crocodiles are so abundant as to add the terror of their attacks to the other sufferings of a dwelling there. We were told the story of a squatter who, having located himself close to the river's edge, proceeded to build his cabin. This operation is soon performed, for the social feeling and the love of whisky'"—I had to stop him here to applaud these salient American characteristics—"'bring all the scanty neighborhood round a newcomer, to aid him in cutting down trees and in rolling up logs, till the mansion is completed. This was done; the wife and five young children were put in possession of their new home and slept soundly after a long march.'"

The Crocodile Yarn

"'Towards daybreak the husband and father was awakened by a faint cry, and looking up beheld relics of three of his children scattered over the floor and an enormous crocodile, with several young ones round her, occupied in devouring the remnants of their horrid meal. He looked round for a weapon; but finding none, and aware that unarmed he could do nothing, he raised himself gently on his bed and contrived to crawl from thence through a window, hoping that his wife, whom he left sleeping, might with the remaining children rest undiscovered till his return.

"'He flew to his nearest neighbor and besought his aid; in less than half an hour two men returned with him, all three well armed; but, alas, they were too late! The wife and her two babies lay mangled on their bloody bed.'"

He closed the book and looked at me through wide-open, staring eyes.

"And you, signor, were born and brought up in a country like that. It makes my blood run cold to look at you. How happy you must be to be so far away from its horrors!"

"Who under the sun wrote that?" I asked, when he gave me a chance to speak.

He handed me the book and I found it to be Mrs. Trollope's descriptions of America, written in 1832. When I explained that almost a century had passed since the book had been written, and that even then it was probably an exaggeration, my remarks carried no weight.

This same old gentleman was the cause of my becoming acquainted with an equally strange condition in his own home town. It seems that almost every Italian believes in the evil eye, and I found out later that this harmless old fellow was supposed to possess it. It was said that wherever he appeared something disastrous happened, and that in his youth, when he found that no cab driver would stop for him, that ladies refused to sit at the same table with him and that hotels put up their prices so exorbitantly that he could never stop in them, he decided to kill himself. When he had made all his arrangements for death, he jumped out of a sixth-story window, fell on a man who was passing at the time, killed the man and did not even break one of his own bones. In his old age he had grown callous to what people thought, but people had not grown callous regarding him.

Just to show how little I believed in such absurd superstitions, I invited him to dine with me and told everyone who dreaded him what I had done. They held up their hands in horror, said I was seeking disaster and that if I insisted upon having him dine with me to be sure to keep my first and third finger crossed all the time he was in the house.

He came, we dined and had a delightful evening. After he had gone William came to me with a forlorn countenance and said he had dropped a tray and broken all my best china. When I went to my room and prepared to take a hot bath the gas heater blew up and wrecked the bathroom. During the night William had nightmare, fell out of bed and broke his arm. The next morning I found one of the cats from the Coliseum had crawled into the piano, got caught there and the entire instrument had to be taken apart before she could be extricated

Naturally, to Romans, there was no longer any argument; and, as a matter of fact, I was inclined after that to agree with them. They had lived in Rome longer than I had and knew its peculiarities, just as I had lived on the Mississippi River and knew its. I gave up my old friend at once; I even avoided him like a pest, and so successfully that it was two years later before we came face to face again. He gave me a penetrating glance, said nothing and passed on. That night I went to bed with the most violent attack of influenza I have ever had People may laugh at the Romans' belief in the evil eye; I never do.

Spring in Rome comes and goes very quickly. Before we knew it, the summer was upon us. The hotels, at least the fashionable ones, were empty; restaurants had come from behind closed doors and taken possession of the sidewalks, sometimes even the street; bright-colored awnings and tubs of plants gave a gay note to the whole city; the type of tourists changed from smartly dressed people with maids and valets to serious, spectacled, eager travelers who carried red guidebooks and rode about in processions of dismal-looking carriages; flocks of sheep blocked the main streets, being driven from the Pontine Marshes to the cooler northern plains; and almost overnight every Roman palace appeared closed and deserted. The ambassador and Mrs. Page left in a motor to tour France and England and make a short trip to America. The private secretaries disappeared never to return, and the embassy dwindled to only two secretaries and the clerk—and, of course, Francesco.

The First Hint of War

When the days grew hotter and hotter though the six summers I spent in Rome never equaled days in Washington and New York—a group of us left-over diplomats would meet and dine together at the outdoor restaurants. One of my favorite resorts was the roof garden of a small hotel that overlooked the Borghese Gardens. Here one night—the twenty-eighth of June, to be exact—six of us were dining together; the Swedish chargé, an attaché of the German Embassy, Signor Tosti and his English wife, and a Russian girl who was spending the summer in Rome to learn just exactly how the *maestro* wished his songs sung. It was one of those wonderful nights that exist nowhere except in Italy; the city glowed with subdued lights; the dome of St. Peter's appeared to be a floating mass of gray clouds; cypress trees sprang up here and there as though cut out of black paper and pasted against a purple sky; and the ruins of Aurelian's Wall lay just beneath us, overgrown with sprays of yellow roses. When we had finished dinner and were smoking, Tosti began humming the air of a new song he was composing, and now and then the Russian girl would let her voice rise almost into song as she caught the lilt of the melody. It was very quiet and peaceful and delightful; just the sort of night when one feels that everything is quite all right with the world.

A newsboy came along the street calling out a special edition of a paper.

"How absurd!" said the Swedish chargé. "Why get out a special edition a night like this? Who wants to hear of what is happening in other places? This is all so perfect here."

Then he called a waiter and told him to buy the special edition. We indifferently gathered about him while he read aloud the news of the murder at Sarajevo of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria and his wife.

"Another Balkan complication!" exclaimed Tosti, and resumed the aria of his new song; the German lighted a cigarette and said he must be going on to keep an engagement; the Russian girl settled back in her chair and said nothing; and the Swede shrugged his shoulders, tossed the paper away and said blandly, "At least it is their affair—not ours. A family quarrel that will bother none of us."

Yet six weeks later the German attaché lay dead before Liège and the Russian girl had been shot as a spy in Austria.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Richardson. The fifth will appear in an early issue

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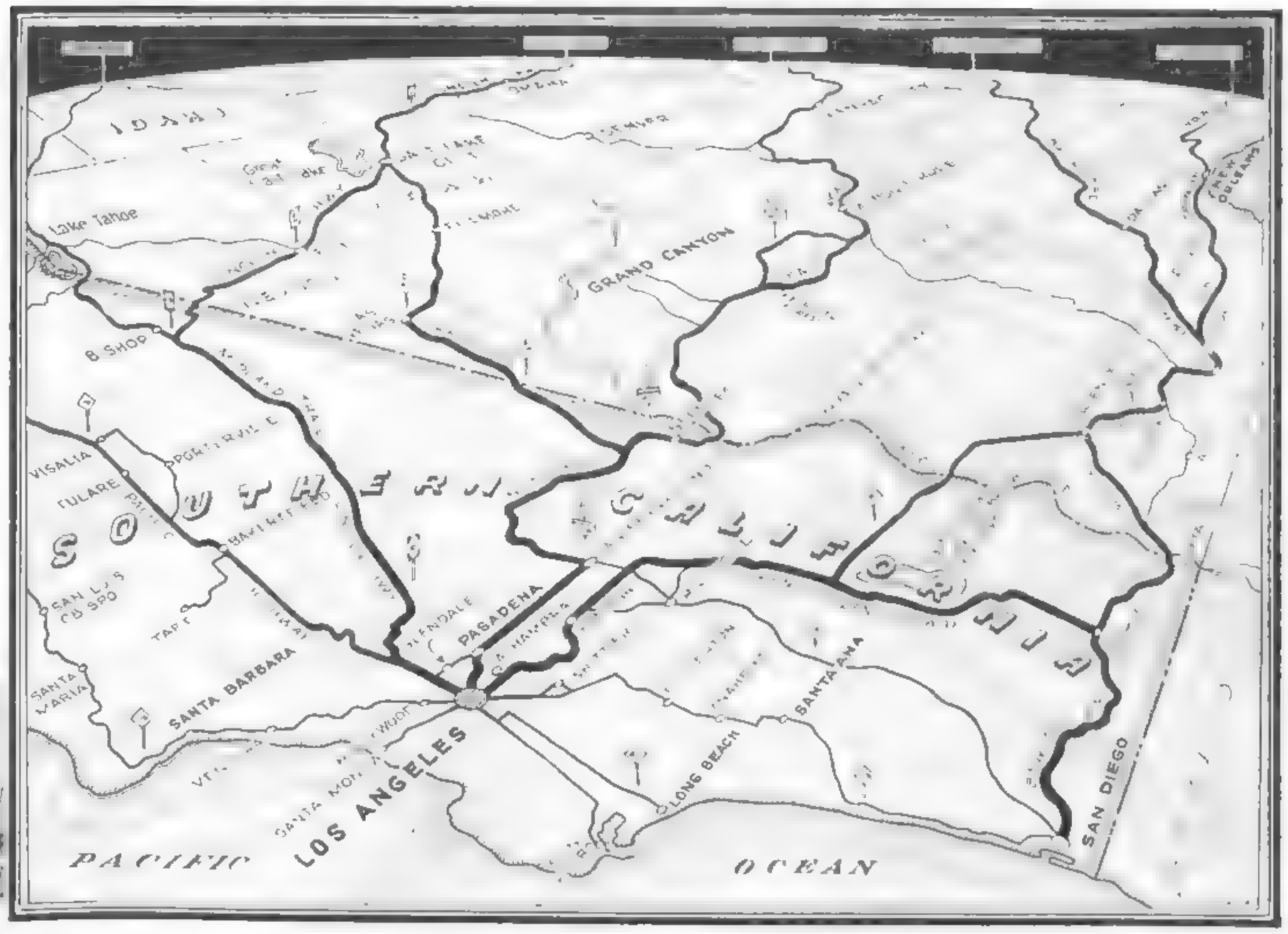

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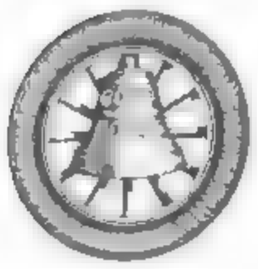

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SPAVS AND SPINACH

(Continued from Page 7)

"No," comes back J. H. "From what he writes and from what I hears, he's been keeping himself in good conditions for me."

"Training thirty-seven years, huh?" I remarks, "just to take one poke at an old pal?"

"That's about it," admits Lukenball.

"Why don't you let him do it then?" I asks. "I'll show you a fake fall that you can't tell from the up and up. Just admit he can lick you and have it over with."

"Me admit?" yelps J. H. "I'll say not! He can't beat me no more now than he could when we was kids. Get a little of this heft off of me and slip me some wind and I'll show him where he gets off."

"All right," says I. "If you got to go to this Meldon dump ——"

"Sure, I got to go," cuts in Lukenball. "Zeb's daughter's getting married, and ain't he invited me?"

III

I'M SO used to the cuckoo klan by this time that nothing any of them health hunters pulls surprises me no more after the first shocks is shot. In this farm business you gotta figure, anyways, that a guy ain't got all his marbles to begin with or he wouldn't be there. After a week or so he loses them that he brung with him, and by the time he's ready to give the joint the snow and ice he ain't got nothing but a nearer-to-thee feeling and dreams of getting slapped in the face with a spade and watching grass grow from the root end. Nobody don't know how really old they is till they starts out trying to get young again.

So I soon gets over the effects of the cockeyed-bull story Lukenball hands me, and puts it down as just another one of them nut ideas that is weeds on this farm. Just the same, I gets a liking for J. Hector, he not being grouchy like the rest of the fogies I got in tow, and having a census of humor that helps him take the count with a grin.

The next day I sends the old spav over the hurdles. The doc having given his pump and bellows the K. O., I don't hesitate none about cutting loose with the workouts; and by the time the day is done, so's Lukenball. I almost has to carry him to the flop house.

"I thought," groans he, "that you folks always started off easy."

"We does," says I. "You ain't seen nothing yet. Ready to eat?"

"Spinach and egg?" he wants to know.

"Yes," I tells him; "but not so much like you had last night."

"How do you run this dive?" asks J. H. "The more you work the less you eat?"

"Go to the head of the class," says I. "The fat ain't got to your head yet. That's the idea."

"Ain't death grand?" comes back Lukenball.

"What do you care?" I answers. "You win either way. If you flops off you goes to your grave the undefeated champ of that hick town you escaped from; if you is alive at the end of the month you'll be good enough to lick that Zeb baby with both arms tied behind your back and standing on your head. What could be fairer 'an that?"

"Sounds reasonable," agrees the old spav; "but I could easy choke you to death and disremember your body for a mutton chop and a cigar right now."

"Nix on the meat," says I; "but if you is good I'll let you stay up and listen to the cattle-market reports on the radio tonight."

"Radio!" sniffs Lukenball. "You ain't overlooked no kind of torture in this roost, has you?"

"We got a swell machine," I explains. "Every evening, if the weather ain't bad and the statistics is good and they ain't no smoke in Pittsburgh or fog out in Frisco, you can hear lotta things you don't care nothing about, like the numbers of the cars that is stolen in Detroit, why you shouldn't give a three-day-old baby corn on the cob for breakfast and what a hell of a fix the world will be in if St. Louis don't pass them bonds for a new garbage burner. We get some music, too, and we has lots of fun arguing around here whether it's a piano playing Bill Tell's overtures or a boy soprano trying to sing The Hosiery. It's pretty hard to tell which is which on the radio. The other night we has a dispute about whether a certain act was done by a flute or a banjo, and after it was over we finds out it was a monologue pulled by a wise cracker out in Iowa—that town where they make them trick beds; you know—now it is, now it isn't."

"Davenport, I guess you mean," says Lukenball. "It seems like you ain't gonna give me nothing to eat, and besides is gonna talk me outta that nothing."

"I forget," I comes back, apologetic. "Let's go to the table."

"If you insists," returns J. H.; "but you can save yourself a set-up and a lotta trouble by just bringing on the fodder in a nose bag."

The next day the old spav is so stiff that I let him off easy; but after that I don't spare him none. By the end of the week I got him doing everything I has in my reportorial. The baby's game; and while he don't eat no punishment with no gurgles of delights, he does take it standing up, excepting oncet when the gaff gets to him.

"Got any telegram blanks?" he moans.

"Whatta you wanna do?" I asks. "Tip your relations that the wait for your jack is about ended?"

"I just remembers," says he, "that I got a engagements that won't let me go to that wedding I was telling you about, so they ain't nothing to take me to Meldon."

"Know any other good jokes?" I inquires.

"I gives up," comes back J. H. weak. "This business of doing the work of eight longshoremen on the feed of one sick humming bird is too much for me. Guess I'm getting old all right."

"Forget it, youngster," I comes back, cheerful. "You is just in your hay days. You been pretty good all week, and you knows what I'm gonna do for you?"

"I knows," says the old spav. "Let me stay up long enough to hear the bedtime stories."

"No," I tells him, "you ain't ready yet for such excitement yet, but tomorrow I'm gonna let you have a lamb chop all to yourself."

"A whole one," cuts in Lukenball, eager, "with the bone and everything?"

"Uh-huh," says I. "Of course, it ain't gonna be a real big one; but what they is is yourn without the house taking no cut. The other babies, maybe, will get jealous and you'll have to fight to hold onto it, but ——"

"Let 'em try!" shoots out J. H., showing his chewers. "I'll show 'em. They'll think I'm a lady tigress defending her young wallops if they start anything with yours truthfully."

"Them's the spirits!" says I. "Never say die!"

"You mean never say dine, don't you?" mumbles the old spav. "Who'd a thunk that J. Hector Lukenball, the fearless corporation magnet, would some day be standing around an old-folks' home bellowing about licking a lotta setting suns on account of a lamb chop, which ain't even gonna be no big one, if any?"

"I ain't told you the best part of the surprise yet," I tells him.

"I can guess it," he comes back. "You is gonna have the end wrapped up in a piece of fancy tissue paper."

"After dinner," I whispers, "I'm gonna slip you a nice black perfecto."

"I could kiss you for that," gushes Lukenball.

"Try it," I says, stern, "and you won't have to do no fighting about no lamb chop!"

The next week the stuff comes much easier for J. H., and I begins to give him lessons in the art of being where they ain't when it's raining fists. The old spav's shed a lotta weight by this time, and this added up to the other stunts I been putting him through makes him pretty shifty on the dogs for a bay-window baby. His wind's pretty rotten yet, and he's kinda weak from the food he ain't had to eat, so I only works him a coupla minutes at a time. Lukenball admits he's feeling a heap better, and gets a whole lot more cheerful about the prospects of mixing it with the Zeb lad.

When we gets toward the end of the month J. Hector's all set for sliding down banisters. I got his heft down to under two hundred pounds, he gives a fair imitation of a box fighter and I've learned him enough about the game so's he can block wallops, even if he can't do no damages to the other cuckoo. Besides, he's got used to the fodder and the early-to-the-hay stuff, and has even got hisself so hardended he can sit around and listen to the hog-market reports radioed from the Big Wind without crying for ham and eggs.

The day before I'm ready to wash my hands off on this lad he drifts into the shack all mussed up. His collar is hanging by a thread, his shirt's ripped up the front and they is a red mark on his cheek.

"Hello!" says I. "What hospital's the other guy in?"

"You'll find him down by the big oak," answers J. H. between pants. "Me and Steffens had a little argument."

"You mean to tell me you and Steffens had a fight?" I asks, amazed.

"Take a look at him," says Lukenball, "and be your own jury."

Steffens is an old sorehead that's been at the farm about two months, with a lotta imaginary things the matter with him, ranging from high blood pressure to what an educated guy at the dump calls low risibilities. He's about as popular with the other come-ons as a mad dog in a schoolyard, and him and Lukenball has had a few wordy passages in arms.

"What was the row about?" I asks. "You should be ashamed to jump on a feller two years younger than you is."

"We has a argument about you," says J. Hector.

"Me?" I gasps.

"Yeh," he comes back. "The old fossil started bawling you out, saying you was a fake and a grafter and didn't know nothing, and I comes to the bat and tells him he's cuckoo, and that they is a lotta things that you know pretty good. Well, one word led to another, and then I led with my right, thinking this was a swell time to test out some of them snappy tricks you been showing me. I figured, anyways, I needed a tryout before taking up with Zeb."

"You've played the devil," says I.

"Think Steffens will make trouble for you?" asks J. H.

"That don't worry me none," I comes back, mournful. "But you've given my oak a bad name and ruined a perfectly good wheeze for me."

"Don't cry," says the old spav. "You still got a laugh in them tame rocks of yourn."

IV

I'M SORTA proud of what I learned my boy when I takes a look at Steffens. J. H. has made a real mess of the grump, and I has to call the sawbones to make him look natural. Of course, the old bozo threatens to do all kinda things to me and Lukenball; but I finally squares it by telling him that J. Hector has mislaid his mind and that his folks is sending him to a simpatorium in the morning.

Lukenball just grins when I passes on the talk to him. He knows that personally I is tickled at the trimming that Steffens got, and besides he's a good enough guy not to want to see me get in no jams. He's leaving the next day, anyways, so he figures it don't make no difference nohows.

"I just been thinking of something," says he. "How'd you like to leave this spinach patch flat on its back for a coupla days and take a run up to Meldon with me?"

"What's the matter?" I asks. "Need some help against Zeb?"

"No," answers J. H.; "but I feel like I oughta cut loose with a little blow-out after the battle, and I'd kinda like to have you in on it. What do you say?"

I do some quick figuring. The idea of seeing Lukenball hook up with a cuckoo that's been waiting thirty-seven years for a poke at an old pal hits me strong, and besides it sounds like a good idea to stay away from Steffens for a little while. Meldon ain't no more than a hundred miles away, and I can always make a quick jump back in cases of emergencies.

"You're on," says I.

We leaves before the sun's up next morning, Lukenball having wired Hastings he'd be in on the first train. J. H. is feeling chipper as a kid that's just heard of the teacher breaking her leg on the way to the fire at the schoolhouse.

"Well," I remarks, "that stuff on the farm didn't hurt you none permanent."

"I'll say it didn't," comes back the old spav. "I feels like I could lick every spinach grower in America put together, with one hand. You sure cured me of that fodder, and I ain't so friendly with eggs like I used to be neither. What's the spinach

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ideas, anyways? What's it supposed to be good for?"

"Nothing that I knows of," I admits, "excepting that most guys don't like it, and it makes 'em think they is on a diet when they gets it. Personally, it's my idea of the zero in food; unless maybe you counts boiled turnips. Not to make change of the subjects, does this Zeb lad know you been up here pointing for him?"

"I don't think so," says Lukenball; "but it wouldn't make no difference. He's always in training, like I told you. I hears that he cuts down a coupla trees on his place every day just to keep in trim, and when anybody asks him what he's doing it for he says for me. You'll like Zeb though."

We chats about them and these, and finally the train coughs into Meldon. It's still pretty early, and outside of a few roustabouts they is only one guy in the station that looks like he's waiting for someone; a tall, lanky baby, with a soup strainer and a goatee—a regular Kentucky-colonel sorta lad. When he pipes J. H. he rushes up and puts his arms around him and the two old spavs hugs each other like a coupla flappers. When they breaks, Lukenball does the necessary.

"Meet my friend Zebullem Hastings," says he to me.

"Glad to see you, colonel," I comes back.

"Pleasure."

He bows and then looks kinda funny at J. Hector.

"It's all right," says my boy. "He knows all about it. I'm ready whenever you is."

"Has you had your breakfast?" asks Zeb.

Lukenball nods yes.

"Shall we dispose of the matter at once?" inquiries Hastings.

"Sure!" comes back J. H.

Zeb motions to us and we follows him to a machine parked outside. Without no words we gets in and off we goes. The whole thing is so funny to me I can't even laugh.

"Remember Lawson's pasture?", asks the colonel.

"Yeh," comes back Lukenball. "Good place."

In about ten minutes we comes to a field that is all surrounded with trees so that it can't be seen from the road. They ain't no more words said. J. H. and Hastings takes off their hats and coats and collars and walk about ten feet away from the machine, in which I stays sitting.

Then the old bozos go to it. Zeb is a rangy, shifty guy at the leastest a foot taller 'an Lukenball, and looks as hard as nails, with mitts at the end of his arms as big as my foot. He lets loose a swing with his right, but that's the cat's ears for J. H. He ducks it easy like I learned him, and comes back with a sharp jolt to the bread box which makes the colonel breathe out right quick and heel back a coupla feet. Lukenball starts to follow, but slips on the wet grass and flops on his face. Zeb leans over, helps his old pal up and steps back with a bow. It's rich; the cuckoos acting like they is working in the menuette dance between trading wallops

J. H. gets in at the leastest five blows to every one that the colonel puts over in the next two minutes, but they is a sting in the apple-knocker's fists that makes one of his cracks worth ten of Lukenball's soft pats. They is both pretty badly winded by now, and is swinging wild, besides slipping all over the grass. Half the times I ain't looking at the mill, not wanting these babies to see me giving 'em the laughs.

But I is looking when the blow-off comes. The colonel begins a long one from way back of him. J. H. sees it coming and starts to duck, when his foot slides from under him and instead of falling away from the wallop, pushes his jaw right into it. Blam! Lukenball hits the ground and stays there. They ain't no more fight in him than they is in a roast chicken. He ain't exactly knocked cold, but he couldn't be any througher if he was dead and buried.

"You win," says I, hopping from the machine and patting Hastings on the back. Then we both helps J. H. to his feet and lifts him into the machine. In a minute or two he's got his wind back.

"You licked me, Zeb," says he. "Now we is even."

"You did wonderful," comes back the colonel, "and if you didn't slip ——"

"That's all right," cuts in Lukenball. "Thirty-seven years ago I won on a fluke, too, so everything's fair."

"I'm sorry," says the winner, "that this was necessary, but a Hastings' word ——"

"I knew you'd keep it," cuts in J. H.; "but how about your cellar? Did you keep that?"

"I did," answers the colonel, "and that reminds me—do you drink in the morning?" he asks me.

"Only when it's chilly like this and when it ain't," I comes back.

"I thought we might need a little stimulant," says Zeb, "so I brought along the necessaries for a julep."

He goes to the back of the car, where he's got a regular traveling bar all fixed up. Me and Lukenball stays in the boat.

"Damn!" we hear Hastings snort suddenly, and we turns around. The colonel is looking pained something awful.

"Gentleman," says he, "I'm afraid we'll have to take it straight. In reaching into the ice box in the dark this morning I made a most unfortunate mistake. Instead of mint, I came away with a handful of spinach."

"Damn!" says J. Hector.

What's Wrong With This Picture? Has the Gentleman Committed a Social Error?

The Fleisher Yarns KNITTING CONTEST

$12,000 in Prizes TO KNITTERS AND DEALERS

The Contest begins Monday, APRIL 9th, and closes Saturday, JUNE 9th

$2000 First Prize
149 Other Prizes of $500 to $25 to Knitters

SOMEWHERE there is a woman who can knit a garment of unmatched beauty. Perhaps that woman is *you*. If she is, $2000 in cash is yours.

But this first prize is not all. *150 women will win cash prizes* in this great Knitting Contest—a nation-wide search by the makers of THE FLEISHER YARNS to find the most beautiful knitted garments in America.

150 Cash Prizes—Total $11,275.00

1st National Prize	$ 2,000
2nd National Prize	500
3rd National Prize	200
49 State—1st prizes $100 each	4,900
49 State—2nd prizes $ 50 each	2,450
49 State—3rd prizes $ 25 each	1,225
Grand total,	$11,275

Follow any idea or style you wish, provided you knit a useful article. Articles made of any make or brand of yarn will be eligible. The prizes will be awarded for beauty alone. In case of a tie, each tieing Contestant will receive the full amount of the prize. Any number of articles may be submitted by a Contestant, and all entries not winning prizes will be returned to their owners immediately after the judging is finished.

Here are a few suggestions of pieces that may be knitted. Sweater, blouse, dress, jacket, skirt, sacque, scarf, afghan, vest, shawl, kimono, hose, baby carriage cover, children's wearing apparel, etc.

Everybody outside the Fleisher organization is eligible—anybody is likely to win. Don't stay out of the Contest for fear you are not an "expert." A novice with an eye for beauty may capture the first prize.

The judges of the Contest will be:

MISS HELEN KOUES
Fashion Editor, Good Housekeeping

MISS MARTHA E. DODSON
Associate Editor, Ladies' Home Journal

MISS CHRISTINE A. FERRY
Needlework Editor, Modern Priscilla

MISS CARMEL WHITE
Fashion Editor, Vogue

MRS. CHARLOTTE BOLDTMANN
Knitting and Crochet Editor, Woman's Home Companion

Go at once to the Yarn Department of any store that sells THE FLEISHER YARNS. Ask for the free Contest Blank. This blank, which must be used for each entry, tells everything a Contestant wants to know. If your dealer does not have these blanks, write for one direct to us, at the address below.

Don't put it off. *Begin today*. Get your supply of yarns immediately and set your needles clicking. Knit a few leisure hours into a thing of beauty and use—and perhaps into $2000.

An Opportunity for Dealers to Increase Yarn Sales

EVERY merchant with a proper stock of THE FLEISHER YARNS can benefit handsomely from this great Knitting Contest. You are the person to whom knitters will go—for information—for yarn. Be prepared to serve them and get your share of the tremendous yarn business which this Contest must produce.

Over 400 of America's biggest newspapers and leading women's national magazines will carry this Contest to knitters in every city and town in the country. Thousands of women will be attracted. Knitters throughout the country, and many women who have never knitted before, will try for the big cash prizes.

In order that you may take advantage of this increased yarn business, magnificent window display material and business-bringing dealer's publicity have been prepared for your use during the Contest. We do not need to tell you that good window and department displays throughout the Contest will stir up interest and greatly add to your sales of THE FLEISHER YARNS.

$1000 in Special Prizes to Dealers

In addition to the prizes offered to knitters, we are offering a series of cash prizes to Dealers:

The First Prize is $500, Second Prize $200, Third Prize $100, and four other prizes of $50 each, a total of $1000 for the most attractive window displays of THE FLEISHER YARNS during the Contest.

We have prepared a broadside giving conditions of the Window Display Contest, describing the free display material we shall send you and explaining how you can use this big Knitting Contest to obtain an unprecedented increase in your yarn sales. If you have not received your copy of the broadside, mail us today the coupon below.

The Fleisher Yarns Knitting Contest

is the biggest thing of its kind that has ever been conducted. What you, Mr. Dealer, can gain from it will depend on the use which you make of the splendid window displays and newspaper ads which we have prepared for you.

Get behind this Contest. Keep it before your customers—before the women in your town. Become a team-worker with Fleisher for the greatest yarn business your store has ever known. *Begin today*—with this coupon:

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Dept 101, Philadelphia, Pa.
Send me the Dealer's Broadside, FREE, postage prepaid.
Count me in on The Fleisher Yarns Knitting Contest.

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POORLY ARRANGED—BADLY OVERCROWDED

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GOOD TASTE—
one source of happiness your child can never lose
How school art is helping to develop it

NOTHING is of greater practical value to your child than good taste. Once gained it is a source of happiness he will never lose.

The clothes he wears, the home he builds, every object of use he gathers about him, will influence men's judgment of him.

In business good taste can be made an active selling force. It will give beauty and effectiveness to retail windows and counters. Its skillful touch will lend power to every letter.

This important quality is only partly instinctive in your child. Its development and guidance have become one of the most vital problems facing the men and women in the schools today. They are solving it through school art.

How your child is attaining it

The boy and girl are not merely making drawings such as landscapes, as you did years ago. From the time they enter school they must construct, criticize, reject. They design posters, book covers, wearing apparel, advertisements and interiors. They learn color, form and arrangement.

Gradually, through constant comparison of their work with known standards, there grows in them an unerring sense of values, a knowledge of color and design. Thus they will come to demand in the things they use, both utility and beauty. They will choose with economy, and though their homes and apparel cost little, they will bear the distinguishing mark of good taste.

If you are engaged in merchandising, discuss with your child tonight a problem from your own business—the arrangement of a display window or the preparation of an advertisement.

If you are interested in manufacturing, discuss with him design as applied to a finished product. His answers may seem strange to you, yet behind it all you will begin to see that this great quality, good taste, is being fostered.

And most important of all, school art is building in your child that force which is perhaps the greatest of human assets—creative imagination. "Imagination," Napoleon said, "rules the world."

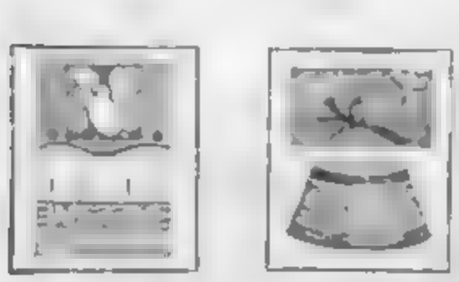
Through observation, perception and careful deliberation he is absorbing impressions which he must quickly turn into expression. It is this ability to create, to express with good taste, which will make your child successful in business and social life.

Give your active support

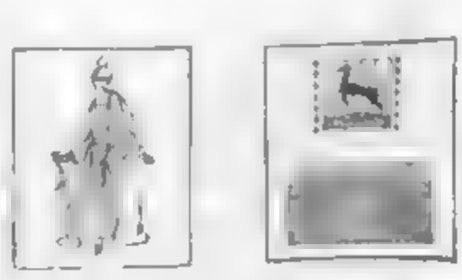
Though school art has made tremendous advance in the last ten years it is still struggling under the weight of public indifference. Without the active support of every parent in your town this work cannot grow as it should.

For the good of your child you should examine your school art situation. And if there is no art work at all in the schools, you should urge the adoption of such courses and do all in your power to further their advancement. Your child will be more than repaid for this effort on your part.

THE AMERICAN CRAYON COMPANY · ESTABLISHED 1835 · SANDUSKY, OHIO, AND NEW YORK



Example of modern school design work



Through such work is good taste fostered

PRANG CRAYONS. CRAYONEX. CRAYOGRAPH AND PASTELLO; PRANG PAPER PENCILS; PRANG WATER COLORS; PRANG TEMPERA COLORS; PETROSEA. THE CHEMIST COLORS: "OLD FAITHFUL" [illegible] WASHINGTON AND HYGEIA

HIP AND THIGH

(Continued from Page 5)

"I came down to look you over," Joe explained, and showed his badge. "I suppose you've got permits, and all that."

The checker reached into his pocket, but Joe waved the papers aside. "Sure! Go ahead." He stepped back and watched the stream of hand trucks pass from car to ship, return empty from ship to car again. By and by he asked the swarthy man whether he knew the difference between a bootlegger and an enforcement officer. The checker looked startled; but when the joke was explained he laughed.

Then an awkward stevedore, guiding his truck out of the car, missed the runways and the truck tipped to one side and a case slipped off and fell to the pier with a crash of breaking glass.

Joe laughed and said to the checker, "There's some milk spilled, old-timer."

But that individual had already started toward the spot, and Joe followed him. From the corner of the smashed box a little stream trickled; and Joe dipped a finger in it and lifted the finger to his lips unctuously. But he did not put the finger into his mouth. Instead, he sniffed at it in some surprise, looked at the swarthy man, and sniffed again. There was no odor of whisky. His manner changed.

"Open that case," he said curtly. "Let's sample a bottle of this stuff."

The checker protested: "We want to get it aboard in a hurry."

"Rip it open," Joe replied. He drew out his knife and opened the corkscrew in the handle.

"What's the matter anyhow?" the other insisted.

"That's not whisky," said Joe.

"Sure it's whisky! Don't you see the stencils?"

"Probably it was when it left Canada; but someone's shifted it here."

"I'll bet it's whisky," the man urged.

"I know it's not."

"I'll bet you five hundred dollars," said the checker in a lower tone. Joe stared at him. "I'll bet you a thousand."

Danley looked from side to side; he seemed to hesitate. It may be that he simply reconnoitered his situation. There was an armed guard on his right, another on his left; they waited on his word. A policeman at the landward end of the pier was watching. "Two thousand," the checker whispered.

Joe backed against the car and drew his gun. One of the guards moved as though to flee and Joe's weapon exploded nervously. The guard fell. The policeman approached, running.

"You damned fool!" the checker muttered; but his hands were in the air.

Back in Donaldson's office, at noon, Danley accepted his honors with unaffected complaisance.

The morning's work had reassured Donaldson about Joe Danley; but Eddie Nason did not need reassurance. He had been proud of his friend before; was prouder now as Joe received Donaldson's congratulations. He himself echoed them.

"You're a wonder, Joe," he told Danley. "You sure are! Yes, sir, a wonder, sure!"

"They didn't try anything on me after I dropped that guy," Danley agreed. "Right through the thigh! That's shooting! I didn't want to bust his knee."

"Some shooting!" Eddie agreed. "Yes, sir!"

Donaldson asked, "And I suppose they tried to fix you the way they did the others?"

"Offered me two thousand."

Donaldson smiled wearily.

"Well, it's only money," he remarked ironically.

"They couldn't bribe Joe," said Eddie Nason.

Donaldson leaned forward, returning to business.

"The next thing," he reminded them, "is to find out where the stuff went. Two carloads of whisky loose somewhere in town. The cars came through sealed. I've checked back on them and I guess the whisky was lifted right here. They had the other stuff all ready to make the switch."

"It was sarsaparilla," Danley said.

Donaldson nodded.

"Yes; they probably shifted the cases in the railroad yards. The cars have been here three days, waiting for the ship to be ready. I had guards on the job; but Murrain, the chap you shot, was bribed, and probably Colen. They were on duty together. Jacobs—he was the other man at the pier—didn't know anything about it, I guess. I've talked to him. He's a weak sister though. If you'd taken the two thousand he'd have trained with you; but when he saw you call the cop in he set in his chips on the side of law and order.

"But that don't matter now. The thing is to locate the whisky. I want both of you to get that."

"That'll be easy," Danley assured him.

"I hope so. We've got to work fast or it will be distributed. They're wise now."

"It won't take long," Joe said; and Eddie Nason loyally supported his friend.

"That's right," he promised. "We'll clean it up quick." Danley grinned at him.

"You and me both, eh?"

"Don't get into a jam," Donaldson warned them. "Don't use your guns unless you have to. Report to me before you start anything and I'll give you help."

Eddie said cheerfully, "No guns in mine."

"You may have to."

"I don't even carry one," Eddie replied.

"Why not?"

"The darned things are apt to go off," the red-headed little man answered. "I never could shoot a pistol anyway."

Danley laughed.

"Say, if you're afraid of a gun you'd better go back to taking census," he jeered.

Eddie chuckled good-naturedly.

"Oh, I'm no fighter, Joe," he said apologetically; "not so long as I can use my legs."

Donaldson shuffled the papers on his desk.

"Well, get moving," he suggested. "Talk to the men in the freight yards. They must have used half a dozen trucks or so on the job over there; made some stir. See what you can pick up."

Outside, Danley and Nason put on their hats and left the building together. Danley said, "We can hop a taxi."

Nason hesitated.

"You know," he suggested, "I've got an idea. There was a lot of sarsaparilla in those bottles."

"There sure was," Danley agreed. "Make you thirsty, does it?"

"I was wondering," said Nason, "whether we couldn't find out who has bought two carloads of sarsaparilla lately; I'll bet it's not a regular dealer. I'll bet the men who pulled this weren't used to taking so much; at one time anyway."

"They'd cover up, son. Don't you worry," Danley argued.

"Well, I might try that end while you go over to the yards."

"Go ahead, if you want to. Let me know how you make out. You better not come over there. Somebody might slap you."

"They've got to catch me first," Eddie said cheerfully.

"I'll see you in the North Station Restaurant at one o'clock," Danley suggested.

"Right-o!"

"The sarsaparilla hound will now take the trail," Danley grinned. "On your way, Ole Enumerator!"

"Take care of yourself," Eddie urged.

"That's my specialty," Joe replied. "Now, on your way!"

At three o'clock that afternoon they were back in Donaldson's office, triumphant.

"We located them through the sarsaparilla—traced that," Eddie Nason explained.

Danley amended this report.

"I thought maybe such a big lot could be traced," he told Donaldson. "There can't be many people buying two carloads of sarsaparilla. So I sent Eddie to look over the books while I worked the freight yards. Soon as he reported, I knew we had them. It's up in the South End. Used to be a tough saloon. They pretend to sell soft drinks now. A sort of half basement. Soft drinks! But three or four men came out of there with breaths on this afternoon."

Donaldson nodded.

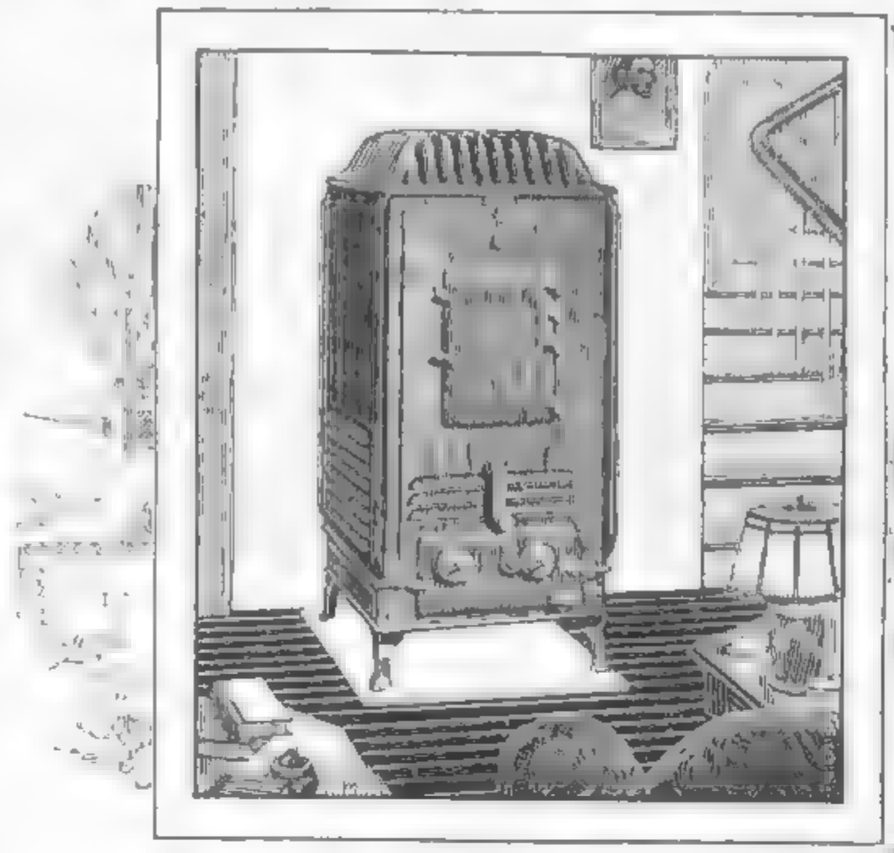
"Joe Dowell's old place," he assented. "I know Joe. I thought he'd gone straight, but I knew he was keeping open. Pool room behind the bar, isn't there?"

"We didn't go in," Danley replied. "Eddie wanted to, but I knew we ought to go slow and not scare them till we were ready to do it right."

"Did you trace the stuff there—the trucks?"

"No, but I found a man that saw some cases unloaded night before last."

Furnace Comfort for Small Homes



It Is Changing
the heating habits of the nation

SMALL homes by the thousands are being heated in a new way. In a way that authorities say is changing the heating habits of the nation.

It is called the Estate Heatrola. And the 78-year-old Estate Stove Company makes and guarantees it.

Works like a furnace

Note particularly, the Heatrola is a practical and efficient warm-air heating device. You place it in one of the living rooms and it keeps the whole house warm. Burns any sort of fuel.

Great volumes of warm, moist air are supplied to every room, upstairs and downstairs, and changed twice each hour—the secret, as any doctor will tell you, of healthful heating.

Looks like a phonograph

The design is that of a handsome cabinet phonograph. The finish, a rich grained mahogany—a vitreous enamel, smooth as glass and everlasting. You can rub it and dust it with a cloth, just as you do your furniture.

No black iron or nickel to polish. No fireplaces, no furnace in the basement. The Heatrola marks a new era in home heating.

Where to see one

Leading hardware and furniture stores, also heating contractors, are displaying the Heatrola. See one in your town. It is as easily moved as a stove, so if you rent you can take it with you when you move. Get the facts. The coupon below brings interesting heating information postpaid. Mail it.

Estate HEATROLA

MADE BY THE ESTATE STOVE CO., HAMILTON, OHIO—BUILDERS SINCE 1845 OF THE FAMOUS ESTATE STOVES, RANGES AND FURNACES

If you prefer a basement furnace

—check the coupon for booklet and full information about Estate Sanitary Warm-Air Furnaces, in pipe and pipeless models. All cast-iron construction; five-year guaranteed fire-pot; ball-bearing grate; new-type grate shaker; swinging vapor tank; many other fine features.

FREE BOOK (135) MAIL THIS

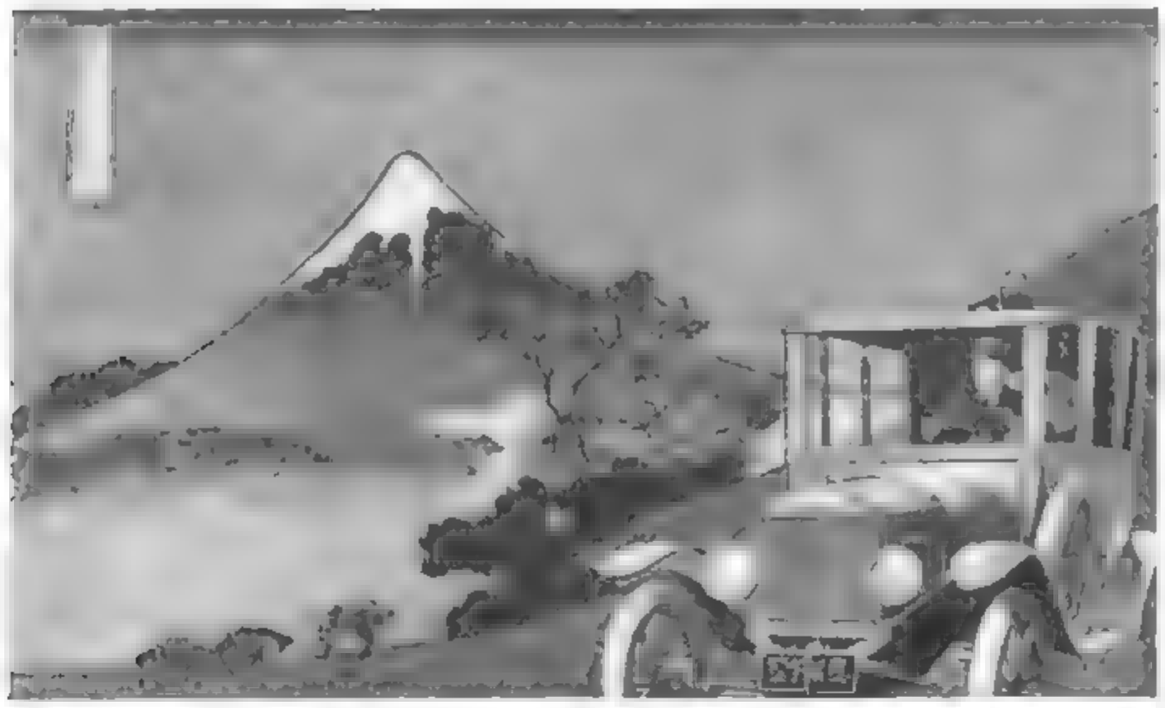
THE ESTATE STOVE CO., Hamilton, Ohio
(Pacific Coast Office: Furniture Exchange, San Francisco.)
Send me information on different heating systems checked below, and name of nearest dealer. Check
1 ☐ ESTATE HEATROLA
2 ☐ Estate Warm Air Furnace—Pipe Model
3. ☐ Estate Warm-Air Furnace—Pipeless Model.

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

City and State _____

How many rooms in your house? _____



A Bouquet From Japan

What Mr. Hayashida learned about Ford economy as he drove from Moji to Kagoshima

A RECENT letter from Japan closes: "This is the first time that we experienced a true value of Ford car."

The letter is signed by Mr. Kumaichi Hayashida, proprietor of the Hayashida Jidosha Shokwai Tammonkwan-dori, Kagoshima, Japan.

The local translation says also, "We used Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E' in our trial trip of Ford car on the 2nd May, between Moji and Kagoshima, and we found the lubrication satisfactorily giving much more power to the engine than we imagined and its swift run gave us a keen pleasure. We arrived at Yatsushiro after a long run since we rushed through Kumamoto on that day and reached Kagoshima early next morning."

The trip covered about 250 miles. Mr. Hayashida had made the same trip many times before—with other oils. He found that with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," his oil consumption was reduced 50%.

* * *

Japan, Siam, England, Africa, Australia—all know Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" and the surprising economy it gives in Ford engines.

Here is an oil which meets with scientific exactness every lubricating requirement of your Ford engine. That is why it is so cheap to use in spite of the fact that there are other oils which sell for less per gallon. A 5-gallon can of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the most useful utility you can put in your garage.

IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gar-
[illegible] of any car make of [illegible] or our booklet [illegible] Lubrication

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York	Boston	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Minneapolis	[illegible]
[illegible]	Des Moines	[illegible]
Milwaukee	Rochester	Oklahoma City
Buffalo		

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

"We ought to make a purchase," Donaldson said thoughtfully; "make a complete case. They've tightened up on search warrants lately."

"Let Joe and me go up there tonight," Eddie suggested eagerly. "I'll buy a drink. They all sell to me. And then Joe can start a fight. You get a couple of cops and hang round outside and come in to stop the rough-house. You don't need a warrant for that; and you can go through the place then."

Donaldson nodded.

"Yes, we could work that."

"Rough stuff for me, eh?" Danley asked sardonically. "Eddie, you're a great little trouble mixer."

Donaldson studied him thoughtfully.

"We'll be outside," he suggested.

"Oh, sure," Danley hastily assented. "I'll go in!"

"About nine o'clock," Donaldson told them. "All right. Here's the dope, then." He leaned forward more intently and told the two men what to do.

Joe Dowell's old place in the South End, which had once been a saloon with pool tables in the rear end, was now merely the skeleton of a saloon. It was located in a half basement, reached by four or five steps which descended from the sidewalk. The small windows were so low that it was not easy for one outside to look in through them. Near these windows three or four tables were set. The empty bar ran along one side of the room, mirrors behind it, soft drinks ranged in bottles along the half-empty shelves. The pool tables were still farther to the rear. Against the wall, in an angle opposite them, ginger-ale cases were piled, one of them open and revealing the full bottles still in their places. Toward nine o'clock that evening there were two men behind the bar. One was tall and thin and gangling, with a hatchet face; the other was rotund and dignified and wore a dirty white apron. Two other men were playing pool and three more sat in long-legged chairs as spectators. The countenances of these men were not prepossessing.

When Eddie Nason came in through the door from the street they all looked toward him intently, and a certain silence fell. But after a moment the players resumed their game, the spectators resumed their attention, for Eddie was not an alarming figure. His derby hat, once black, now brown, was cracked and dented; his collar had that settled grime upon it which can only come from long wear. The left arm of his coat was torn, revealing the lining, and his trousers were innocent of crease and inclined to fray at the bottoms. Also, Eddie was undeniably drunk; that is to say, he walked with exaggerated dignity and care, and when he approached the bar he leaned upon it with both elbows, his head wagging and his eyes uncertain of their focus.

The hatchet-faced man swabbed the bar and asked cheerfully, "Where'd you get the load, kid?"

Eddie winked ponderously.

"Tha's all right, too," he replied, and his breath was convincing. "You think I'm drunk. You don' know me."

"That's right!"

"You'll know me nex' time," Eddie assured him. "Gimme a drink!"

"What'll it be?"

"Whatta you got?"

"Ginger ale, root beer, sarsaparilla, birch ——"

"Sure!" said Eddie positively. "Sure! Well, gimme 'bout three fingers of sappa—sappa—sarsasa ——" He gathered himself together. "'Bout three fingers of root beer," he decided.

The hatchet-faced man grinned at him.

"You spent your money at the last stop," he suggested.

Eddie fumbled in his pockets—his right-hand coat pocket; then his left-hand coat pocket; then the pockets of his trousers, front and rear; finally back to his coat again. At last he produced a dollar bill and some silver and laid it on the bar.

"Long as it lasts," he announced proudly, "I'm guest of the house. Three fingers of root beer."

The jest was an old one, but it amused the hatchet-faced man; he grinned dryly, while Eddie dangled against the bar, babbling insistently: "Come on! Come on!" The lean man looked inquiringly at his rotund companion, and the latter slowly nodded. Hatchet Face thereupon performed some operation under cover of the bar, and produced and set before Eddie an ordinary soda glass a quarter full of brown liquid. With the same motion he collected the dollar bill.

Eddie seemed not to notice. He was gravely inspecting the beverage in the glass. He smelled it; then sloshed it to and fro and held it up between his uncertainly squinted eye and the electric light. Then he smelled it again.

"What's the matter with it?" Hatchet Face demanded.

"Tha's what I was wondering," said Eddie with dignity. "Matter of fac', I was wondering if anything was. Well, here's many remembrances."

He tilted the glass and took a swallow of its contents; but his eyes, no longer so dull, were on the thin man's movements. Hatchet Face turned toward the cash register; but Eddie saw that the rotund man was watching him. He sidled a little way along the bar. Then one of the pool players dropped his cue and the fat man looked that way. Eddie thought himself unobserved. With one swift movement he emptied the remaining contents of the glass into the outside breast pocket of his ragged coat; a pocket rubber-lined, draining into a rubber bulb.

The thing was quickly done; the glass was back on the counter before Hatchet Face turned around. But there was a mirror behind the cash register and the lank man had seen. He reached across the bar, seeking to grip Eddie's lapels, and Eddie backed away.

"Come here with that drink," said Hatchet Face sternly.

Eddie laughed drunkenly.

"Tha's gone where the good liquor goes," he chanted, throwing his head back on the last note.

Hatchet Face eyed him contemptuously; but the rotund man moved nearer the street end of the bar.

"You're a wise guy, all right," said Hatchet Face; "but not wise enough. Come here with that!"

Eddie grimaced dismally; his voice became a whine.

"Wha's matter with you, anyhow?" he demanded, watching the movements of the fat man. He wondered why Joe Danley did not come in. Joe must be just outside; Eddie had left him there not five minutes before.

The hatchet-faced man scrambled leanly over the bar and Eddie shrank away from him. The pool players had abandoned their game to watch; the three spectators were out of their chairs.

"Come on!" said Hatchet Face. "The joke's over. Root beer'll spoil that coat of yours."

"Rip it off him," the rotund man advised. He now blocked the street door, cutting off Eddie's possible retreat.

Eddie still backed away from Hatchet Face, and he begged "You le' me alone."

"Gimme that coat!"

Where was Joe? Why did he not come in? Eddie lifted up his voice: "Hey, Joe!" His eyes turned toward the door.

For a moment this outcry paralyzed them all. The rotund man moved nervously; Hatchet Face followed Eddie's glance. The pool players watched alertly. The moment's interval gave time for Eddie to back away till he set his shoulders against the wall opposite the bar. Ginger-ale cases were piled high beside him, the top one open. He saw the full bottles gleaming in the artificial light.

Hatchet Face recovered from his moment's doubt.

"Come here with that!" he commanded again.

"Like hell I will!" Eddie replied, defying him. His voice was become shrill and high; his hat, brushing against the wall behind him, was dislodged and fell, thumping hollowly on the floor. His hair seemed to prickle and rise like the hair on a dog's back, and his thin lips drew back across his teeth. Round the neck of a bottle of ginger ale his fingers entwined themselves.

"I'll knock hell out of you!" said Hatchet Face.

"Try it on!" Eddie challenged him.

Hatchet Face laughed; there was something ludicrous in the spectacle of Eddie's defiance. The little man stood scarce five feet six inches tall; he was thin and his too-roomy garments made him seem thinner. In such a figure the challenge was merely ridiculous. Hatchet Face strode forward confidently, his hands swinging at his sides, and—"Let those bottles be!" he warned.

Eddie yelled again: "Joe!" His eyes flitted toward the door. The fat man had

(Continued on Page 141)

How much lead do you wear?

PEOPLE no longer wear steel armor. Lead now helps to provide a defense; but it is against the attacks of weather. United with other materials, it goes into the soft, flexible rubber used in making waterproof clothing and rubber footwear.

When the rain descends

Your raincoat protects your clothing and your health. A waterproof helmet will help you disregard the weather. Rubber overshoes, sandals, and arctics protect your leather shoes and enable you to obey the old injunction to keep your head cool and your feet warm and dry. In the country and often in the city, mud and slush make necessary the use of rubber boots.

In all of these things you are wearing lead. Manufacturers use anywhere from 10% to 15% of this metal in some form in making them.

How lead gets into rubber

Soft and semi-plastic crude rubber lacks toughness, elasticity, and resiliency. It is cured or vulcanized by combining the heated rubber with sulphur and other materials, among them litharge, basic lead sulphates (blue and white) and white-lead, all derived from ordinary gray metallic lead.

Lead in your heels

You walk on lead as well as wear it. Rubber heels and soles on tennis, golf and ordinary walking shoes contain this metal of many uses. On golf shoes, rubber cleats containing lead are often worn.

At the seashore girls and women protect their hair with brightly colored bathing caps made of rubber in which there is lead. And firemen wear helmets of hard rubber containing lead, to guard their heads against falling glass and similar dangers in fire-fighting.

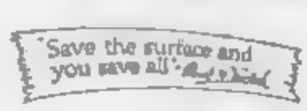
Lead in dresses

Lead is worn for one purpose which does not require any change from the metallic state. Women use disks of the metal as weights in panels of dresses and in the hems of coats to make them hang straight.

Where lead is most important

These uses of lead are important, but there is one use which is more important than any other. White-lead is the principal ingredient of all good paints. There is no adequate substitute for it.

White-lead makes a paint that interposes a protective film between the surface covered and air and moisture. Rot and decay cannot work their harm if the surface is properly painted. That is the reason why painters who take pride in doing a satisfactory job use lead-and-oil, a mixture of pure white-lead and pure linseed oil.



A few years ago "Save the surface and you save all" was merely a phrase. Few people realized its meaning. Now house owners know that they can save their property and their money invested in it by protecting the surfaces of their houses with white-lead paint.

Look for the Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead of the highest quality and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of *Dutch Boy White-Lead.* The figure of the Dutch Boy is reproduced on every keg of white-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.

Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

Among other products manufactured by National Lead Company are needle metal, orange mineral, sash weights, lead wedges, impression lead, and lead gaskets.

More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati San Francisco
Cleveland Buffalo Chicago St. Louis

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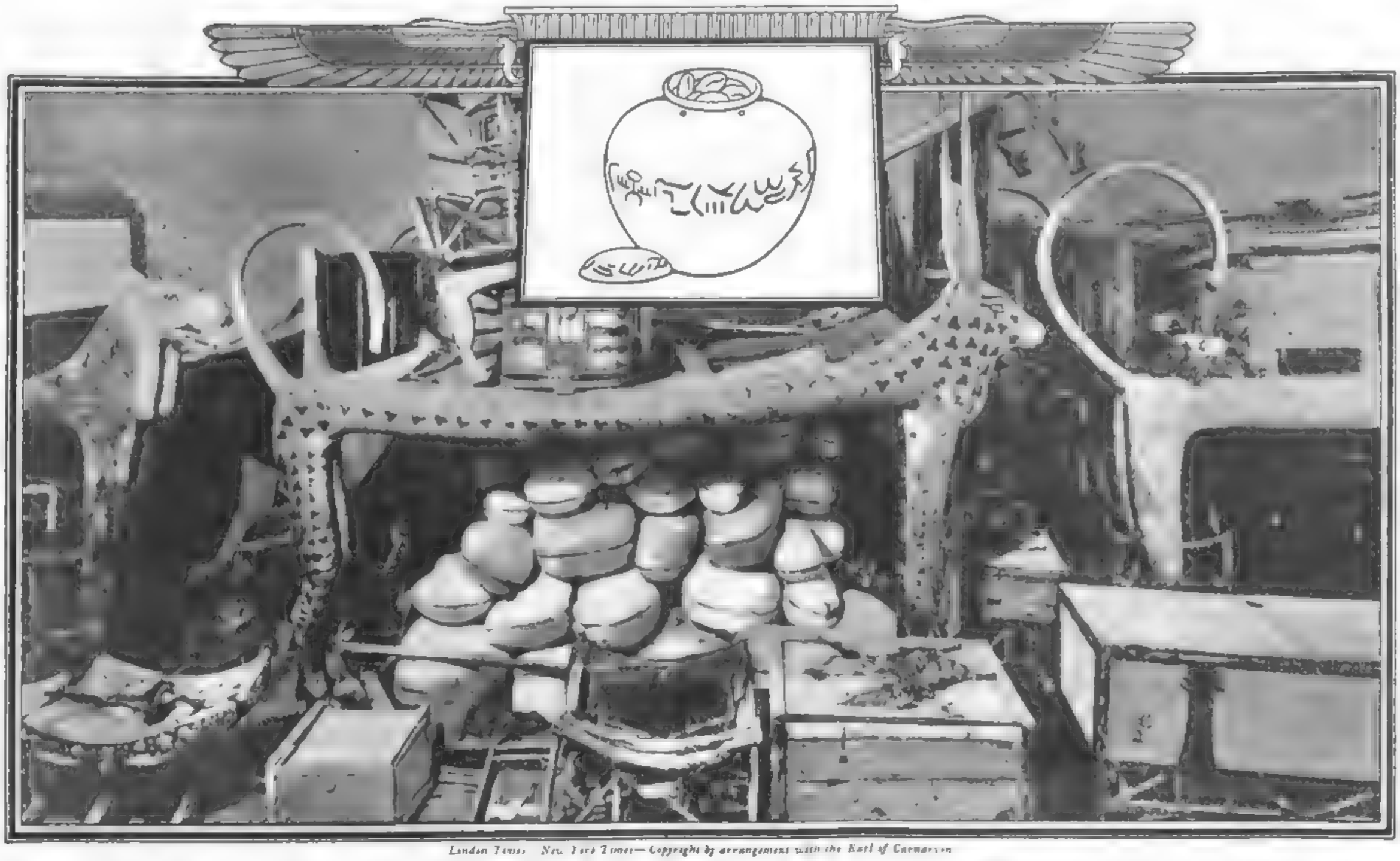


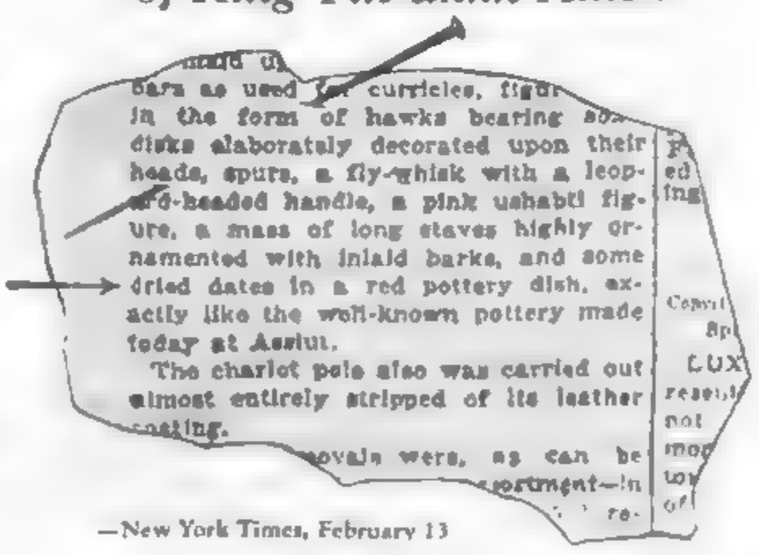
London Times—New York Times—Copyright by arrangement with the Earl of Carnarvon

The first Date in History—

Discovered among the Treasures of King Tut-ankh-Amen

A PIECE of red pottery was carried into the sunlight of the Valley of Kings in Egypt the other day—one of the priceless relics of a forgotten Pharaoh.

Down through the centuries it has come to link us to that ancient ruler. For when he started on his journey to the next world, his most prized possessions were heaped about him.



maid of
bars as used for curricles, figur
in the form of hawks bearing sol
disks elaborately decorated upon their
heads, spurs, a fly-whisk with a leop
ard-headed handle, a pink ushabti fig
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namented with inlaid barks, and some
dried dates in a red pottery dish, ex
actly like the well-known pottery made
today at Assiut.
The chariot pole also was carried out
almost entirely stripped of its leather
casing.
royals were, as can be
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—New York Times, February 13

And among them was this ancient dish of red pottery filled with dates. Since civilization was in its cradle, dates of the Orient have nourished mankind.

With all the glories of ancient Egypt at hand, dates were selected to sustain King Tut-ankh-Amen. Is it any wonder that dates from the Garden of Eden are a necessity of modern life?

Dromedary Dates

THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY
BEACH AND WASHINGTON STS., NEW YORK CITY
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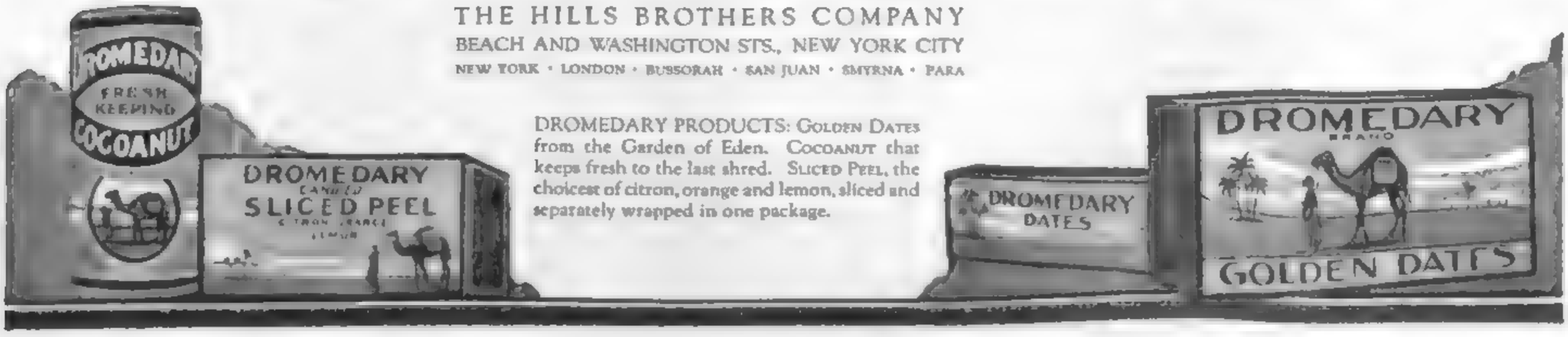
DROMEDARY PRODUCTS: GOLDEN DATES from the Garden of Eden. COCOANUT that keeps fresh to the last shred. SLICED PEEL, the choicest of citron, orange and lemon, sliced and separately wrapped in one package.



(Continued from Page 138)

left the door and was approaching him. Eddie wailed in a curious, strangling fashion; and the bottle in his right hand described a half circle, flying forward as though flung by a catapult. It struck Hatchet Face squarely in the eye, butt first, without breaking; but Hatchet Face screamed and backed away, scrabbling at his face with his fingers, where blood already streamed.

The rotund man's first thought had been a cautious one, to prevent Eddie's escape. Then he had advanced, expecting an easy victory. But at this new turn of affairs he backed away again, to watch developments from a distance.

Eddie snarled at him, "Come on, you, too!" But the fat man did not come on.

Instead, one of the pool players, an employe of the establishment, sought to take Eddie in flank. Eddie whirled away from his charge and this man grappled his left arm. The rotund man shouted encouragement.

"Hold him, Dave!" he cried.

Eddie screamed, "Hold me! Go on!" And he brought a second bottle down upon Dave's devoted head, where it splintered effectively. Dave released his grip and slid down Eddie to the floor and lay there at peace with all the world.

It was only then that Eddie began to fight. He no longer called for Joe; he stood on his own feet, shouting his battle cry. This war cry of his was horribly profane; it was, coming from so insignificant a figure, frightful. He fairly foamed; his thin voice rose in ribald crescendo, daring his antagonists to battle, daring them to attack; and when no attack came, he took the offensive. By the pool tables four men still clustered, watching him. A bottle in each hand, he charged at them. His charge was not impressive; it was rather a scrambling run. One who had a cue in his hand sought to wield it. He swung the stick in a wide arc, but it became entangled with the wire that supported one of the shaded lights above the green cloth, and Eddie plunged fairly into him, smashing at him with right hand and left, a bottle in each hand. The man let go the cue and buried his head in his arms and squirmed away. Two others fled before him.

Something bruised Eddie's shoulder and he perceived that one of the spectators was throwing pool balls. Eddie scorned both strategy and tactics in his charge; his sheer velocity saved him. He threw one bottle and then the other as he advanced; and the second hit his opponent low in the stomach, so that the man retired to grieve aloud for that he had meddled at all.

Eddie was left in possession of the field of battle. He strode back toward his first vantage point like one shod with seven-league boots. The door to the alley was open; the pool audience had fled that way; but Eddie no longer sought to escape. He had tasted blood. He whom the rotund man had called Dave still lay limply along the floor; Hatchet Face was mopping at his eye with cold water behind the bar; the rotund man himself peered over the street end of the bar at Eddie, and Eddie hurled a bottle at his round head. The head ducked, the bottle skidded destructively into a large mirror. Eddie replenished his ammunition and began target practice at the fat man's reappearing head. The fat man was trying to say something; he was trying to surrender; but Eddie could not hear him, because Eddie himself was chanting, in a curious high-pitched voice of an unearthly quality, a series of profane challenges which sounded barbaric and inhuman from his lips. The hurtling bottles smashed other bottles on the shelves behind the bar; smashed mirrors and picture frames, so that shattered shards of glass rained down and down, and the fat man wailed with grief at such destruction.

Eddie decided to come to close quarters; he raced around the bar after the rotund man, who exploded into flight at the rear end, toward the pool tables. Eddie, pursuing, collided with Hatchet Face; and the tall man, somewhat recovered, smothered him with grappling arms. He clutched Eddie close against his harsh bosom to stifle him; but Eddie, his arms free, banged joyously with his bottles at the lank man's hard head. The blows were short and individually ineffective; but in the end they must have won the affray. Hatchet Face perceived this. He shifted his grip, pinned one arm and then the other. Eddie was quite helpless against this overpowering force; and the rotund man was approaching as a cautious reënforcement. So Eddie bit Hatchet Face in the neck, and in the resultant confusion put the lank man permanently *hors de combat*. The fat man reversed himself and started toward the rear door, and a bottle struck him on the top of his round head with quite uncanny accuracy. It bounded high to descend upon a pool table, bursting on the slate and ruining the felt. Then the fat man—he was hard of head—squeezed through the alley door and disappeared.

Eddie was left in undisputed possession of the ravaged field of battle. Dave lay unconscious in the mid-floor; Hatchet Face groaned behind the bar; another man labored with himself beneath one of the pool tables. Save for the electric bulbs, which had somehow escaped destruction, there was scarce a bit of unbroken glass in the long room. Eddie, surveying the scene, found himself curiously intoxicated by his own success. Then someone opened the street door to come in; and Eddie flung a bottle at him before he perceived that it was, at last, Joe Danley.

Joe cried, "It's me, Eddie!"

Eddie felt his knees weaken beneath him; the reaction set in. His hands dropped to his sides; he smiled faintly, and the world swam blackly before his eyes.

"Darned glad you've come, Joe," he muttered, and slumped to the floor.

When water splashing in his face revived him, he opened his eyes and perceived the countenance of his chief above his own, and he grinned.

"You're all right now," Donaldson assured him.

Eddie tried to nod.

"I done my durnedest," he assented humorously. "But I was all done when Joe showed up. It was mighty lucky he came in when he did."

"That's right," said Joe Danley loudly, from somewhere above Eddie's head. "They didn't try anything after I got here."

Danley strolled into Donaldson's office next morning, sat down by Donaldson's desk and lighted a cigar while Donaldson finished his morning's dictation. When the stenographer was gone Donaldson still seemed busy; he occupied himself with certain papers.

Joe spoke, in a patronizing tone: "Well, we cleaned up that job."

Donaldson simply answered "Um!"

"Eddie's bound to get in rows like that if he won't carry a gun. If I hadn't come along they'd have cleaned him."

Donaldson did not answer at all.

"He lost his head," Danley explained. "Damned shame to bust up the place that way."

Donaldson looked toward him for an instant.

"You started the row, didn't you? That was your job."

"I stopped it," Danley laughed. "That's my specialty."

Donaldson gave the younger man his whole attention.

"Where were you when it started?" he asked.

"Outside."

"Why didn't you go right in?"

"I did. If I hadn't they'd have killed Eddie. The darned fool didn't have sense enough to keep out of trouble."

Donaldson tilted back in his chair, wagging his head.

"Danley," he said, "you waited till you saw us coming. That's what you did."

"That's a lie," Danley protested. "Whoever said so ——"

"I saw you myself," said Donaldson.

"It was somebody else ——"

Donaldson shook his head.

"You won't do for this job, Joe," he said. "You haven't got the nerve. You don't stick to it when the rub comes. I'm going to let you go."

"Let me go?"

"Oh, I know a good training school for you," Donaldson assured him cruelly. "I've seen how it works out in Eddie Nason. Danley, why don't you get a job in the Census Bureau?"

Straube

ALWAYS DEPENDABLE

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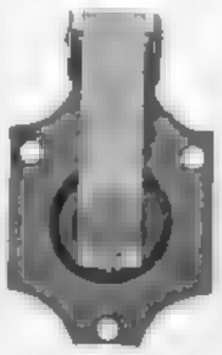

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 27)

The funeral baked meats of Mr. Asquith did coldly furnish forth the baronial feast of Sir Max. He cashed in almost immediately, becoming Baron Beaverbrook with all due form and ancient ceremony; whereupon a large section of the Canadian press and public went shrilly up in the air in protest, but to no avail. Sir Max had all the decorations, regalia and warrants for his titular elevation safely tucked away in his jeans. The deed was done. Presently, within six months, the Baron Beaverbrook became peer of the realm, and after the war had progressed for a space under the premiership of Lloyd George, Lord Beaverbrook probably felt inclined to ask Canada what they thought of that—"that" being his appointment as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which is one of the ministries not in the cabinet, and Minister of the Bureau of Information. That Canada, in some portions of the press and public, did not think much of it later developed, but, once again, Max had the jobs before the storm arose. And he kept them.

Lord Beaverbrook retired from his ministerial position in October, 1918, on account of ill health. Curiously enough, his friend, fellow New Brunswickian and close political associate, Mr. Bonar Law, retired from his position in the Lloyd George cabinet a time afterwards, and for the same ascribed reason. Mr. Bonar Law didn't follow Lord Beaverbrook precipitately. Being a deliberate man, he used deliberation and circumspection. But he retired. And he remained the close political associate of Lord Beaverbrook. He was not too ill for that.

The outward and visible sign of Beaverbrook's activities during the time after his retirement until the present has been his newspaper. Needing an outlet for his vast energies he became an author, and wrote various pieces for his paper to the broad general effect that to be virtuous is to be happy, and that honesty is the best policy, and that success comes to those who deserve it. Indeed, he chose for the title of one of his published works that magic word Success, but those who bought the book thinking to discover how to rise to the peerage in six or seven years were disappointed. The formula was not given, save in the reiterated precept that virtue is its own reward.

These were the outward and visible signs, the apparent spoor. But there were activities not so apparent. The originator of the great game of Beaverbrooking was playing his game incessantly. Mr. Lloyd George is a wily Welshman, but, on the crafty other hand, Lord Beaverbrook is a canny Canadian. The historians of our own times haven't yet got around to writing the inner story of the decline and fall of Lloyd George, but when they do, if they have knowledge of the facts they will say that in great measure that decline and fall was anticipated, arranged for and accelerated by Beaverbrooking.

Just as Mr. Asquith, who made Max Sir Max, got his, so, likewise, did Lloyd George, who made Sir Max Lord Beaverbrook, get his. It was Beaverbrook who put Bonar Law up to the sticking point of the Unionist rebellion that culminated in the Unionists' withdrawing from Lloyd George's coalition, and thus caused the downfall of the Prime Minister. It was Beaverbrook who held Bonar Law there. And it was Beaverbrook who thus made Bonar Law Prime Minister, or, at least, who vastly helped in the enterprise.

Not bad, for a man who came to London aged thirty, and isn't forty-five yet. Pretty fair for Beaverbrooking, and its exponent. It all shows what a busy citizen, intelligent, unrebuffable, unfailing in his diagnosis in the weaknesses of men, energetic, rich, and amazingly smart in concealing his methods, can do when he sets about it.

And his lordship is still in his early forties. That ominous fact must give Bonar Law, the present Prime Minister, a nervous chill every time he thinks of it, and bring forth paeans of thanksgiving from the members of the House of Windsor that the monarchy is a hereditary institution.—S.G.B.

Lord Beaverbrook at an Unstatesmanlike Moment

Scrap

WHILE speaking on the reclamation work that is being done by many railroads today, one sharp-eyed inspector said: "Whenever I stop at a station or a roundhouse my first move is to take a look at the scrap heap and at the pile of discarded tools and equipment accumulated since my last inspection. Invariably I take the man in charge with me and show him the stuff in the scrap pile which should not be there; the things which are readily capable of being reclaimed and put back into the service at small expense. From any pile of scrap I can tell the character of the roundhouse foreman or the storekeeper who has accumulated it.

"This line of education has had a marked effect upon storekeepers, roundhouse and shop foremen, engineers and even section bosses. At the start they had only scrap piles; today each has a reclamation pile and a scrap heap. Most of them are careful to see that very little goes into the scrap pile. You might think that this job of getting men to economize in the things which they use is almost entirely a task in the handling of physical things. This is not so; the big end of the job is in handling men, not materials.

"Early in our drive for economy I found that the crews running into a certain division headquarters were constantly losing oil cans, lanterns, wrenches and other tools which cost a lot of money, and these losses didn't seem to bother them a bit. I recognized that this leak was a problem in human nature, and so I decided to try an experiment along that line to effect a cure.

"An order was immediately put out requiring every member of every crew to write a letter explaining the circumstances connected with the loss of any tool before a new one would be issued in its place. Now I happened to know, from long observation and experience, that above all things an engineman hates to write a letter, especially a letter of explanation to his boss. The effect of this order was surprising. It cut down the tool loss way below anything I had expected."

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And so it is only natural that MACGREGOR should consistently pioneer the way—that the MACGREGOR trade mark should be the indication to golfers of the nearest approach to perfection so far obtainable in golf clubs and balls.

The *praise* of many thousands of golfers, who find keener enjoyment in their game because of their *confidence* in MACGREGOR clubs and balls—and their loyal *patronage* which has made possible our growth to the position of the largest manufacturer of golf clubs in the world—are the finest *TRIBUTES TO OUR IDEAL.*

Ask your Pro or Dealer to show you the line of MACGREGOR clubs and balls. Write us for our General Catalog and either or both of these booklets: 1. "*Golf, the Game of Games*" (an introduction to golf). 2. "*Stepping Stones to a Golf Course*" (helpful suggestions for laying out a new course).

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PRESIDENTITIS

(Continued from Page 4)

Then there are the importunists—the old-line Republicans who were dazzled by their victory in 1920, and who operated until November, 1922, as if they had been granted letters of marque by the people instead of probationary preference. When these partisans woke up after the last election they had little left save two more years' tenure of office and a sense of impending and further disaster. So they have adopted the save-the-grand-old-party plea, and are preparing to huckster whatever policies they think may be useful, to reverse themselves wherever necessary, and to place great dependence in the efficacy of "Rally, boys, rally, and do not let the party that saved the Union perish from the earth!" They point out that the station for which the Harding train started was Normalcy, and that a four-year trip cannot be made in two years. Give us a chance, they importune; we'll run the train anywhere you say—anywhere. But don't discharge the conductor or shift your favor from the engineers.

Until something more definite happens to mark a division; until the radical Republicans come out a bit farther into the light of day, the Old Guard candidate for President and the new guardian candidates must all be considered as Republicans, for every candidate is entitled to whatever label he chooses to paste on himself. They are all operating under the name and style of Republicanism at the present writing. It would seem that if Warren G. Harding, Henry Cabot Lodge and James E. Watson are Republicans, then Robert M. La Follette and Smith W. Brookhart and Arthur Capper are not; but in days like these party ties are elastic, and there have been times, in politics, when extreme ends have operated against a middle *in extremis*, which is the case at the moment.

Willing Possibilities

In any event, so long as these aspirants do not definitely abandon the hulk of Republicanism and set sail in a ship of their own—so long as they remain on board, whether mutinous or not, the assumption must be that the prize for which they all are striving is the Republican presidential nomination in 1924. Whether the radical section of them, failing to secure that prize, will then start something for themselves is entirely another matter. They have precedent for that, and they have not been very novel or original in their operations so far.

Hence, as it stands, though there are numerous eminent citizens of regular Republican standing, each one of whom is inwardly convinced that the party could go farther and do much worse than select him for standard bearer in 1924, and many patriots who are eager and willing to answer their party's call, and have all the latest listening-in appliances installed for the purpose of detecting the faintest whisper of a summons, they really are resigned to receptivity rather than to activity, because if President Harding wants a renomination in 1924 there is no Old Guard way of preventing him from getting that nomination. They've got to give it to him or acknowledge complete discredit and demoralization.

They can't get away from it. If President Harding's Administration shall work into a success, or an apparent success, between now and nominating time he will be entitled to reap the benefit of it. If it shall fail he must take the consequences. The only thing that will change that, in an old-line sense, will be the refusal of the President to take a renomination. He has as yet made no such refusal; and it isn't likely the old-line leaders would allow him to make such a decision if they could prevent it, because unless the Harding reason was a mighty good one his defection and refusal to assume his responsibilities would weaken the old-liners irreparably. Also, it would give the new-line fellows a chance that isn't contemplated in old-line politics.

Ill health or any other personal reason would answer, but the mere lying down on the job wouldn't answer at all. That is well enough understood, and that is the reason Senator Watson stood up in the Senate the other day and made a speech in which he said that President Harding would be renominated by the Republicans, which was a real tribute to the power of precedent, because if President Harding should pull out it might be that Senator Watson would get the nomination himself.

However, the task of the diagnostician is closely allied to the duties of the prognostician, and in an examination into this present spread of presidentitis one must be thorough. So far as the old-line patients are concerned, their cases are sad to see. A deal of repressed presidentitis is observable. Their sufferings are intense. They move moodily about, knowing that within them smolders the fire that would set the nation ablaze; and the President, by the mere refusal to say he will not try again for a job he doesn't like and has not succeeded at any too well, is holding back the conflagration. Victory with Harding may be problematical. With each and every one of them it is certain. Why doesn't he step aside?

Let us suppose he does step aside. Let us suppose that presently Mr. Harding declares he has had enough, and that he will not take a renomination in 1924; or that some unexpected thing happens and Mr. Harding becomes inexpedient. In that case you will instantly note beacon fires on every hill, calling the attention of the populace to the eminent qualifications of various leading citizens, each of whom thinks—knows—he would make an admirable President. A considerable number of Republicans will burst immediately into bright flame, and among those blazing will be these:

Senator James E. Watson, of Indiana, than whom there is no greater exponent of regular Republican partisanship, and who has made a strong place for himself in the Senate and in the affections of his party.

Senator Irvine L. Lenroot, of Wisconsin, who seeks and finds the course diametrically opposite to that of his colleague, Senator La Follette, and pursues that course assiduously and with intelligence.

Gen. Leonard Wood, now of the Philippines, who still has presidentitis notwithstanding the febrifuge they gave him at Chicago in 1920.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of New York, who has lost no opportunity since he had his moment in the Chicago convention to make it plain to the people that the safety of the nation depends on the expansion of that moment to four years.

Senator George Wharton Pepper, of Pennsylvania, who contracted the fever at the exact moment he was sworn in as senator, and has been at high personal temperature about it ever since.

Secretary Herbert Hoover, of California, who conceals his symptoms carefully, but who might allow his friends to do a little vicarious blazing for him.

Secretary Charles Evans Hughes, of New York, who has never recovered and never will.

Conservative Progressivism

These are some—not all. Numerous cases had such drastic suppression in the elections of 1922 that the sufferers have hardly recovered from the cure as yet. They will. No mere defeat in an election, even though that election was to make the winner of it the acknowledged people's choice, can eradicate the bug. Not any other and similar mischance. No doubt Will Hays, though he has sought refuge in the movies, has moments when he recalls that shrill-voiced woman in the Oklahoma delegation at the Harding convention who cast one half vote for him, thus starting the Hays stampede, which stopped immediately thereafter and is embalmed in history as the shortest stampede of our politics—one half vote—no doubt Will is looking about. Given the elimination of President Harding as a candidate and there will be plenty more—plenty.

It must not be supposed that the old-line Republicans are so utterly insensible to the political evidences about them that they will not adapt themselves a bit. The only way a professional politician can and does interpret an election is on the face of the returns. He never does get half an inch below the surface. Consequently as the 1920 election spelled normalcy, they were normal to a suffocating extent; and when 1922 came along and presented prima-facie evidence that normalcy was in disfavor they began to hedge. It will be discovered that if President Harding runs in 1924 there will be no normalcy about it; none at all. Instead there will be a safe and consistent progressivism, as the platform will have it. He will not look back to the good old days. He will eagerly look forward to good new days, of sorts; also will the others. That is what they think 1922 meant.

The difficulty with that program is that there will be a lively and energetic competition. Thus far, it seems that the pronounced Progressives in the Republican Party, the left wing, intend to operate in attachment to the main body, and not independently thereof. They, too, interpret the 1922 result as a mass cry for progress, and they say they have the goods. So their task is one of regeneration, unless they should decide to start a party of their own, which intention is not yet apparent. As it stands, they seem determined to seize what is left of the ship instead of launching a ship of their own.

Consequently their endeavors must be directed to the defeat of President Harding if he decides to run for renomination; or to the defeat of all other regulars who may seek to succeed Harding as the party leader. There have recently been detailed stories that the great effort of the Progressives among the Republicans will be to secure the passage of presidential primary laws in various states this year where the presidential primary is not in force, on the theory that if enough additional states can be put under the presidential primary system President Harding can be defeated in the convention. The Progressives say they can obtain a majority of the convention by the primaries that they could not obtain in present conditions. Efforts are being made to secure presidential primary laws in New York, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Colorado and Washington. Seventeen states have presidential primary laws. These seventeen states had a sufficient number of votes in the last Republican national convention so that if presidential primary laws can be secured in the eight states mentioned the delegates in the next national convention, added to those of the seventeen states, will be enough to control the convention and have a surplus.

A Touching Spectacle

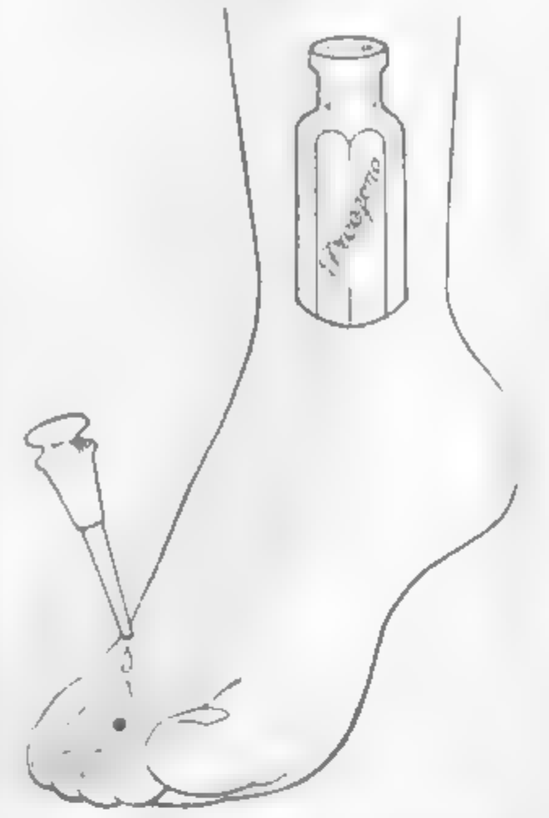
That seems plausible enough. The only catch in it appears to be this: What will the regular Republicans be doing when the Progressives and the anti-Harding people are passing these laws in the state legislatures, and will they be entirely subdued and supine when the primaries are going on? A mere detail, but worthy of some slight consideration. A President who desires renomination at the hands of his party has a pronounced edge on all candidates against him in the securing of delegates through the local operations of the politicians he has appointed to office. It may be, of course, that in a presidential primary those local officials become entirely inoperative and powerless. It may be so in the forthcoming campaign, but it hasn't been in any past campaign. The complete elimination of Federal officials and their friends as political factors has not been visible in any of the seventeen states where presidential primaries are now held. Possibly the millennium is at hand—and possibly not.

Inasmuch as the present political situation in the United States is entirely speculative, it will do no harm to speculate a bit. Let us suppose, then, that all the plans of the Progressives work out, and that enough delegates are secured to stop the renomination of the President or prevent the nomination of any other regular. Then what?

Presumably, in the routine of politics, the Progressives will settle upon some one of their number to contest in these primaries, because it is exceedingly difficult to defeat one man with no man, or with many men; but when that is presumed, this thesis enters the thin upper regions of the higher—the highest—speculation. What one man? Which one man? Out of the many, who shall be chosen? In this political Utopia that we are hastening to, via these alluring radicalisms that are projected, it should be simple. The best man, of course. All others stand aside and work unselfishly for the common good. It will be a tremendous lesson to the American people, a mighty example of the workings of democracy, a criterion for all the future years, a sacred remembrance and reminder when we observe Borah and Johnson and Capper and the rest standing obediently aside for

Corns

Lift Right Off



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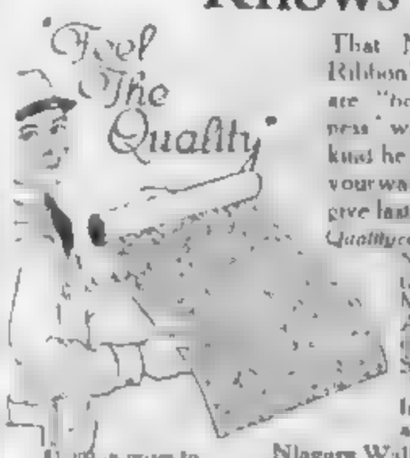

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La Follette and saying, "You take it, senator. You are the man." Or when, with that self-abnegation for which all are noted, we see La Follette protesting, "No, boys, not me. Let Johnson have it." Or Johnson, waving aside the proffered crown, insisting that Borah is the man. Or Borah making it plain that it must be Capper. For the common good. For the sake of the people. It will be all that—when we see it—and then some.

Thus, with the lines more or less drawn between the left wing and the right wing of the Republicans, we come to the Democrats, who have a left and right wing of their own; and who, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, are reading rainbows into the 1922 election, and seeing visions and hearing voices in the winds. It doesn't take much to cheer an out. Being out is so sad a case that even the glimmer of a hope that he may get in is tonic, and when a party, standing on the sidelines, notes that the two factions of the other party are biting off one another's fingers and chewing one another's ears, the idea that this fraternal cannibalism will redound to the benefit of the bystander is bound to develop; and with it automatically develops not only new cases of presidentitis but also increased temperature in those who have long had the fever.

A Nation-Wide Epidemic

There are a considerable number of chronics among the Democrats, led, of course, by the longest continued case on record—the case of William Jennings Bryan, who notwithstanding three major operations on him by the people still suffers unceasingly. Mr. Bryan's case is what the medical folks call a walking case—and talking. He long since ceased to have the high fever, the hectic flush and the periodical exacerbations; but there he is, never unready and never unwilling and never without a burning issue; which, at present, is that no ancestor of his ever hung by his tail to a tree in the primeval forest; that so far as the Bryan genealogy is concerned no anthropoid apes need apply. A strong plank in the platform denouncing the theory of evolution, and Mr. Bryan will run—or possibly without. So much depends on circumstances.

An ex-President is a perplexing problem of party politics. The Republicans solved theirs by anchoring Mr. Taft in the backwaters of the Supreme Court, there to swing content and contemplative for his remaining years. The Democrats have their problem acutely at hand. Mr. Wilson is neither anchored nor anchorable. There is no evidence in the possession of the party politicians that Mr. Wilson is a candidate himself, save perhaps in the remote receptive sense in which he was a candidate in 1920; but there is evidence that Mr. Wilson has fixed and determined ideas as to who the candidate shall be, and that he conceives it his duty and his right to be censor of the list. He may not run himself, and may have no thoughts of running; but he has no present idea of allowing anyone to run of whom he does not thoroughly approve.

At the proper time it is probable he will hurl a couple of thunderbolts; but awaiting that, we note in various portions of the country, ranging from Los Angeles, California, to Albany, New York, an outbreak of presidentitis that is almost epidemic. The chronic cases are well marked. After a period of quiet, and subsequent to a removal to the southwestern corner of the country, Mr. McAdoo is intensely febrile and in that highly restless condition that makes it imperative to speak in public on numerous occasions, and to visit Eastern centers of population and government to seek the only cure there is—delegates. Mr. Underwood, of Alabama, is conservatively set forth by friends who may be more or less in touch with his ideas on the subject, and of full pathological knowledge of his case, which has persisted since 1912; and Mr. Cox, of Ohio, is assuring all who will attend that the heroic—not to say horrific—treatment given him by the voters in 1920 was based on a wrong diagnosis, and that he deserves another dose.

Mild symptoms are noted as showing in a dignified manner in Mr. John H. Clarke, of Ohio, who resigned recently from the United States Supreme Court to devote his life to the League of Nations, and in Mr. John W. Davis, former Ambassador to Great Britain, who was inoculated at the San Francisco convention in 1920.

Ever since Grover Cleveland carried New York for governor in 1882 by 192,060, and thereby started on his way to the White House, the governorship of New York has been a source of presidential infection. And now we note Governor Al Smith, of that state, with a severe case. He won once, was defeated once; and then won again, tremendously. No more is needed. That is to say, if more is needed, the friends of Smith will not admit it. And in the neighboring state of New Jersey there is Edwards, who got his inoculation at San Francisco, great distributing center in the summer of 1920 for these germs that now are working here, there and elsewhere—Edwards, who is wet and doesn't care who knows it, and who won a senatorship last fall on that proposition.

The Democrats always come back to Cleveland. They cut wide circles away from that sturdy old figure, but eventually they get back within his aura. So when ex-Governor Ralston won the senatorship in Indiana he was promptly labeled "Another Grover Cleveland," and that was enough for him. He caught it, too, geographically and personally and physically and he has it acutely. Two promising cases—Hitchcock, of Nebraska, and Pomerene, of Ohio—were reduced to normal temperatures by the elections last fall.

Out for the Many

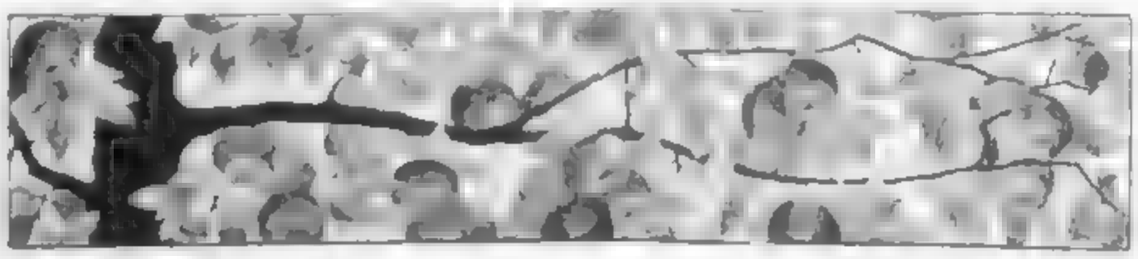
We now come to the most interesting case of all—the case of Henry Ford. There is great scoffing over Henry's ambitions to be President, not only among the Republicans, with whom he has no apparent chance, but among the Democrats, upon whom he has fastened himself. They say that as a presidential candidate he is a good automobile maker.

Poor, feckless jokers and japesters! As a presidential candidate Henry is a good automobile maker, and—which is the main point—as a good automobile maker he is a candidate for President. Notwithstanding the long acquaintance our people have had with Henry, there are two outstanding characteristics of him that are not yet thoroughly assimilated by the public, and especially not by the political portion thereof. One is that Henry is the greatest genius at securing publicity we have at present, and the other is that he has no equal as an organizer. A third and correlative point is that he has an organization.

Henry hasn't been selling a popular-priced car to a public that is strong for popular prices all these years for nothing, and there are few places in this country where he has not a personal representative. And there is nothing hand-to-mouth or catch-as-catch-can about him. Henry has been a candidate for President for a longer time than any but a few of his closest associates know, and he isn't advancing his financial ideas, his labor ideas, his sociological ideas, without a pretty shrewd knowledge of what the reactions will be in relation to votes—nor with any misapprehensions as to the sort of publicity he will get.

Henry's business theory is to make cars he can sell, and his political theory is identical. He pays no attention to the few, but plays for the many. And what working man will condemn him for paying higher wages than any other employer? Or what farmer will oppose him for saying he intends to provide cheaper fertilizer?

If Henry really sets out to get that Democratic nomination for President, or rather if he doesn't stop, the Democratic politicians may be able to sidetrack him; but that job will give them more trouble than they had since William Jennings Bryan impaled them on his crown of thorns.



Who Raises Checks?

CHECK "RING" PENMAN GETS TEN YEARS

F. J. Colladay, 40, in an attempt to pass a check raised from $48.59 to $26,148.59, in Cleveland, on January 2nd, was arrested and convicted to Ohio State Prison, Columbus.

Colladay, whose right name is Fred Wm. Unger, is believed by the authorities to be a member of "a gigantic ring of check operators." He refused to betray his pals and took his medicine. His confederates are still at large.

On December 21st Colladay sold a Liberty bond to a well-known Detroit brokerage firm. He received their check for $48.59, drawn on an ordinary unsafe bank check and written with a patent check protector machine. Using the same type of check writer, Colladay cleverly altered the amount. He then forged the certification of The People's State Bank, Detroit.

On January 2nd he attempted to cash the check at the Cleveland Trust Company, but was arrested by Bank Detective John Shibley. As Convict No. 47752 he is now doing 10 to 20 years in Ohio State Penitentiary.

This is but one of many such cases each year. Super-Safety Insured Bank Checks provide the only positive protection against check alteration.

Name Fred W. Unger alias F. J. Colladay

Remarks Checkraising. 10-20 years

Reg. # 51607; Ohio Pen # 47752

Fingerprints and information, courtesy the Warden, Ohio State Penitentiary

Why banks now give depositors $1000 insured checks

Are *you* one of the people who think that, just because your checks have never been tampered with yet, you are immune from check raisers? Every time you sign an ordinary unsafe bank check you invite alteration. Over $50,000,000 was lost in 1922 in check frauds alone.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS

William J. Burns, Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice, is the founder of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency which bears his name. Burns was born in 1861 in Baltimore and later moved to Columbus, Ohio, where his father was elected Police Commissioner. It was at this time that Burns, Jr., became interested in criminology, and has since devoted his life to it.

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Now every bank depositor in the country can have positive protection for his checks.

Go to the bank in your city which has its customers' best interests at heart. You will probably find they now use Super-Safety Insured Bank Checks. Or they will be glad to know about them.

Banks can furnish two kinds of checks. Ordinary unsafe bank-checks which crooks "twist" at will. Or Super-Safety Insured Bank Checks which are positive protection against penmen.

Besides defying acids or erasers, these checks are insured. In the front of each check-book there is a miniature insurance policy in the Hartford, protecting you up to $1000 against loss by alteration. The bank keeps the master policy. Behind each check, and the bank, is the added protection of The William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc.

The trade-mark "Insured" is in the corner of each check, and "Protected by Burns." No crook would tackle such a formidably protected check.

Send for our private edition of the great book by Burns, "Stories of Checkraisers—and How to Protect Yourself." This interesting book will be sent free. Just mail the coupon.

And ask your banker to tell you about Super-Safety Insured Bank Checks. He is probably one of thousands who now gives his depositors this positive protection.

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Address
City
Your Bank

(Please write plainly, use margin if required)

From your first step, to the one you have just taken, you have traveled nearly all of the way in *hosiery*—a long and intricate pathway leading back to small beginnings. In these exacting days Phoenix leads in sales everywhere, because it is bringing to the modern and strenuous pathways of unnumbered millions of men, women and children unmatched miles of hosiery security and elegance at minimum cost. Then why should not your next step in progress be Phoenix clad?

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

NUISANCE VALUE

(Continued from Page 11)

She teehee'd shrilly.

"Oh, baby, stop!" Mrs. Hull collapsed on a teakwood divan, a vast protoplasm of grief.

"What's the matter, momma?"

"Did you see the way the beads was coming off that dress?"

Mr. Hull patted his wife's back.

"Don't cry, now. She ain't what I'd have picked, I admit; but then it ain't us that's marrying her. You know there's no use trying to come between a fella and his girl."

Miss Alicia Temple could bear it no longer.

"Mr. Hull"—she began, and then broke off. "Could Theresa leave the room?"

"Why?" Theresa demanded.

"Please, dear, I want to talk to mother and father."

"No!"

Her mother looked up.

"Theresa!" she articulated in the tone Theresa obeyed, "you go on now! Go on, this minute!"

Miss Temple closed the door. She was going to fight as she had never fought for herself in her life.

"Mr. Hull," she recommenced, "you can't intend to let Cliff marry that girl!"

Mr. Hull faced her reprovingly.

"You mean because she's poor? That's nothing against her. We been poor ourselves. I don't expect Cliff's wife to bring him one of these dots. That ain't American."

"I mean she isn't a lady," said Miss Temple. "And she's thirty years old if she's a day. She'd make the kind of a wife that ruins a man's whole life. There isn't anything Cliff can't do if he doesn't marry right away. There isn't any place he can't get or any person he can't marry. But if he marries her he's lost."

"What are you going to do about it, when he's in love?"

"But he's not in love, Mr. Hull. It's just boy nonsense. You're newcomers here, and Cliff hasn't met the right sort of girls. He wouldn't have looked twice at this one if he had. I'd meant to suggest it before, and been afraid you'd think I was speaking for myself; but if you'd care to get a box at the opera or some nice play occasionally, I could ask young people and he'd get to know them; girls we could be sure of."

"Mr. Chester introduced him to this one, and Mr. Chester's a high-class fella."

"Oh, he's not, Mr. Hull!" Miss Alicia's scruples were forgotten. "I've seen Mr. Chester with terrible people. He's just the wrong person for Cliff. Cliff ought to be in school. I've wanted to speak about it so long, but didn't; and now I feel it's my fault that Cliff is in the clutches of a girl like that."

"Do you mean you think she's—bad?" Mrs. Hull got it out at last. "Do you?" Mrs. Hull demanded.

Charity was the core of Miss Temple's being, but she bowed her head.

"That's the way bad girls dress. And why was that man with her so afraid that you'd object to her? He wouldn't have been if she were all right. And he talked about Cliff's letters and made her show the ring, to show they could sue for breach of promise if ——"

"You mean they've got Cliff in a trap?"

"Yes."

"I bet Miss Alicia's right," Mrs. Hull moaned. "What we going to do?"

"They want money," said Miss Alicia.

Mr. Hull set his jaw.

"Kind of blackmail."

"Oh, don't take that attitude, Mr. Hull," Miss Temple implored. "Give it to them. The money won't mean much to you, and if somebody owned the property over there and was going to sell it to a slaughterhouse, you'd buy it."

"You mean she's got a nuisance value."

The phrase was in some strange way a great comfort to Mr. Hull.

"Hasn't she? Cliff's life would be just as spoiled if he married her as this house might be by some noxious neighbor, or even if there were a terrible scandal. Don't let that happen, Mr Hull, don't!"

"Oh, poppa, do like Miss Temple says," Mrs. Hull added her prayer. "She knows about New York. She knows what happens to society people."

"If I had anything," Miss Temple said, with tears in her eyes, "I would buy them off myself."

According to Mrs. Lonsdale, her brother, Livingston Jessup, was the most habit-bound creature of routine in greater New York. She mentioned it with terrible invective because he wouldn't help her out on a dinner, because it was Thursday night and he went to the opera Thursday nights. Always had since he was twelve, when there was opera.

"You make me feel as though I'd suggested a sacrilege," she said; and she added in a rather deathbed manner, "but there's one thing I do want you always to remember. I offered to change my box to Thursday evenings, and you wouldn't hear of it. No, part of the ritual is that you must sit stark, staring, alone in an orchestra stall. Well, I suppose it is a tremendous tribute to my conversation."

"My dear Theo, I should be the last person in the world to deny you and your group the most phenomenal lung power in our end of the Metropolitan."

"Don't pretend that's why you dine at the nursery tea hour and scurry off as though these composers didn't know they mustn't put anything they want heard before the middle of the second act. No, it's just a morbid passion for isolation. You'd have adored being a leper."

Mrs. Lonsdale made it a point to rail at her brother whenever she had the opportunity. She had a theory that it made him feel pleasantly like everybody else, and Mrs. Lonsdale would have committed harakiri to please him because she happened to adore the ground on which he hobbled.

On that particular Thursday night Livingston Jessup was even more isolated than usual in his aisle seat, because the three seats beyond him were vacant until almost the end of the first intermission, when an undernourished-looking young person, in a shabby coat trimmed in what his sister called synthetic lamb, slipped past him and occupied a very small part of the farthest one. The young person's dress was of salmon-pink paillettes. Her ash-blond hair was coiffed in a swollen mold, and Mr. Jessup imagined, from the glance he allowed himself, that she had applied the rouge to her cheek bones with a palette knife.

Livingston Jessup wondered vaguely what wind could have blown her to Pelléas and Mélisande; but before the act was fairly on its way his curiosity was replaced by annoyance because she fidgeted and wiggled until his own nerves and muscles were jumping so that he couldn't hear what was being sung.

"I think," he said to himself, when the act was over, "that I shall tell an usher that she has fleas and should be taken out."

He was so amused by the thought that he glanced at her again and saw that, however restive the lovely groping music had made her, she was strangely still and staring fixedly at a box in the first tier.

Mr. Jessup couldn't tell whether it was Sophie Warren's or the Vanderbilts', or one in which the pitiful little Temple woman was apparently chaperoning some very young people. When he peered back at his neighbor to try to determine he saw that a large tear was making a glistening streak down her rouge.

Livingston Jessup's viscera did a funny sentimental trick of contraction and expansion. His neighbor seemed such a meager bit of humanity to be shedding so big a tear.

There was nothing to do but avert his stare and occupy himself with arguments to the effect that a person who could pay eight dollars for a ticket was not one to whom he could proffer services or sympathy.

The lost princess died in the dim castle and the music sobbed to its close.

Mr. Jessup was bracing himself between the arms of his seat to put on his overcoat when he felt a touch on his arm. It was the young person.

"I'll be out in a moment," Mr. Jessup apologized.

"It wasn't that. I was wondering if you'd mind me walking beside you like we was together."

"I should be delighted."

"There's a party I'd hate to have think I had to come all alone."

"I'll try to hurry so that we'll meet her."

"It's a fella. I'd just like to show him that I don't care."

Livingston Jessup moved into the aisle.

"I'm lame, you see," he explained. "It makes me very slow."

The first requisite of beauty

Hair, eyes, mouth? No! Beauty's first requirement has always been clear, firm skin and a lovely *natural* complexion.

Don't endure skin disorders and blemishes, then, since it is often so easy to get rid of them.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets as thousands are now doing; they reach the real seat of the trouble and correct digestive disorders which, when neglected, may be the sole cause of lowered vitality and eruptions of the skin.

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"Don't worry, Helen. It's a "travelo"—he can't hurt it."

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Get the most out of your clothes. Ask for a free copy of this booklet where you buy your clothes or furnishings. If they cannot supply you send us their name and we will see that you get a copy.

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[illegible] HASTINGS Window, [illegible] insisting on HASTINGS. Imitators have copied our designs, our style, our lettering—yes, even the exact wording of our advertising and our package. But appearance never did make gold out of brass nor HASTINGS lights out of makeshift imitations. So, "LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE FRAME" If you want the original and genuine Real Glass Windows.

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"Don't it hurt?" the person asked. "I knew a fella once was lamed from being kicked by a steer. He ached terrible whenever it turned cold or if he was to have a drink."

"Mine isn't painful."

"Maybe I could take your arm. I useta help him upstairs when he got tight."

"I really don't need help. But if you think it would make a good impression on this chap ——"

"I guess I kinda want to hold onto someone."

In the foyer her aiding hand tightened to a definite pinch.

"There he is! Do I look all right?"

It was one of the young men under the Wing of Miss Temple—a gorgeous one in jet-buttoned dinner coat, with a pretty chiffon-and-ivory girl.

"Splendid!" Livingston Jessup encouraged his companion in a quiet voice. "Splendid!"

"Luly!" said the young man.

Mr. Jessup's companion raised a hand hardly more opaque than a cobweb.

"Halloo!" she said huskily. "Like the show?"

The young man made a face indicating complete disgust for it; and the gauzy young lady, who had given one look of horror, plunged into a rift in the crowd so that he had to follow.

Luly's head was down and she was searching her pockets desperately. Mr. Jessup pulled out a great linen handkerchief.

"Use this."

She blew a tremendous trumpet blast.

"Where kin I get a taxi?"

"My car will be right out here. Let me give you a lift."

"Say, would you?"

She went right on blowing her nose till they found the car. Mr. Jessup was a little alarmed lest Gatti-Casazza himself should dart after them and jot down notes on her performances.

"Where?" he asked, when they had climbed into the plum-colored depths.

"This Hotel Apollo, West Forty-eighth Street."

Livingston repeated the direction through the tube; then, as she was trumpeting again, said "Well, what is it?" in a very matter-of-fact voice.

"I always thought that if you was rich that was all there was to it."

"To what?"

"To being happy."

"I've heard for a long time that that was specious. Am I to take it that you are rich?"

"I bet," said the lady beside him, "I got more money than you. I got forty thousand dollars handed to me today, and I wish I was dead."

It struck Livingston Jessup as the most amazing lie he had ever heard.

"What was it for?" He tested his companion's imagination.

"You know this fella I spoke to tonight. Well, his folks handed it to me for a-giving him the air. Mr. Donlon asked fifty thousand, but his old man wouldn't stand for that, and then he come down to forty. And I wouldn't have took anything, only Mr. Donlon said, 'They won't let him marry you, anyhow; you better get what you can,' and I did just like he said. Mr. and Mrs. Donlon are going to buy a dance hall and feature me and them, and I guess maybe we'll make more than a million, but I don't care. I just wish I was dead. I wish I was dead."

"So you couldn't spend any of the money? Or do any more dancing? I don't believe that."

"Well, I was just crazy about Cliff Hull, and he liked me an awful lot. I don't care what Mr. and Mrs. Donlon say. And I knew he was going to the opera, because he said he was, with that Miss Temple. And when Mr. Donlon said where could we celebrate, I said there, because I thought maybe he'd come round or something. And then Mr. and Mrs. Donlon didn't come at all, but just sat around with some fellas and talked; and I did, anyhow, and Cliff never looked at me once. Just hung onto that girl."

"Would you mind telling me," Livingston Jessup inquired through her sobs, "who you are and who Mr. and Mrs. Donlon are?"

"My name's Luly May Benson. They used to stop at maw's boarding house in Muncie, Indiana. They're professionals, and when maw died they let me come along with them, and sold me some clothes and introduced me to fellas at the hall they dance at when they aren't on the road. And they been real good to me, only they never eat; just take some kinda powders for their digestion. I ain't had a square meal since I been in New York, and I'm awful hungry, and I wish I was dead."

"Now, we've gone into all that," said Mr. Jessup, "and decided that you don't; but just to make sure, we'll have to find you something to eat."

He pressed the bell and said to the chauffeur, "Stop at the first lunch room, Corbin."

The need seemed immediate.

Livingston Jessup's enjoyment of Luly May's appetite was only clouded by his memory of the story of a great-uncle, who, on being released from Libby Prison, had devoured seven coconuts and died.

As she ate, Luly May talked, and with a little judicious probing he had her story smoothed out and intelligible before they were back in the car.

"But are you sure," he doubted for a final time, "that it was forty thousand? Wasn't it just four?"

"Yeh," said Luly May. "I had to sign a lot of papers. It was forty thousand. Mr. Donlon's got the bank book."

"Why has he instead of you?"

"He just took it."

The car stopped and Corbin opened the door.

"Was this the place?"

"Uh-huh," Luly May answered; and she said to Mr. Jessup, "I'd be awful pleased if you'd come in."

Mr. Jessup began the rather complicated business of getting out.

"I am curious to meet Mr. Donlon," he admitted.

It was perhaps thirty seconds after Luly May and Mr. Jessup entered the littered room before Dee and Donlon, who sat dreamily in two big chairs, became aware of their presence; not until Luly said "Halloo."

Mr. Donlon jumped up then with unbelievable quickness, jamming some little pieces of paper into his pocket as he did so.

"Oh, you gave me a start!" said Dee. Her eyes were like *cloisonné*.

"Who's that? What's he doing here?" Donlon jerked out.

Possibly the green shade on the lamp or the green velour of the upholstery made them look as livid as puffballs.

"He's a gentleman brought me home from the show. Mr. Jessup, make you acquainted with Mr. Donlon."

"What did he bring you home for? What did he want?"

"Sit down, Tommy," Dee advised.

"No!" He turned on Luly. "What you picking up men for? You know better than that."

"Miss Benson," Livingston said quietly, "should not have been at the opera alone. I think she will tell you that I've taken very good care of her."

"Who're you to tell me what she ought to do? I guess I've looked out for her better than you could have done. Don't come lumping around here telling me my business."

"Oh!" cried Luly May. "Oh, Mr. Donlon!"

"Well, that's what he is doing. Get out of that door before I throw you out."

"I doubt if you could," Livingston answered. "I'm rather heavy and my arms work quite as well as most people's. I don't think I shall leave until I've investigated the matter on which I came."

"One of the dope squad, are you? Well, you haven't got anything on us. What they been saying? That we was snowbirds? Who started that? See if you find anything! Look!"

"Ye-ha!" said Dee. "Just look! Go on and look!"

"The only place I should be interested in looking," Mr. Jessup replied, "is in Mr. Donlon's pocket. But that happens not to be my business. What I want to see is your letters of guardianship over Miss Benson. By what court were you appointed? Miss Benson, I understand, has come into possession of a considerable sum of money and the question is one of importance."

"So you been talking," Dee threw at Luly. "I bet you had, the minute I seen him. Ain't you got good sense to fall for a gold digger like that!"

"What's it to you, anyway? What right you got to know?"

"None, I admit. The matter is for the court. I doubt, however, when the situation is called to the court's attention,

(Continued on Page 153)

A New Model OHIO

It's just the last syllable in house-cleaning helps.
Even better than OHIO *has done before*

by MRS. MARY MADISON

GOODNESS! An *improvement* on the OHIO that has served so well to keep our houses sweet and dust-free? Ab-so-lute-ly. Just that. You know the OHIO—"the cleaner with the self-starter." You know its powerful suction. You know its gently revolving brush that treats your expensive rugs so considerately.

Well, the old reliable OHIO has been bettered in many ways—ways suggested by practical, housekeeping women. It is really the neatest, completest cleaner I have ever seen, or hope to see.

OHIO TUEC

The Cleaner with the Self-Starter

There are three main points that I want you to get, first of all. The self-starter feature (no other cleaner has it) is a very real help, and not simply a talking point.

You take hold of the handle and lower it to the most comfortable operating position, and the motor starts up of its own accord, just like that!

When the 'phone rings, or the boy comes with the grocery-order, you raise the handle and the motor stops, as though it understood! The cleaner stands alone. No switches to think about. No commotion. No ruinous running on one spot.

The gently revolving brush moves only when the cleaner moves—just fast enough to brighten the nap (without harmful agitation) and lift the lint and litter. It is NOT motor-driven—all the motor's power is concentrated on the FAN.

First, the self-starter; second, the gently revolving brush; and third, the powerful OHIO suction. And by *powerful* suction I mean, not merely sufficient to get floor-dirt, but strong enough to be really effective when you use the hose and attachments. No grain of dust is small enough to hide from that tremendous in-rush of air.

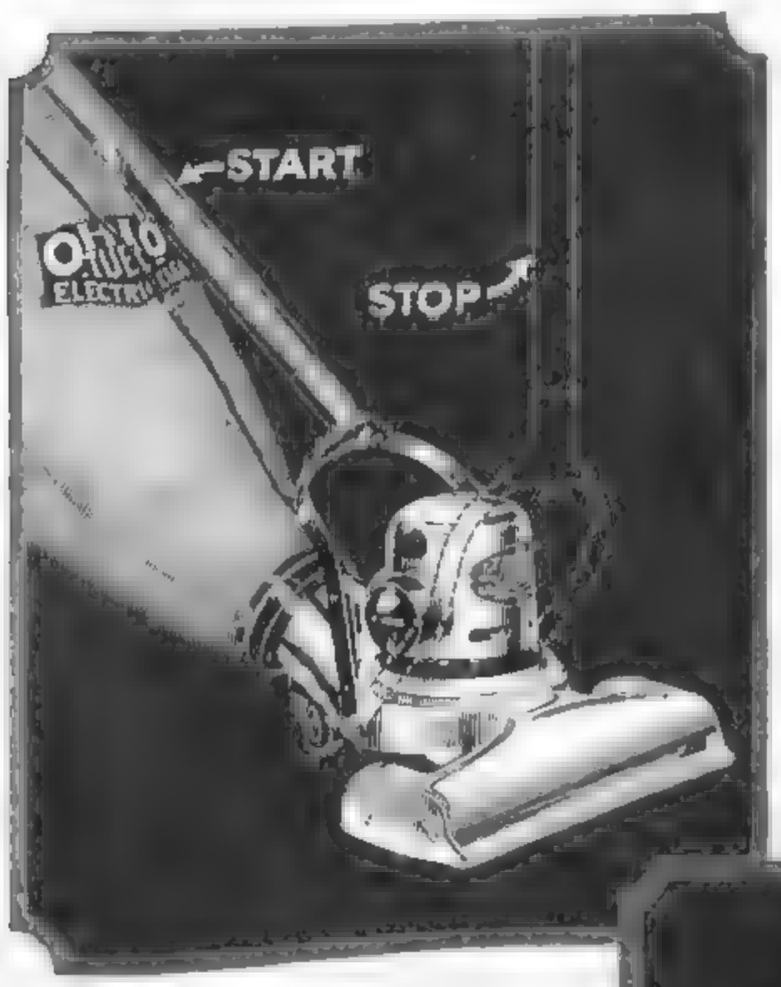
And—oh, yes—there's a very simple way to adjust the nozzle as close to the floor as you like, for either linoleums or deep-pile rugs.

There's also a thumb-screw that locks the handle in any position, so you can clean stair-risers and other vertical surfaces. There are so many refinements on the new OHIO that I can't mention them all here.

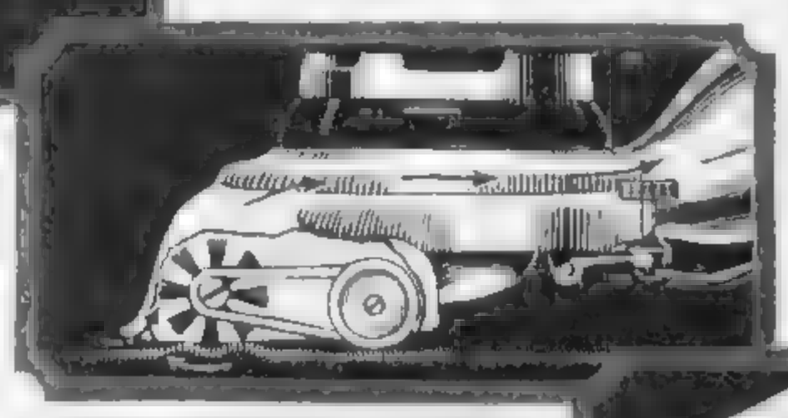
But, I urge you to see this new OHIO model at once. Don't buy any cleaner till you do! Send for the free booklet, Good House-cleaning. It's full of facts, and interesting.

The "OHIO Man" is not a mere salesman

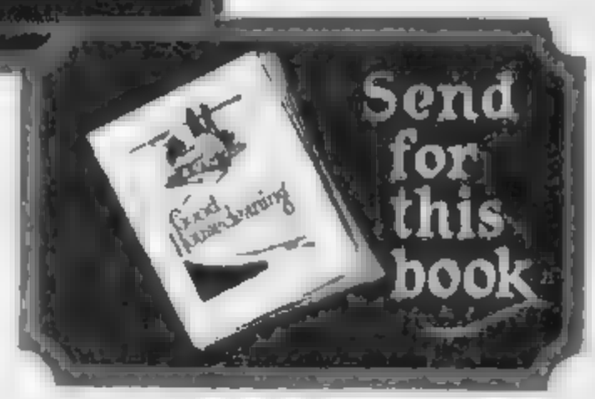
The OHIO man is, first of all, a gentleman. He has had special training on how to clean and care for rugs and upholstery with the least labor and will show you how. And you are not obligated one bit to buy until you get good and ready. Let him demonstrate the new OHIO right in your home on your own rugs.



This picture really needs no explanation. You get the self-starter idea—when the handle is lowered, the motor starts; when it is raised, the motor stops and the cleaner stands without propping. Simple, practical, built to last a lifetime.



Here is the rug-sparing brush that moves only when the cleaner moves. It gets the lint, hair and threads and the powerful air-pull gets every last bit of dust and dirt, no matter how deeply it has been driven into the rug or carpet. The brush also freshens the nap, without fraying it.



This is not a catalog. It's a booklet that tells you what you ought to know before you buy ANY cleaner—and forestalls regrets later. It tells you how to get more done with less effort. Your copy is waiting for you. Where shall we send it?

The United Electric Company, Canton, Ohio

In Canada, The United Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto

Also makers of TUEC Stationary and TUEC Swimming Pool Cleaners. A few valuable dealer and distributor franchises are available. Also opportunities for high-grade "OHIO Men."

Built as Women Wanted it Built

THE PRUDENTIAL

[IN 1922]

STABILITY—SERVICE—PROGRESS

The Company's 1922 expense rate was the lowest in its history

The Policyholders' 1923 dividends are the largest yet declared

The Company is owned by the Policyholders to whom this report is made

Assets **$906,397,224**

Behind your policy, whether it be for $100, or $100,000, stands this tremendous sum of never-idle millions—a guaranty as safe as the government itself.

Real Estate Mortgages—Over 49,000, amounting to **$325,000,000**

(Average per loan about $6,500.)

During 1922 the following loans were made:

On Farms **$33,100,000**

Crops were planted, farms bought or improved and thousands of homes made happier because of these loans.

On Dwellings and Apartments **48,700,000**

These loans aided in relieving the housing shortage by providing homes for 16,671 families.

On Other City Properties **17,800,000**

Total **$99,600,000**

U. S. Government Bonds—The Company also owns $15,000,000 in Canadian Government Bonds **$104,000,000**

Railroad, Public Utility and other Securities **$340,000,000**

An investment in transportation development and in community service—such as telephones, telegraphs, electric light and power systems, schools, parks, good roads, etc.

Liabilities—These consist chiefly in reserves and other obligations to policyholders . . **$870,596,351**

Surplus—for the further protection of policyholders **$35,800,873**

Paid Policyholders in 1922 . . . . . **$87,000,000**

Paid-for Business in 1922—The largest in the history of the Company . . . **$1,311,000,000**

Total Insurance in Force **$6,314,000,000**

Increase over 1921 . . . . . **$646,000,000**

Taxes—Prudential Policyholders have paid from their premiums during 1922 federal, state and municipal taxes and fees amounting to **$5,220,000**

More detailed information concerning the Company may be obtained upon application to the Home Office, Newark, N. J.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN — Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

Edward D. Duffield

President

(Continued from Page 150)

whether it will find you the proper people to take care of a young girl."

"Who's going to bring it to the court's attention?" yelled Donlon. "Not you, I can tell you," and he started for Mr. Jessup with a lunge that might have been serious if Luly May Benson hadn't caught his arm and clung to it rather like a liana in a high wind, saying, "Don't you touch him, Mr. Donlon! Don't you touch him or I'll bite you!"

Livingston Jessup hobbled to the door and opened it.

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to step inside, Corbin," he said.

Corbin entered.

"It's a gang!" yelled Dee. "It's a hold-up gang! Call for the police!"

"I was just going to suggest," Mr. Jessup informed her, "that that would be the simplest way of settling the difficulty. Miss Benson, you are near the telephone. Will you just say 'Police' to the operator?"

At half after two, Friday morning, her maid told Mrs. Lonsdale that Mr. Jessup wished to see her.

"Of course, you're out of your mind," she greeted him; "but you might as well tell me your delusion while Victoire looks up a strait-jacket."

"Put on something that looks respectable and come downstairs as quick as you can."

"I suppose you mean borrow Victoire's flannel gown. I shall do no such thing. Livingston Jessup, tell me what it is, this instant!"

"I've been in a fight. No, don't stare, it's true. About a girl, and she's downstairs, frightened to death. You've got to keep her for the night."

"And muriatic acid the only poison in the house! Oh, my dear, don't you know that if she's not the right sort, this probably means state prison for me at the very least?"

"Wait till you see her."

"A Platonic Perseus! I don't believe it!"

"Stop chattering and hurry! If you weren't such a very clever woman I'd point out to you that she can't be as bad as she's painted."

"That's Thackeray," Mrs. Lonsdale said, catching up her peignoir. "It's funny, but it's Thackeray."

"You are too absurd," Mrs. Lonsdale greeted her brother at eleven o'clock. "Don't attempt to tell me you haven't been bursting with curiosity ever since Glem brought you your cup of hot water at half after seven. And yet you waited! It's exactly as you always were. You ate Christmas breakfast properly when we were children, and didn't roar for your presents as I did." Suddenly Mrs. Lonsdale kissed Mr. Jessup. "You were such a darling too. I remember that year you were consumed by an unholy passion for my stone blocks and never told for months, because they hadn't been meant for you"

"Is that any reason," Livingston demanded, "for prolonging my present anguish? Where is she?"

"I am going to indulge in a little theatricalism, and you can't see her yet. Wait just a few minutes."

"Do you like her?"

"How in heaven's name can I tell whether I like a young woman who does nothing but tell me in extremely bad grammar how magnificent the house of some people named Hull is? I just say, 'My dear, you'll have to put up with my few simple pieces of Louis Seize. I'm sorry, but it's all I have.'"

"You're bored with the business?"

"Bored? My dear, washing that girl's face held all the adventure of an archæological excavation."

"A successful one."

"It rather spoils my *coup de théâtre*, but I'll tell you. She is pretty. An olive pallor and long gilt eyelashes, a Greuze face; but, of course, a poor, thin little figure by Puvis de Chavannes."

"And mentally nothing of interest?"

"One surprise. I thought from what you told me that she'd be a perfect Baroness Münchhausen, but I don't think she's a liar at all. And another thing—I actually do believe ——"

Victoire came to the door of the morning room. "*Mademoiselle est prête, madame.*"

"*Qu'elle entre,*" Mrs. Lonsdale commanded, and she breathed to Livingston, "Be prepared."

Luly May Benson was dressed in fawn-colored crêpe, ankle length. There were some minute tucks and a collar of exquisite binche. Her long, nicely shaped feet were in low suède slippers.

"I was just going to say," Mrs. Lonsdale explained, "that Luly May is sixteen."

"I feel kind of foolish," Luly May remarked.

Mr. Jessup took her hand and Mrs. Lonsdale watched them.

"Well, what are you going to do with her?" she asked.

"I think, if Luly May likes, I shall take her to the Aquarium."

Luly May beamed.

"Say, I heard about that. I'd just love to go."

Mrs. Lonsdale claimed that it was uncannily clever of Livingston to know that the thing to do was to treat Luly May as the little girl she was, but Mrs. Lonsdale herself had laid the foundation of that inspiration.

For two weeks Mr. Jessup devoted himself to Luly May's amusement as though she were a young cousin visiting Mrs. Lonsdale for the holidays. They went to the Hippodrome and the Zoo and to Tony Sarg's Marionettes, and Mr. Jessup sighed for the Eden Musée.

During that fortnight Livingston Jessup didn't discuss her finances or her future; but at its close he did, in a serious talk.

The courts had appointed a trust company guardian of her money; but it would have no personal supervision, and what Luly May was to do lay in her own choice.

Mr. Jessup explained very gently that forty thousand dollars was not an inexhaustible fortune, but enough to educate her beautifully if she cared to employ it in that way.

"So's I'll be like you and Mis' Lonsdale?" Luly May inquired.

"A great deal nicer, I hope. I think your possibilities are infinite, Luly May; but if you're to live up to them it means you'll have to go to school. And to get in a good school you'll have to begin right now and work like sixty until the examinations next autumn."

"I never did like school much," Luly May replied; "but I will if you and Mis' Lonsdale think I had oughta."

"It certainly would be my advice," Mr. Jessup answered, and told his sister, who said "Thank God!" and called up an instructor in spoken English.

Cliff Hull made everything in Harvard but Porcelian. A Porcelian member whose vote was necessary to his election had seen him the year before he went to St. Paul's and would bear the memory of his wardrobe until his dying day.

When he graduated he went abroad with Jerry Peabody and Reg Preston, and in the following October gave the society papers material for a paragraph:

News comes from Biarritz that Cliff Hull, the son of the preposterously rich and, be it whispered, until recently green-as-grass Clifford H. Hull, is casting sheep's eyes at the very cloistered relative of an old Knickerbocker family, who made her début year before last in becoming exclusiveness under the auspices of—but that would be telling. Whether her aristocratic connections will pull up stakes and remove her from his plebeian if plutocratic presence is a moot question. Cliff is notoriously handsome and as rich as mud, and the best of us can't afford to scorn those things. Certainly there will be no opposition from Cliff's mamma, who would find such an alliance more helpful than the charities in which she has recently placed her trust.

Alicia Temple wondered how she could bring the kernel of the matter to Mrs. Hull's attention without inflicting the malice; but when next she went to the Hulls' almost-too-classic Park Avenue apartment to give a lesson in Mah Jong, Mrs. Hull herself resolved the difficulty.

"I been in the papers again," she announced as she sorted the ivory counters. "Ain't that terrible? That's four times. Once was two years ago, and then twice when Cliff graduated."

"But I was so pleased with the news about Cliff," Miss Temple said. "It's that cousin of Mrs. Lonsdale's, isn't it? Aren't you delighted? That is, if Cliff has to marry at all. I never met her, but they say she's perfectly lovely; and she's been brought up like a flower—just like a flower."

"Well, I guess she's none too good for Cliff," Mrs. Hull stated. "But it'd be nice for Theresa when she comes out."

"If I decide to," Theresa drawled. "Don't you think coming-outs are getting awfully common, Miss Temple?"

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"You too, can relieve your tired and aching feet."

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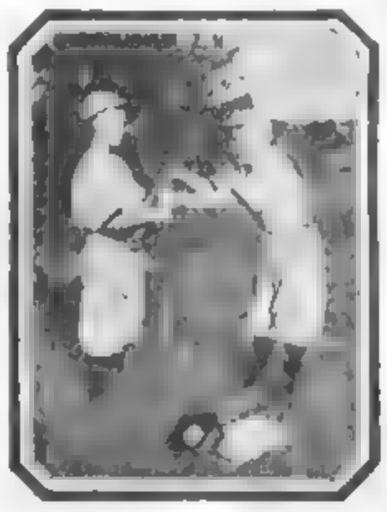

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The pictures in this ad are taken from our offer of prizes to boys who have pep enough to earn their own sporting goods and their own spending money besides by putting in an hour or two after school on Thursdays getting customers for the publications that millions of people like best, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. The work is fun for a live boy, and having money and prizes that you earn yourself is even more fun!

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Let us send you our Book of Prizes, and the full story of how easily boys make good with us. At the same time we'll send you a few copies to start with and tell you how to sell them. Ask your Dad if it won't be a great thing for you to mail the coupon.

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Cliff didn't share his mother's complacence toward the alliance.

"Do you know," he said to Luly May, as they walked in the garden beside a sea as blue as chicory flowers, "I've been trying for two months now to get up my nerve to propose to you."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Well, you know the family. There aren't any better people in the world, but I guess you might find them pretty—crude, after Mrs. Lonsdale and Mr. Jessup. And look at me! They used to call me Dunno at college. I said it so much. If the faculty hadn't taken a sporting interest in athletics I guess I'd still be worrying about what Keats are."

"It's your charm, Cliff," Luly May told him, and she added, "Just work on your courage a little while longer, and by the time it's strong enough I'll probably have an answer for you—which I haven't at present."

"About day after tomorrow? I don't believe I can wait any longer than that."

Mrs. Lonsdale, who had seen them from the terrace, reported to her brother, "I think he proposed, Livingston. At least, there was a definitely proposy look to his feet. Shall you mind?"

"What made me notice Luly first were some big tears she was shedding for Cliff. I wanted to make her forget them. It would be rather silly of me to mind their cause being obliterated."

"It does seem rather a shame to have wasted so much trouble on a bride for a barbarian, even though the most magnificent of barbarians."

"It hasn't been any trouble," Mr. Jessup said. And Mrs. Lonsdale had to pretend the sun was in her eyes and shift her chair; because she remembered a delicate little boy who wouldn't say how much he longed for a toy because it had been meant for someone else.

Livingston Jessup was glad Luly May chose the next morning, when he was sitting on the sun-drenched terrace in his basket chair, to ask his advice about Cliff's proposal. It didn't do any harm to have the surroundings as cheerful as possible.

"It's a question of how you feel," he told her. "How can I help you?"

"No, it isn't," she protested. "I like Cliff awfully, and it's a splendid match; but I'm wondering if I'm bound at all by that forty thousand dollars. There's not much of it left I could refund."

"Oh, I think you'd be giving the Hulls their money's worth if you took what that forty thousand has given you into the family."

"So do I. And if I married anyone else I'd have a sort of feeling that it ought to be paid back. I can't think that many people would love me forty thousand dollars' worth, so it looks like Cliff or no one."

"Don't let that worry you, Luly," said Mr. Jessup. "Theo and I refunded that money in the name of Miss Beltravier as soon as we realized that we loved you too much to let anyone else share the privilege of providing for you. That's a complication that doesn't enter."

"You lamb!" said Luly, and she didn't speak for some time.

"What else is there to the decision, Luly?"

"Well, I suppose I can speak out now, because it isn't proposing such a frightful expense. You see, lamb, the real question is whether you want me or not. I know Pygmalion and Galatea are an awfully trite combination, and you hate to be obvious; but if there's any chance for me with you, I'll never see Cliff Hull again—or anybody else in the world, ever!"

"Chance!" said Mr. Jessup. "Chance!"

And he went from his basket chair and Luly May lifted herself from the terrace, and even the sun couldn't find its way between their faces.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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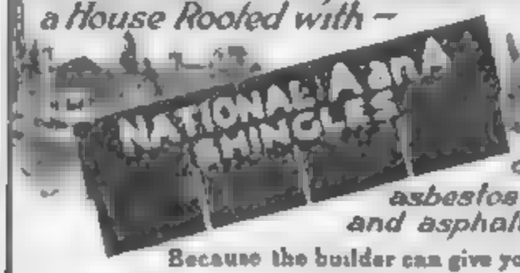

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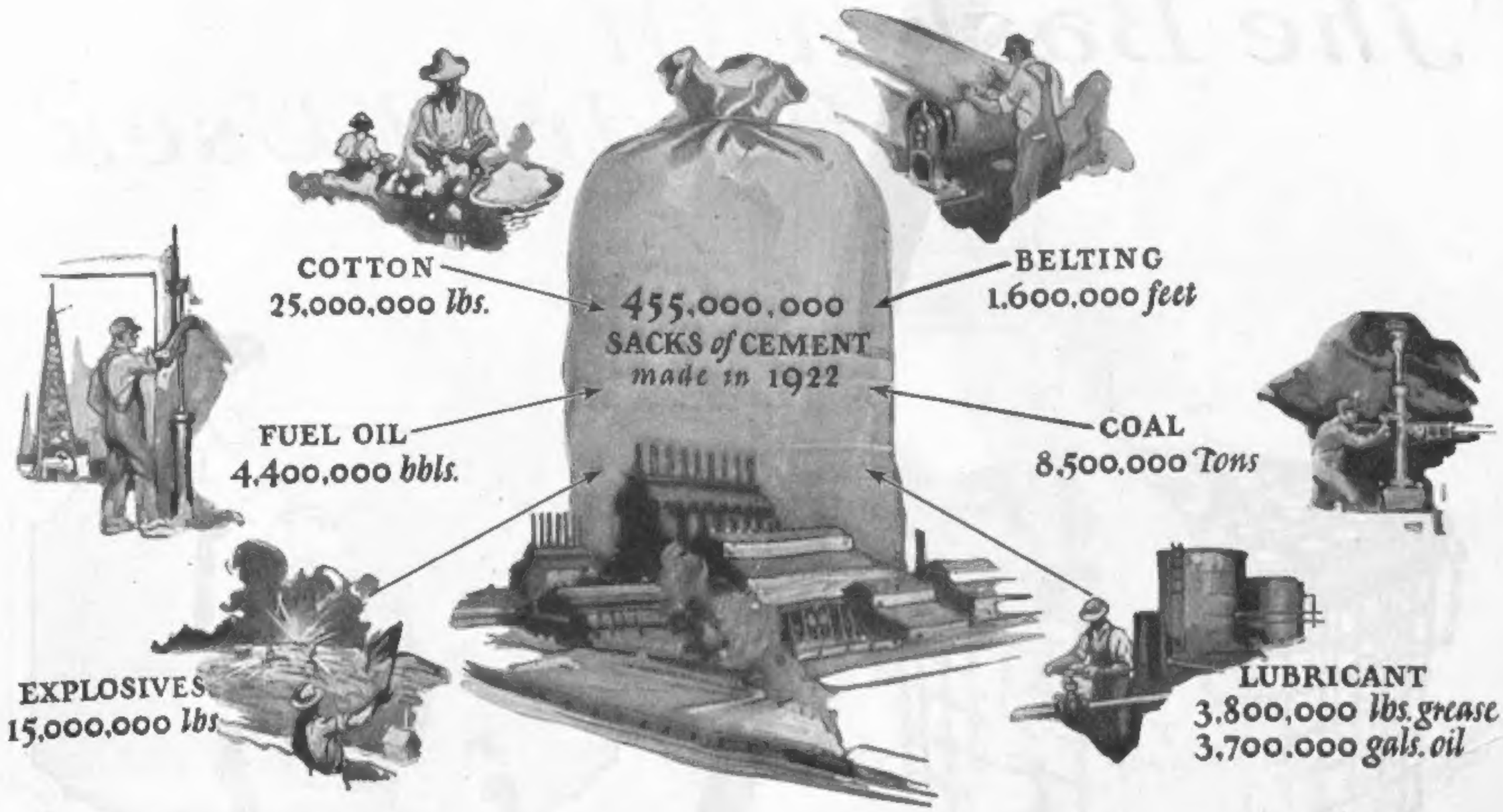

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That is, of course, saying nothing of the business created for coal operators and transportation lines.

Sacks are a lesser item in the cement industry than coal, yet 50,000,000 new sacks, representing 50,000 bales of cotton, had to be bought last year. Back of this were cotton planters, plantation workers, mill owners, mill operatives and so on—thousands altogether.

And consider these other requirements of the industry last year:

4,400,000 barrels of fuel oil
3,400,000,000 cubic feet of gas
15,000,000 pounds of explosives
32,600,000 pounds of greases and oils
1,600,000 linear feet of belting
4,500,000 firebrick for relining kilns
7,000,000 pounds of paper for bags

In addition the industry bought quantities of heavy grinding and burning machinery, locomotives, cars, rails, electrical and other necessary equipment.

It's interesting, isn't it, how a single industry can spread prosperity?

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